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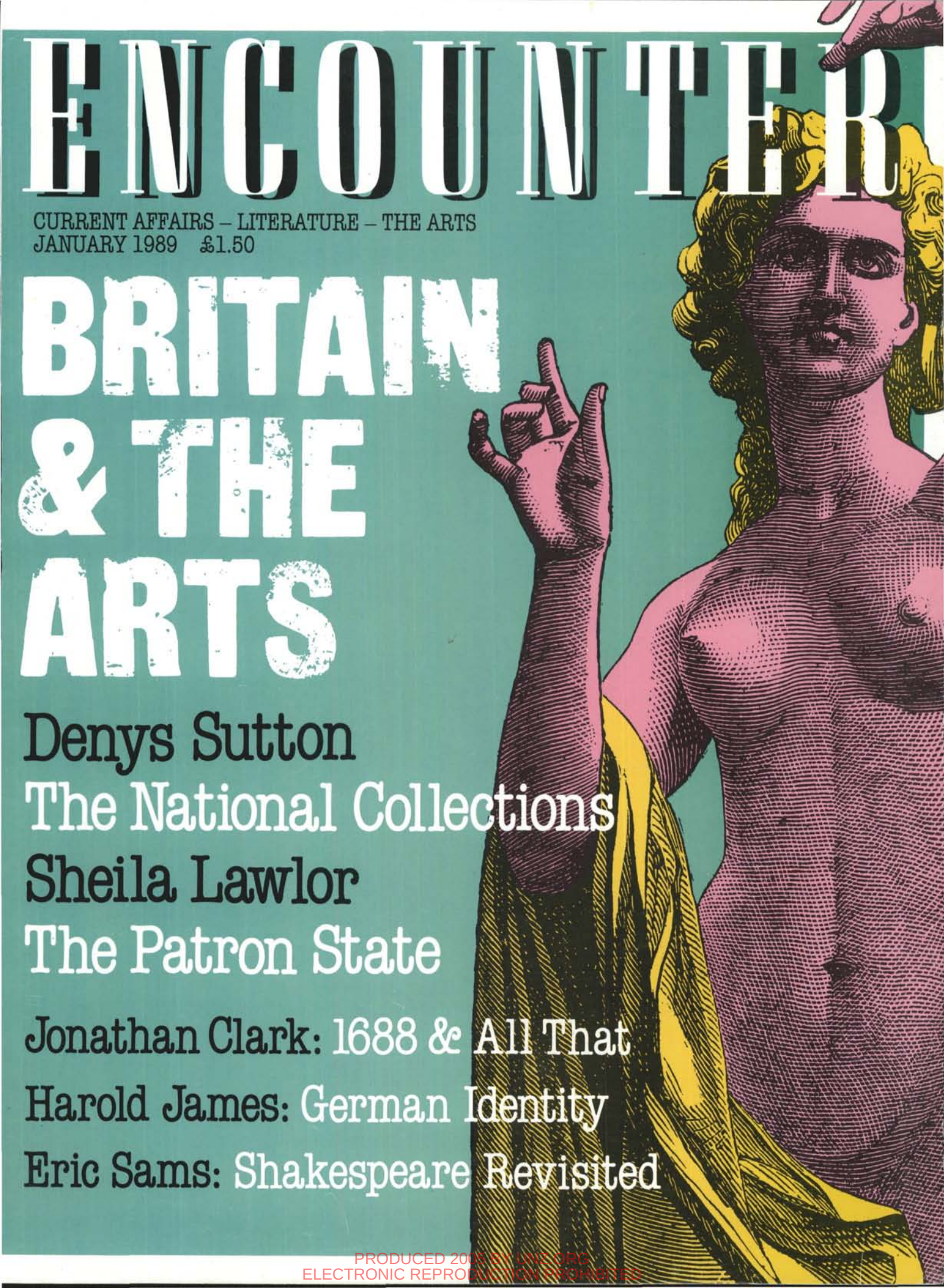

Denys Sutton
The National Collections

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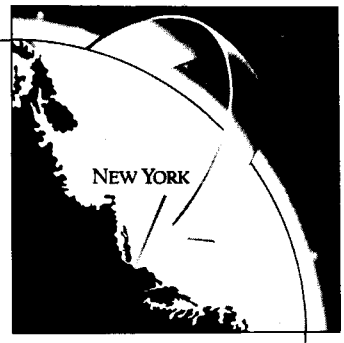

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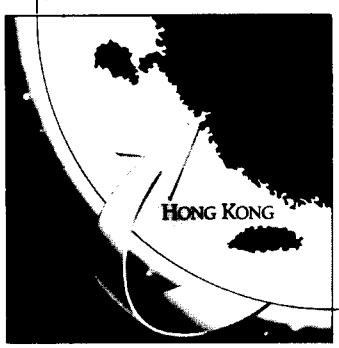

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Denys Sutton

The National Collections

Possibilities & Temptations

A MINIATURE Mephistopheles mocking the majority was the way in which Oscar Wilde described Whistler delivering his famous "Ten O'Clock" lecture in 1885 to an audience that included George Moore and Walter Richard Sickert. With his customary wit the American painter, impeccably turned out in white tie and tails, remarked that, although art was upon the town, it had nothing to do with improving people. Despite his contempt for the aesthete, he himself staked all on the artistic position: he believed in "*l'art pour l'art*". His words are worth recalling now that the machinery for promotion and support of the arts has become such a talking point, and a bureaucracy has grown up to deal with such matters.

The moral high ground was associated with the arts by many in the 19th century; Bohemianism, adored by a "happy few", was frowned on by the majority. Nevertheless, speculation about aesthetic questions was intense, reflected in Great Britain in the writings, usually of high quality, of R. A. M. Stevenson, Sickert, Moore, D. S. MacColl and later Roger Fry. Their periodical journalism makes salutary reading and is a reminder, too, that the arts were taken seriously in the 1890s and 1900s.

The late 19th and early 20th centuries were great years for the art amateur. This was an age of discovery when at the hands of Bernard Berenson and Max J. Friedländer the mysteries of Italian and Flemish art began to be unfolded and the connoisseurship that had been virtually inaugurated by Giovanni Morelli started to grow apace. During this period the Burlington Fine Arts Club—a group of amateurs, which had been founded in mid-Victorian times—staged small but select shows of Italian, Chinese, and French art, and much else besides, a practice that continued until the outbreak of World War II in 1939. A desire to stimulate good design was one motive for the establishment of the Victoria and Albert Museum (the connections between art and industry were hotly discussed in Victorian days) but efforts were made to build up collections representing the best that could be found, and this is illustrated in the outstanding examples of Italian sculpture in the museum.

The aim of museum officials at that time was to acquire works that were significant either historically or artistically; the prime concern of those who bought them was connoisseurship. This was exemplified at the National Gallery where from the mid-century Sir Charles Eastlake, a notable judge of Italian art, set the tone, and was followed by successive generations of scholars. There was a community of interests and aims between museum staff in Britain and other European countries, and later with their colleagues in America. The activity of museum men was paralleled by that of private collectors—R. H. and Evelyn Benson in London, the Simons in Berlin (where Wilhelm von Bode was the ringmaster), Henry Walters in Baltimore, the Havemeyers in New York, and Charles L. Freer in Detroit.

One feature of the period was the eclectic taste of connoisseurs such as Adolphe Stoclet in Brussels and the Comtesse de Béhague in Paris—this enchanting friend of Paul Valéry collected Greek, Egyptian and Islamic art. In a similar fashion, Bode was a judge of Islamic art, Italian painting and sculpture, and Dutch art, while Fry and Osvald Sirén of Stockholm combined a love of Italian primitives with one for early Chinese art, which was only then becoming known. It is easy to be romantic about the past but perhaps it is justifiable to consider as a golden age a period that witnessed the founding of the *Burlington Magazine* (in 1903) and the staging of such pioneering exhibitions as those devoted to Islamic art (Munich), the French Primitives (Paris) and Sienese art (London). Nevertheless, sharp feuds took place among connoisseurs.

What about the 19th-century attitude to modern art? The impression is sometimes given that in England it had little appeal before our time. However, great excitement surrounded the annual exhibitions at the Royal Academy; an examination of press comments, which were numerous, reveals

DENYS SUTTON, *editor of "Apollo" magazine 1962-1987, organised the Bonnard and 18th-century French art exhibitions at the Royal Academy, and various other major art exhibitions in Tokyo, the United States, and London. Formerly art critic to "Country Life" and the "Financial Times", his many books include works on Bonnard (1957), Derain (1959), Toulouse-Lautrec (1962), Whistler (1966), Velasquez (1967), Walter Sickert (1976), and Degas (1986).*

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the extensive public interest. Men such as William Graham and F. R. Leyland were supporters of D. G. Rossetti and James McNeill Whistler as well as being discerning collectors of the Old Masters.

One myth has it that the British were blind to the merits of the modern French School. However, comments about the Impressionists were generally fair-minded, and "Captain" Hill of Brighton, C. A. Ionides, Sir William Eden and Sickert were buyers of works by Degas. Rodin had a considerable following in England, and sculpted portraits of Bernard Shaw and W. E. Henley among others. Obviously much French art was misunderstood, but modern British art was considered internationally significant: Degas appreciated several British painters.

The difficulties that avant-garde artists then faced in securing support were not unhealthy; opposition to modernism was based on a belief in standards, even if those standards may now be debated, or challenged. The fight to "win through" gave an added excitement and vitality to the art scene; then causes existed that were worth fighting for.

That artistic activity in England was considerable during these years is proved by the number of public galleries built in the provinces—Birmingham, Manchester and Glasgow, for instance. Yet while such constructive action was taking place, works of art were leaving the country. Many of the famous country-house collections began to be dispersed, a process that had already started in the 18th century, when the celebrated Houghton Collection formed by Sir Robert Walpole was sold to the Empress Catherine of Russia. This was followed by such notable events as the Stowe and Marlborough sales. As these works could not be absorbed by British galleries and museums, or be bought by British collectors, a high proportion of them went abroad, many to Berlin. Later, when the duty on the import on works of art into America was abolished, an increasing number entered that country.

Broadly speaking, this situation remained more or less constant for many years, marked by the presence of a considerable number of well-informed scholars in the museums and galleries who quietly pursued their work without courting publicity. This tradition of disinterested scholarship gave rise to the catalogues at the National Gallery which have been emulated by experts in other countries. There was a slow and wary, but finally broadminded, acceptance of modern art. Moreover—and not without importance—the contact between museum staff and the art trade was cautious, rightly so.

IN THE PAST quarter of a century the changes in British art life have been considerable, and only once this is grasped can the present situation be realised. We have seen the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts develop into the Arts Council, which has now had its best years; the tradition of staging small and pertinent art shows lapsed when the Council left St James's Square, and it now organises no more than the occasional "blockbuster".

Desire to retain at least some of the many works that leave the country has led to a system of export control, with the result that a number of important items have been saved. Preservation of the national heritage has now become almost fashionable. Although at times this can be overdone, we have seen determined efforts being taken to secure works of art for British galleries and museums, and the National Heritage Fund has made money available for this purpose; so, too, has the National Art-Collections Fund. However, some efforts to preserve the heritage have stirred up hostilities between cavaliers and roundheads. The exhibition devoted to the English country house in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., did just this, as it unintentionally provided an erroneous impression of the nature of British collecting, which has been by no means such an aristocratic pursuit as is often suggested. Yet snobbishness, "*le vice anglais*", may in fact be the dung hill on which the arts flourish.

The extent to which the machinery for development and administration of the arts has now expanded—indeed, it is a growth industry—is attested to by a recent publication of the Policy Studies Institute: John Myerscough's *The Economic Importance of the Arts in Britain*,[1] which deals with all the arts in Britain, including the theatre, and has been supported by the UK Branch of the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation and the Office of Arts and Libraries, as well as by the Museums and Galleries Commissions and other sources. It is a study of considerable interest, and not without its surprises.

Many involved in the field will not hitherto have appreciated that the arts are "a significant and expanding sector of the economy" with a turnover of £10 billion (amounting to 2.5% of all spending on goods and services by UK residents and foreign buyers), and give direct employment to some 496,000 people. The point is also made that they are a direct stimulus to tourism; it is claimed, too, that they act as a catalyst for urban renewal.

One especially interesting section in the volume deals with the way in which temporary exhibitions can attract people to a capital such as London and the financial benefits that can flow from them. On the basis of the statistics supplied, it is claimed that 100,000 visitors to a temporary loan exhibition would generate an injection of £6.03 million into the economy. If this be so, then such bodies as the Royal Academy should solicit contributions from the businesses in their areas; and, incidentally, the organisers of such shows should receive adequate financial compensation.

The purpose of *The Economic Importance of the Arts in Britain* is to establish facts, not to point out dangers that may arise from commercial evaluation of artistic enterprise, but it is worth observing that pressure may arise to hold shows mainly for their box-office appeal and influence be brought to bear on lenders to persuade them to collaborate in the name of the "good" of the community.

Mr Myerscough is certainly right in maintaining that the presence of artistic resources in a city plays a part in influencing decisions as to where a firm should be situated. This has

[1] *The Economic Importance of the Arts in Britain*. By JOHN MYERSCOUGH. The Policy Studies Institute (100 Park Village East, London NW1), £19.95.

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already proved to be the case in the United States: in effect, the museum can provide a pleasant meeting ground for an upwardly mobile society without local roots. It is only necessary to see young executives and their wives (quite rightly dressing for the occasion) mounting the stairs at the Royal Academy for an evening "do" to be aware of the attraction of art events. Pleasure, of course, on such occasions is not only of an aesthetic order: art takes on the role of Muzak. Thus it should come as no surprise to find that institutions such as the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Tate Gallery, and the National Portrait Gallery are only too eager to make space available for parties—at a price. And this trend will increase when more business is transacted from home, with the aid of new technical communications processes, and loneliness increases.

THE CHANGES taking place in the museums are nowhere better illustrated than in a press release issued by the Victoria and Albert Museum, entitled "V & A Launches New Visitor Care Initiative". Its aim that the visitor should be looked after is laudable enough, up to a point. However, no consideration is given to the wisdom of a policy that seeks to persuade, or to entice, as many people as possible into a museum. The missionary spirit is evident, yet if the theory behind this effort is that art is good for us, and makes us better people, the powers that be should reflect on the unpalatable fact that both Hitler and Goering were avid collectors. . . .

It is sad to note that one of the aims pursued at the Victoria and Albert Museum during 1987 was the switching of "resources from traditional curatorial functions to new public related functions", such as marketing, commercial services (including "Corporate Entertainment") and fund-raising. Senior staff are even to be wheeled out at weekends to "support the volunteer staff on the Friends' Information Desk. . . ."

This quest for a larger audience has led to unfortunate decisions on the part of the Trustees. One was the commissioning of a large-scale advertising campaign which displayed posters with such undignified captions as "There's nothing wrong with modern art that a good cup of tea won't cure", and "Where else do they give you £100,000,000 worth of *objets d'art* free with every egg salad?"

The second serious error of judgment was the permission given to Sotheby's to stage at the Museum a preview of part of the Elton John Collection. This set a precedent which, if repeated by this Museum and followed by others, would destroy their reputation for impartiality. Lord Gowrie must share in the blame for this unfortunate innovation. Naturally he has a duty to his firm, but he should have remembered that Sotheby's and, for that matter, Christie's make considerable play on their role as benevolent traders, with art courses, publications and a general wish to be seen as belonging to the Establishment. Moreover, as a former Minister for the Arts he should have been all the more eager to maintain a dignified position. (Lord Gowrie is also a supporter of the sale of works from the National Collections.)

The Trustees of the Victoria and Albert Museum should hang their heads in shame for such mistakes. Alas, one trustee is reported to have expressed delight in the Elton John affair as it brought more people into the shop!

ONE OF THE principal changes to have taken place in the arts has been the establishment of a Minister for the Arts, a post, created by a Labour Government, which has not been abolished under Conservative administrations. But this is considered a part-time job, and the Minister is obliged to undertake other work; in France the Minister for Culture devotes his time only to the arts.

By and large, British Ministers for the Arts have tried their best, but generally they have been insufficiently equipped with baggage for the task: the most literate and artistically aware was Norman St John Stevas, though his taste, to my way of thinking, is on the camp side. In view of the existence of the Arts Council and the autonomous boards of trustees of the National Museums and Galleries, it is none too easy to work out the precise role of the Office for Arts and Libraries, and consequently the functions of its Civil Servants.

That the Minister and his staff may be looking for a mission in life is suggested by their promotion of unnecessary proposals for the disposal of works of art from the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and the Tate Gallery. Restricted powers for disposal are, of course, already enjoyed by certain institutions such as the Victoria and Albert Museum and the British Museum. The present agitation for disposal has been partly sparked off by the report of the National Audit Office, despite its having no relevance for the galleries covered in the consultative paper issued by the Office for Arts and Libraries. At first sight this document may look harmless enough, and would seem to do little more than outline measures designed for administrative convenience, but, as with many an innocuous-looking paper, it has traps.

It states in paragraph 22 that a policy of disposal, if enacted, "is not primarily, or much at all, to do with raising money". It concedes, in fact, that "the sort of item that could be disposed of is, almost by definition, unlikely to be of significant value or interest". The argument is advanced, not without ingenuity, that disposal of certain items could release space and cut down on the costs of restoration. Here the paper would have gained in cogency if it had moved from the abstract to the particular and provided some idea of the sums and space involved, say, at the National Gallery.

For the National Gallery the problem is a false one, since after the building of the Sainsbury Wing, lack of space will not really be a worry; moreover, the care of a small number of low-grade works can hardly pose much of a difficulty for the restoration studio. At the National Portrait Gallery, the relevance of the works in the collection lies not so much in their artistic merit as in their iconographic interest; any portrait is consequently worthy of retention. The problem at the Tate Gallery is clearly of a different order, in view of the extent of the works in storage. Thus it is easy to understand the temptation to "weed out" the collection.

The suggestion is made that a gallery might be empowered

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to "trade up . . . selling a lesser picture in order to help pay for a greater, even if the lesser picture could not be regarded as 'unsuitable' for retention in the collection". This is the thin edge of the wedge and could lead to trouble, both at the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery.

Disposal is a fairly regular practice in the United States. However, different circumstances prevail there and considerable mistakes have been made, as when works from Miss Adelaide de Groot's Bequest to The Metropolitan Museum of Art were sold—a policy strongly criticised by Hilton Kramer in the *New York Times*. It is sad, too, that many works from the famous Bryant Collection were disposed of at auction recently by the New York Historical Society; this was virtually the oldest extant picture collection in the United States and thus of considerable historical value.

THERE ARE SEVERAL *prima facie* objections to a policy of disposal. One is the role of the staff of museums and galleries in such matters. It is obvious, human nature being what it is, that corruption is possible. From the point of view of the staff there seems to be no valid reason for them to advise on such matters, and they may be even more reluctant now that the appeal of connoisseurship has diminished. Indeed, if it were ever to be part of their duties, it should be written into their terms of engagement. Should they be allowed to decline this duty?

The author (or authors) of the consultative paper places considerable faith in the judgment of the Trustees. We may well feel that this is to live in the past, when it could be more or less assumed that people who served in such positions were conversant with works of art. This is no longer the case, and it would be rash of the public to assume that Trustees should be empowered to take decisive actions of this sort.

If the relevance of disposal is really non-existent at the National Gallery, then what about the Tate Gallery? Here the solution is for as many works as possible to be distributed to provincial museums and galleries, and a start has already been made with the opening of an out-station at Liverpool. Moreover, it is imperative that acquisitions should be made on a highly selective basis. The National Portrait Gallery, too, has shown what can be done, by establishing branches: at Montacute House, Yeovil, Beninborough Hall, York and Bodelwyddan Castle, Clywd.

Unfortunately the partisans of disposals from galleries will derive support from *The Nation's Treasures: A Programme for our National Museums and Galleries*, published by the Bow Group.[2] In this eccentric document the good-natured Sir Philip Goodhart, Conservative MP for Beckenham, for some strange reason has taken it upon himself to pontificate upon the role of the Museums, suggesting, *inter alia*, that the British Museum should turn itself into a university! His views, which deserve scant consideration, are a discredit to his Party, especially when he advocates the cessation of grants for purchases, and the sale of "lesser Rembrandts" to raise cash for new acquisitions. Moreover, the gratuitous comments about Sir Denis Mahon, the art historian and member of the advisory panel of the National Art-Collections Fund, are quite uncalled for. The superficiality of the author's opinions destroys points concerning the remuneration and terms of contract of museum staff that might otherwise be worthy of study.

Implementing a policy of disposal from the galleries in question involves dangers far greater than any advantages that might be gained. This question has absorbed far too much time and energy: the Minister should now instruct his Civil Servants to drop it and turn to some rather more fruitful topic. What about a nice round-table conference on the possibility of arranging long-term loans of works of art from the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Tate Gallery to provincial museums? This study could give rise to pleasant debates, trips and consultative papers, and would not do much harm to anyone.

The many problems that concern the preservation of the national heritage have been highlighted by the controversy over the possible sale by Sotheby's of the 14th-century *Mappa Mundi* belonging to Hereford Cathedral. Alarm has also been expressed about the fate of the important collection of 19th-century British paintings bequeathed by Thomas Holloway to the Royal Holloway College at Egham. It appears that the Charity Commissioners have given permission for the sale of works from this collection in order to raise funds for the College. The dismemberment of this collection, if it comes to pass, will be bitterly regretted by later generations. The Charity Commissioners' decision is all the more disastrous as it may well be taken as a precedent. This being the case, it is the duty of the National Memorial Fund to challenge in the Courts the Commissioners' ruling.

THAT THE ART SCENE is ever controversial is indicated by the views of Mr Nicholas Serota, newly appointed Director of the Tate Gallery, as outlined in *The Independent* (13 September 1988). For some, they may show the consequences that occur when a director is appointed who has hitherto been exclusively concerned with the promotion of contemporary art. In this interview, Mr Serota is reported as saying that he would like to "clean out the central spine" of the Gallery and place installations in it, relegating Constable and so on "to the edge of the site". His desire is to present the modern scene first and then to lead the visitor backwards to the origins of the British School. As he told a television interlocutor on Channel Three, he is keen to make his mark by his own concept of hanging in the Gallery. But a museum does not exist for the presentation of an official's views; it is there to exhibit a balanced representation of the collections as a whole.

I hope that the Trustees will resist the temptation to make the gallery "livelier, more spectacular than the existing Tate". But the extent to which they are able, or willing, to combat such policies with authority is questionable. In the old days, all was by no means sweetness and light on Boards of Trustees, as is proved by Kenneth Clark's memoirs, but it

[2] *The Nation's Treasures: A Programme for our National Museums and Galleries*. By SIR PHILIP GOODHART. The Bow Group (240 High Holborn, London WC1), £5.50.

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would be hard now to find a trustee or chairman to equal the Hon. Sir Evan Charteris (1864-1940), who served as Chairman of the Tate Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery. He was not only a barrister but the author of one of the best books ever written in English on a modern artist—his life of J. S. Sargent. Perhaps it is pertinent to ask if any trustees have a special knowledge of the historic British collection.

One danger that arises with trustees at a museum such as the Tate Gallery is when they themselves are collectors of modern art. It stands to reason that if a trustee has bought a work by a contemporary he would feel that support for this work would only confirm his own perspicacity. All the more reason to be aware of this problem now that, for a variety of reasons, modern British art—at any rate of certain types—has become fashionable, and the clever claim advanced that certain painters constitute a "School of London"; the analogy with the old School of Paris is obvious.

British art tends to be seen in some quarters as a progression from Constable and Turner to Bacon, Kossoff, Kitaj, Howard Hodgkin, and a few others. This interpretation might well be correct, but it is as well to remember that, since the astronomical rise in value of much 19th-century French and American art, a substitute has been required: hence the bull market in British painting from the 1880s onwards. Moreover, the chances of seeing contemporary French painting in England are now far less than was the case 30 or 40 years ago.

The old truism that nature abhors a vacuum can also be applied to the arts. T. S. Eliot wrote wisely to John Quinn in 1917:

> "We have in modern society a huge journalistic organism the critical or Review Press which must be fed—there simply is not enough, nowhere nearly enough, good creative work to feed the 'critical' machine, and so reputations are manufactured to feed it, and works born perfectly dead enjoy an illusory life. . . ."

Eliot went on to say that he saw no reason why it should not go on "ramifying" like an industrial concern such as Lever Bros. His words are as apposite now as they were in his time. Here, also, it should be recalled that in recent years historians of art have tried to present a full, not a selective view, of a period; this has had surprising results in terms of 19th-century painting, where the academic artists as well as the "revolutionaries" are now appreciated.

BELIEF THAT MODERN art is a special "field" requiring its own experts (or partisans) is relatively widespread. One example of this is that a fateful decision has been taken by the National Art-Collections Fund to depart from its hitherto accepted policy that (except for the Treasurer) members of the Executive Committee are selected for their general interest in the arts rather than for their proficiency in one section. Members may now be nominated to the Committee on the specific ground that they are "experts" in modern art, yet expertise in this highly subjective branch is notoriously difficult to establish.

There are, of course, many different forms of modern art, and often swans turn out to be geese. Moreover, people tend to stay with the heroes of their youth, or else promote fashionable figures. For instance, much is made of the fact that the Fund bought Whistler's *Old Battersea Bridge* (Tate Gallery) in 1905; but when this was acquired the artist was already dead, and the picture had been painted some 35 years previously.

Some may consider that the Fund faces a crisis of credibility in view of its branching out into such debatable activities as presenting "Awards" for the arts, and on account of its failure to enact a measure of reform that would limit the length of service of a member of the Committee to a set number of years: at present the only limitation (just introduced) is retirement at the age of seventy-five.

The situation in the arts has also been affected by the increasing role of private sponsorship, which has long existed in the United States, where museums have to raise vast sums for administration and acquisition. Sponsorship, however, is not without problems. Few are involved in persuading businesses to back exhibitions; and indeed, some shows might benefit if the patrons were rather more critical of the projects submitted to them. But it is perhaps rather a different matter when it comes to the running of museums.

Under the new dispensation, the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery will become independent institutions: thus the Trustees will be able to make their own arrangements for interior decoration and no longer be obliged to employ the Property Service Agency: if they wish to exceed the Government grant, they will have to raise funds privately. That this *can* be done is shown by the valiant efforts of Jacob Rothschild at the National Gallery, where the Sainsbury family and Walter Annenberg have proved to be stout friends. Yet will such support be a continuous process? Moreover, if Trustees are now expected to undertake such tasks, which are especially formidable at the Tate Gallery, will there be room for those who can neither provide funds nor know those who can be persuaded to contribute to the gallery? Broadly speaking, if it is at present difficult to find more than a mere handful of aesthetes on the boards of museums and galleries, what of the future? By the same token, Directors are apt to be appointed for their ability to get on with donors and less for their knowledge of art.

The need for museum staff to spend more time on buttering up trustees and potential donors and less on proper museum work may have an adverse effect on the acquisitions policy of museums and galleries, but this complex question is not the subject of my article. Suffice it to say that selectivity should be increasingly practised; the attempt to "fill gaps" in a collection can often lead to securing second-rate items.

SEVERAL problems that exist in the museums are touched on in the 1988 Report of the Museums and Galleries Commission—by its own admission not entirely opposed to the disposal of works of art. Although against such action at the National Gallery, London, it states that the National Gallery of Scotland, which already possesses the

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power to dispose of works of art, "may need it in relation especially to the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art".

The members of the Commission deserve congratulations for affirming in this clear and modest document that the principles that Trustees need to ensure are that the institutions in their charge should "advance learning by research and scholarship based upon them. . . ." They emphasise, too, that the collections should be presented in such a way that "the public may understand and enjoy them. . . ."

Reference to the pleasure to be derived from works of art is a reminder of the distinction that deserves to be made between the world of art (that of people linked by a passion for art) and the art world which comprises those who find their personal interests (social position, careers) are served by a connection with the arts, even if they themselves lack a consuming love of them.

Nostalgia is often expressed for the days when a David Crawford or a Kenneth Clark were concerned with the arts, and could generally be relied upon to combine measured judgment with knowledge of the ways of the world. They belonged to a society that has been washed away—though it may well return, in another form. The many in the art world who, detesting Mrs Thatcher, long for the snug old days when businessmen were not in control of museums and galleries (as is now more or less the case), and resent any interference with the *status quo*, should reflect on the possible consequences for their institutions of the radical conservative revolution.

Its aim has been to galvanise the economy and to produce wealth from which both institutions and individuals derive benefit. With a little luck the descendants of the new class of entrepreneurs may resemble the Crawfords or Clarks (whose wealth was derived from coal and cotton respectively) and form a fresh élite of trustees with artistic knowledge and of museum officials who feel sufficiently independent to take on all comers and stand up for values. They will be able to encourage that blend of enthusiasm and scepticism needed for the assessment of works of art.

Perhaps we should remember Whistler's words in his "Ten O'Clock" lecture:

> "Art happens—no hovel is safe from it, no Prince may depend upon it, the basest intelligence cannot bring it about, and puny efforts to make it universal end in quaint comedy, and coarse farce."

In all these matters a sense of proportion must be retained. The arts require support, but so do other activities. Society is changing rapidly, and to cry for a vanished way of life is no use at all; the best must be made of an imperfect world.

Vesper, November

The end of the month; the end of the day:
the garden completes its chameleon change
to the browns of decay, the soaking green,
the camouflage of the sunken year.
There are still, you're aware,
those few stray blooms that some hint of sun
has confused into light,
but you know they can't last: sweet peas
on a fence, and the silvering leaves
of the sage, and the periwinkle's blue
slight stars—no more than requests
the condemned heart asked;
and they glow in uncertain dusk
like a prisoner's cigarette.

What else is there left? To resign yourself
to this hard-bitten squad of cold days
marching in? To release regret?
To turn round and to blindfold your eyes
and forget? Let that be enough. Unless,
unless there is one thing to keep,
in the blue of space, in the emptiness
of sky on the roof of the shed:
one final rose that broke out of its bud
too late, that hangs shivering there in the wind
like a girl with no shawl and no coat.

And too high to reach.

And your hand as pure as frost.

Stuart Henson

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Joseph Kelleher

The Waiting-Room

THEY WERE WALKING the last few hundred yards along the bus lane. It was safe enough; if a bus came up behind them she would hear it, but she was thinking maybe she should have allowed the expense and taken a bus after all. The Eckleberry Road was like a tunnel out of the town. Wire fences ran along the other side, behind which were playing-fields marked "Private". On this side a high stone wall hid all but the tops of the trees. Above, always, was the sun. There was no place to stop, to take a couple of minutes' rest. You had to keep going. A bicyclist passed them, sweating, and she watched him getting smaller and slower as he went further down the road. Mikey tugged at her.

—Mummy. Hot.

—We're nearly there, Mikey. See? Where the red car's coming out?

—I'm hot.

—Just be patient, love.

Too close, a red bus, its roar still sounding, was disappearing down the road before Pat's instincts could begin. She felt for Mikey, still there at the end of her arm, and breathed. Her embarrassment began to foam up, at being made to feel stupid by something as stupid as a bus, but she was tugged again.

—I'm boiling.

She looked down at him. She was hot too. Her face and hands were sticky with sweat.

—Let's just keep going till we get off the road. It'll be cooler inside.

—Boiling up.

—Come on, Mikey.

She headed towards the gate more purposefully than before. With her right hand she felt the money in the pocket of her jeans. Two coins.

—I'll buy you an ice lolly when we've finished. How's that?

—Phantom Fruit?

—Whatever you like.

—But not orange, orange is boring.

—We'll see what they've got.

He looked up at her. She smiled.

—OK, mum.

Her heart missed a beat. She pulled him closer to her and set her face down the road.

The wall curved around to the left. They went through the open side of the wide gate and followed the drive up between the three or four rows of white prefabs towards the main event; a red brick building several storeys high some fifty yards away. "Mosley House. Government Buildings". She tried to see the mansion this might have been once, set in its own grounds, with brass taps in the bathrooms. It would do a bit better than Hedley Avenue although the deposit would probably be a little bit more. She was sending a postcard to Leeds. "Dear mum and dad. This is our new place."

—Mum.

—Sorry, love. Mum's daydreaming.

There were various doors. "Pensions". "Ancient Monuments".

No, she wasn't either of those yet. On the brick outside the one she wanted someone had spray-painted "WELCOME TO THE PLEASUREDOME". It was like a foreign joke she didn't understand, though probably funny to somebody. She smiled at it as she went inside.

—Left, Mikey.

He stood working it out, his little hands held palms upwards as if he was comparing the weight of one with the other. He chose one.

—That way.

—Close. Fifty-fifty chance. Come on.

SOMETHING inside her fell when she saw it. Most of the people were sitting, in two blocks of seats, each made up of three rows, facing towards the wall on her right. Along this wall were three windowed cubicles, two of which were occupied, with seats this side of the glass. A gangway framed by parallel yellow railings bisected the blocks, went round the back wall behind the nearest block, then came down the adjacent wall to where Pat and Mikey were standing by a sign that read: "Please queue here. If you have an appointment take a seat and wait until you are called." They went up the gangway and joined the end of the queue behind a girl in a black cardigan. The walls of the room were bare and white except for a colour poster at the back of hot-air balloons in a blue sky, and a glass case on another wall with a notice: "If you would like one of these leaflets please ask at reception." Reception had to be the three cubicles at the front. High to the right of these was a window. The glass seemed to be made up of strips. Through it she could see the sky and the green tops of trees.

—George Macready booth five please.

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George Macready stood up and, stooping slightly to the left, disappeared into a dark passage underneath that window. It seemed odd to her, a tramp having a name, but straight away the bad thought embarrassed her and she turned aside her eyes. Coming along the gangway was a man with a blond moustache, in jeans and a leather-jacket. He joined the queue behind her, standing close, and let out his breath heavily and noisily. She pulled Mikey closer to her. Mikey pulled away.

—I want to sit down.

—This won't take long, love.

—I'm tired out.

The face behind her grinned and she let go, Mikey climbing on to a space beside a man with a bent nose who was holding his hands together at his chest as if in prayer.

She stepped forward behind the black cardigan and looked back. Mikey was picking at something on the knee of his tracksuit.

The man now had his cupped hands up to his nose, and there were other strangers. She was too far away to protect him . . . sitting in the front room of the house in Leeds staring at children's afternoon TV. She'd been to see Michael to tell him she was pregnant but hadn't dared tell her parents yet. Her mum was in the kitchen making dinner. She only noticed the screen when Roy Castle's *Record-breakers* came on because instead of singing "Dedication's all you need", like he had when she'd watched it, he sang "Happy birthday to you". Then he said that was for anybody whose birthday it was, smiling from miles away. It made her burst into tears.

The girl was about the same age as Pat. She had a large woven shoulder-bag with tassels, a big green Indian-looking scarf and one of those overcoats that look scruffy and trendy at the same time. Pat spotted her for a student. She let her bag swing down to the floor and started talking, not even bothering to give the place the once-over.

—How's it going then, Jacko?

The leather-jacket nodded, grunted, and fixed the fingers of each hand into the hip pockets of his jeans.

—I'm hoping to get out of here by Christmas this time. There's only another hundred and fifty shopping days left.

—Yeh? . . . Oh. Huh. Yeh.

—Miss Janet Laycock booth eleven.

Someone stood up and went into the passage. The gap in front of her opened again and she stepped forward. She could now see through the glass of the nearest cubicle to the clock on a back wall. Its face was black. It had no numbers on it, just white hands. You were supposed to work out the time from other clocks you'd seen before. She could manage that, ten to twelve.

—They ought to have music in here. Don't you reckon? A folk band'd go down well. Or if someone just brought a guitar in and got people singing.

Jacko's leather-jacket twitched around the shoulders. The girl went on.

—Except the bastards wouldn't allow it. They'd probably reckon it was subversive. Hey, have you heard the news? They're going to knock off the DH and just call it the SS and own up to it.

—Yeh?

Of course, the Department of Health and Social Security. Mikey didn't see her looking at him. He was swinging his little legs from the knees, watching his feet disappearing then appearing again in front of the seat. She watched the girl talking, with the sound switched off, wondering would Mikey be like that one day, confident and clever, or would he be like herself? When he'd said "OK, mum" outside it had been like a glimpse of him speaking as a teenager and that had frightened her, as if she were seeing him through a window.

She looked at the people here. A man with a red face in a torn purple jacket. Women with children in push-chairs, so Mikey was the oldest kid in the room. A young West Indian standing against the front wall, his training shoes brand new. A boy with something tattooed around his neck which must be writing but made her think of a dotted line drawn on for an executioner. Another with a moustache and permed hair wearing an immaculately clean football jersey, a red one. A man stretched out asleep across three spaces, his head on a colour supplement magazine. George Macready reappearing from the passage and shuffling out the door, still stooping to the left. And Mikey, in his orange tracksuit. Her dad had bought him that last Christmas. He'd need a new jumper before the winter. Knitting one would be cheapest. She had actually learned how to knit but hadn't been very good at it, objecting at the time to having it expected of her. But now she thought she might start again.

THE STUDENT GIRL was talking over the railing to the man with the bent nose who lifted up his cupped hands and winked into the enclosed space. Pat turned up the sound.

—What you call him? Is it a him?

—Nobber.

A tiny brown face squeezed up between the man's thumbs and sniffed the air. That explained it, a hamster. Even Jacko was curious, though only a little. He stood straighter, as if to pretend he wasn't. The girl leant over further.

—Hamster, is it?

—Gerbil.

Pat flushed. At least the student didn't know either.

—Hi there, Nobber. Is he claiming too?

—What? Yeh, he's claiming dole.

—Is he? Have you told him, they call this place Miserly House.

—Yeh?

—Mosley House. Miserly House.

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—Yeh? Yeh, that's good, that.

The girl leant over further to Mikey who was staring open-mouthed at the little twitching head.

—Have you seen the gerbil?

Mikey looked up, no less amazed. The man turned to him.

—Here, kid. You want to stroke him?

Mikey didn't move. Pat watched. The girl spoke to the man.

—They don't bite, do they?

—No. . . . Well. . . . They do. But this one don't. . . . Here, kid.

He placed the gerbil on his left forearm, the one next to Mikey, who reached out a hand, but not close enough to touch. For a moment or two Mikey, the girl and the man, and, at a distance, Pat, were caught in the same spell. Then Jacko broke it.

—You got a smoke, Ally?

—What? Yeh. Yeh sure, Jacko.

And she was picking up her bag, taking out a tin, and the man, forgotten now, had taken Nobber back between his hands, and Mikey was staring at the cupped hands, and Pat was watching Mikey and she was thinking: if a windfall were to come her way, not that it was likely, she'd get Mikey a gerbil, maybe for Christmas. And then she was looking into Christmas. Not last Christmas at her mum and dad's but this Christmas, her and Mikey's first on their own, in Hedley Avenue. She handed him his present and he gave her hers, which she began to open.

— . . . could you?

—What?

She started. Jacko's hand was on her arm. She stared at his face, looking at her.

—John Claude Murren cubicle six please.

The girl in the black cardigan was several yards away. Pat shivered in the sudden heat and moved up quickly. Jacko turned back to Ally talking behind him.

— . . . work my arse off, Jacko. Because I do anyway. Except I don't get paid for it. So how they can say it's because you don't want to work. You ought to tell them, Jacko.

—Yeh.

—They can't make you do that.

—No.

—You're entitled.

—Yeh. I am.

THE COUPLE on her left sniggered. The voice repeated.

—Richard Dick booth ten please.

Sniggers again. She crossed her legs to cover the patch on her right thigh. She looked at her hands. . . . There was a space between herself and the couple.

Mikey.

He was standing by the bin outside the passage with an empty fizzy-drink can.

—Put it down and come and sit down. Put it. . . .

She took the metal thing from him and dropped it in the bin. Now her fingers were sticky and sweet-smelling. She pulled Mikey to the seat and sat him again. The glue smell was still there. She would have moved to another place, but there was nowhere else. She spoke quietly.

—Just stay with mummy. Please.

—Phantom Fruit.

—What? . . . You mustn't pick things off the floor, Mikey. You should . . .

She had nothing to say, not really.

— . . . know better.

He started sucking at his fingers.

—Mikey.

She took out her handkerchief, dribbled saliva on it, and rubbed his little hands. Her own were sticky too. She rubbed at those but the stuff wouldn't come off, not properly. The glue smell came over stronger. She looked sideways. The punk in the row behind was screwing the lid back on a sauce bottle. Jacko, beside him, was nodding and grinning. Ally spoke.

—Where would a man be without his tomato ketchup, Eddie.

The punk turned to Jacko.

—Not fucking here if I had the choice.

He was wearing jeans and combat trousers, the cloth in one filling the holes in the other, his hair matted up into spikes. Jacko nodded, grinned wider. Eddie picked up a cider bottle and swigged at it. Jacko took it from him, swigged as hard, and passed it back.

—Mister Richard Dick please booth ten.

Of course, Dick Dick. She glanced over at the couple. The boy caught her look, grinning, and immediately she faced forward, looking for something to stare at. She found the clock. What, about eight minutes to two?

—Outside.

The man on her other side shook, raising the spread magazine off his knees in both hands, lifting it like a lid, twice, three times, then doubled forwards, put it on the floor at his feet, lifted it again, and laid it on his lap. He bent over the pages, muttering.

—Outside. You, outside.

He hadn't moved since she'd sat down next to him, coming from reception and taking the two spaces vacated by his legs, not even to turn the page. She'd thought it was a safe place but then there'd been the punk who'd sat on the back of her seat, his bum against her shoulder as if she wasn't there. Then there'd been the smell of the glue. And now this. Even if she could escape, the only place she'd end up in was the new room in Hedley Avenue. She stood in the doorway looking in, trying to get the details back from the one time they'd been there. Maybe there was a long window in the far wall, and a bed, and a stereo in the corner on the right, except that had to be a space because it wouldn't be there when they moved in. . . . No colours came, nor the feel of the carpet, nor the chairs, how

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many there were or what type. An electric ring stood in its white enamel cube but the rest of the room was a black-and-white blur, making the effort to form itself, then giving up the ghost. However it turned out it was hardly any better than the place they were leaving in Stanton Road. She looked down at Mikey and put her hand on his.

—Mum.

He pulled his hand away.

—What's that you put in your cider, Eddie? Snakebite, is it?

The punk had come back from standing with the queue in the gangway. He was shaking the cider bottle. A man in the queue was drinking from a gold beer-can. A deal must have taken place. Despite being ignored the girl went on.

—It's good, snakebite.

—It is. But you won't fucking find out.

He laughed, and swigged. She smiled.

—That's not very sociable, Eddie.

—Who is this stupid bitch, Jacko?

Jacko's moustache twitched. He took the bottle offered to him and drank. Eddie sniggered.

—Don't give her any.

—You can keep it, Edward.

—Oh la-di-da.

Pat tried to turn her attention away, but when she saw the girl lie down on the seat and Eddie turn to look at her, for the first time she stayed listening.

—What you doing, Ally?

—I'm going to sleep.

There was a pause.

—You going to give us a drink?

—You can go and fucking die for all I care.

IT WAS QUARTER to three. She looked at the green tree-tops and the blue sky through the high window in the facing wall. Then she realised it couldn't be a window because the passage was underneath it. She turned round. There was a real window in the wall behind her, facing out on the Eckleberry Road. The strips of glass must be strips of mirror. She was disappointed, having thought those tree-tops were waving above a place she'd never been. They weren't, and they might as well have been the trees along the road where Michael lived. There, the sky, which she'd walked under that day, had been as blue as this. She'd wanted to run but had not dared to, having had it confirmed at last that something was alive inside her. She'd rung the bell at his parents' house and Mr Riordan had come to the door. He'd smiled and said Michael was in the garage mending his bike. She'd found him kneeling by a bicycle turned upside down on the floor. His hands were covered in oil. It was that at first that stopped her going right up to him, but even as she started to tell him, standing at a distance, she knew she felt ridiculous for ever having come round. She watched the boy shrivel up with fear and she thought maybe she ought to get angry with him and shout something, but she knew that it was no longer anything to do with him and her. It was only her, alone. She was suddenly older and sadder, and Leeds was a big place full of noise and other people's business.

—It takes a long time, doesn't it?

Mikey looked up at her. He wasn't complaining. He smiled. It made her feel big and clumsy. She squeezed his hand.

—I'm sorry, love. It won't take long.

EDDIE was walking straight towards the nearest reception cubicle. A woman in a pink skirt with a child in a pushchair was coming away from the window. There was no one on the other side. Eddie stood there, his hands on his hips. Pat turned round. She saw Ally sit up and drink out of the cider bottle like she was an old trusted friend of whoever the owner was. Eddie peered through the window. Ally turned to Jacko.

—He was all right last night.

Jacko didn't answer.

—Fucking nuisance when your money doesn't come, though.

Eddie yelled back across the room.

—The bastards have disappeared on me. This place is gonna burn tonight.

He turned back to the window and banged with his fist on the glass, three times. The man at the front of the queue, the one with the beer-can, didn't seem to object to having his place taken. He was smirking. Eddie banged on the glass again and shouted. A woman appeared on the other side.

—I come up here this morning and they sent me down to St Anne's. But they sent me back here. I want to know where my money is.

The woman was taking up a pen and paper and sitting down to listen.

—Looks like the method works.

Jacko took the bottle from Ally and nodded.

—Yeh, he's a lad, Eddie.

He grinned. She didn't.

—Yes. He's one of those.

Two voices collided, a male and a female.

—Edward Harper room. . . .

—Miss Trudi. . . .

There was a pause. Pat looked up at a small grid above her in the ceiling and watched it to see what would come out. The voices did, untangled.

—Edward Harper interview room B.

—Miss Trudi Morris booth five please.

A man got up and went forward, then from the row in front of her the girl in the black cardigan stood up and followed him into the passage. Pat's nerves yanked tight. It must be her turn next. It was as if the ground had been pulled back from underneath her so she now

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found herself teetering at the edge of something frightening. She grabbed Mikey's arm.

—It'll be soon now, Mikey.

—What?

—It's us next, love. We're after that lady.

He followed her gaze towards the passage. A middle-aged man was standing outside it, leant against the wall. Mikey looked up at her.

—When will it be, mum?

—Soon, love. They'll call out my name.

—Mister Richard Dick booth ten please. Richard Dick. Last call.

—Robert Gorn booth six.

—Good luck, Jacko.

Jacko went forward and into the passage. Pat fell off the edge, but not the edge she thought she was standing on. Why had she been missed out? She looked around the room but nothing else seemed affected by the disaster. The couple at the end of the row were talking to each other. A man was standing by the passage, leant against the wall. The hands of the clock were still, or else moving as unnoticeably as the green tree-tops against the sky reflected in a high mirror-window. She was shut in and falling. The man beside her shook his magazine.

—Outside. You, outside. Outside.

AT TWENTY PAST THREE her name had been called and she'd had an interview that seemed to go well, with a young woman who'd told her she'd try and get a payment made that same day and that she was to go back to the waiting-room until she was called again. There seemed no point in giving up now but she no longer expected to have a cheque in her hand that afternoon. Someone had asked someone else in the row in front what time the last payments were made and the person asked, who seemed the sort who'd know the details of the system, said that the last time for payments was three forty-five. It was now ten to four. Even though she needed the deposit within the next two days in order to sign the contract she didn't really mind, she'd got past minding. The main problem right now was dinner, but as the doors had been locked at three thirty and there were only a dozen or so people in the room she should be out soon. Even so, it was more than a half-hour's walk to town. She might have considered investing in a bus-ride but she'd come out that morning with only two pounds in cash. She'd planned to walk into town through the park at lunchtime with Mikey. And she'd promised him an ice lolly. Even though it was probably no longer hot outside Mikey wouldn't have forgotten, and he did deserve a treat. The lolly would cost thirty pence and the bus-fare fifty. Eighty altogether leaving one-twenty at the most. Not enough.

They would walk into town, get Mikey a lolly or some sweets, and she should have time to go into a supermarket and get fish fingers and a packet of oven chips. And some fruit as well, two oranges. She felt better for having decided. She looked around the room. There was nobody left now she recognised apart from the West Indian boy, John Claude Murren. He was still standing and his trainers were as bright and clean as they had been that morning. She remembered the student girl, Ally, whom she'd seen come out of the passage and go straight to the exit alone. She'd looked like a deflated human being and Pat had been almost shocked at the sight. So much of what she'd seen had been like watching excerpts from lots of programmes, jumbled up and never getting the whole plot of any one story. It was like the posh couple, the little fat man and his wife. They'd come in just after three and he'd fussed about at the front, pacing up and down, getting redder and more flustered and giving out, "I won't believe a word. I won't believe a word", while the woman had stood still, all face and bust and folded arms like a granite cliff. The place had been busy then, and they went out after five minutes. She'd probably never see them again.

She looked up at the mirrored glass, the trees and sky. The only story she knew the whole plot to was her own, and Mikey's, but that was the only one that mattered and as long as she kept track of it, for both of them, things would be all right. And then her name was called. She pulled Mikey down the passage, counting the booths to find the right one, waiting there when she found it, and a girl appeared smiling, holding a piece of paper, and Pat felt relief as the girl said, "Miss Bonham? You'll be getting. . . ." She didn't hear the rest of the sentence. It sounded like "a counter for fifteen". That couldn't be right, but it was as if the English language had become unfamiliar to her. She didn't dare ask the girl to repeat what she'd said. It would be just as meaningless a second time. She nodded and went straight down the passage, waited for the man to unlock the door and stepped out into the sunlight with Mikey as the door closed behind them. They were released. Then the doubt started. A counter for fifteen? Was that fifteen, of fifty? And what was a counter? It was like an itch at first and she walked fast, pulling Mikey, down the drive, towards the gate, as if to escape it. But the itch became a rash, and as she turned on to the Eckleberry Road it had become a thrashing.

The woman had said to Patricia Bonham, "You'll be getting a counter payment at four fifteen", but she had walked away from it, and was now heading with her little boy down the long road into the town. And she was lost.

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Jonathan Clark

1688 & All That

"The English Revolution"

THERE IS SOMETHING rather odd about the current historical eulogies of the Glorious Revolution. We have heard them all before, but we have heard them about other episodes as well. It reminds us of a more general problem, which philosophical discussions of methodology hardly address: there is something rather odd about history as a discipline. Historians are often happy to change their *questions*, but their *answers* still seem peculiarly familiar. Yet historiographical studies commonly show us that few things are more resistant to historical change than patterns of historical analysis themselves. Loudly though they profess their innocence, historians cling for as long as possible to the hope that their categories and teleologies stand outside the processes they describe.[1] Faced by incompatible evidence, historians—as Sir Herbert Butterfield shrewdly observed—try first to patch it into the old framework of interpretation, minimising the contradiction.[2] If pressed further, we can now see a different strategy at work: they try to save their analysis by shifting the period to which it applies. They were right all along, of course—only not in the way you first thought. So much the worse for the ordinary reader; but the authority of the historian is preserved, indeed enhanced.

For the authority of the historian is centrally at issue if he is presented to us not as an empirical investigator but as a prophet. His prophetic idiom varies widely: some prophets, with staring eyes and flowing hair, call Jerusalem to repentance; others, more Pharisaical, preach a complacent blandness. But in either case, there is something in the historical vocation that rejects empirical revision.

Or, in present adversities, seeks to escape it by a chronological relocation. Exactly this change of front is being forced on the virtuosi who have long explained the English civil wars of the 1640s as "the English Revolution", a revolution of the classic Marxist type. It is worth observing them at work, to see how (though with the best intentions) they shift their ground: we need not doubt their intellectual integrity in order to trace how an interpretation evolves. The starting-point was clear and unambiguous. In 1940, Christopher Hill famously staked his claim to account for the phenomena of the 1640s in terms of a transition from feudalism to capitalism:

> "An old order that was essentially feudal was destroyed by violence, a new and capitalist social order created in its place. The Civil War was a class war, in which the despotism of Charles I was defended by the reactionary forces of the established Church and feudal landlords. Parliament beat the King because it could appeal to the enthusiastic support of the trading and industrial classes."[3]

It was an exposed position, too simply formulated and progressively undermined by later research. Eventually, it needed more than a defence. In 1980, Hill provided it in the context of a collection of essays whose authors competed to re-establish in new terms the revolutionary credentials of their chosen episodes.[4] Hill's new contention was that the English Revolution, though just as revolutionary, was not

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[1] For the extreme difficulty of fundamental scholarly revision, even (or, perhaps, especially) in the world of professional scholarship, see P.B.M. Blaas, *Continuity and Anachronism: Parliamentary and Constitutional Development in Whig Historiography and in the Anti-Whig Reaction between 1890 and 1930* (1978). The implications of this study are wider than its title suggests.

[2] Herbert Butterfield, *The Whig Interpretation of History* (1931, n.e., 1973), p. 14: "We cling to a certain organisation of historical knowledge . . . and all our deference to research brings us only to admit that this needs qualifications in detail." The author incurred extreme unpopularity for drawing attention to "the air of unreality which hangs around much of our general history when it has been compiled with too great impatience of historical research" (p. 56).

[3] Christopher Hill, *The English Revolution 1640* (1940), p. 9. Such sketches were to be taken seriously: they were abridgements of theses worked out in detail elsewhere. The mental world in which this study was written is evident in, for example, K. E. Holme (i.e. Christopher Hill), *The Soviets and Ourselves: Two Commonwealths* (1945).

[4] J. G. A. Pocock (ed.), *Three British Revolutions: 1641, 1688, 1776* (1980). With the exception of Dr Hill's dissenting essay, the editor believed the collection illustrated a "new perspective . . . the transition from a Tudor aristocratic order, breaking down in the first half of the seventeenth century, to a Whig aristocratic order first brought into being during the second half of that era" (p. 10). But, as will become clear, the two orders could be reconciled in a way which rescued Dr Hill's analysis: as Professor Lawrence Stone argued, 18th-century Britain "rode the tidal wave of industrial and bourgeois revolution" (p. 91).

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brought about "by the wishes of the bourgeoisie". Indeed, the bourgeoisie did not pre-date the Revolution. Nevertheless, the Revolution's "*outcome* was the establishment of conditions far more favourable to the development of capitalism than those which prevailed before 1640". So it came to the same thing in the end.

The consequences of the Revolution may have been unforeseen and unwished for, but those consequences nevertheless objectively identify its causes, he argued. The consequences were undeniably visible after the Glorious Revolution: "Marx and Engels were both careful to date 'the political supremacy' of the English bourgeoisie, and its acceptance by the aristocracy, from after 1688. Mr [E.P.] Thompson speaks of the eighteenth-century gentry as 'a superbly successful and self-confident capitalist class'. . . ." Thanks to the acceptance of that objective fact, "with Hume and Adam Smith we are in the modern world". But are we?

As long as the end-point in 1688 was unquestioned, the teleology was secure. "The English Revolution, like all revolutions, was caused by the breakdown of the old society." The forces which produced that breakdown *must* therefore have produced a wholly new society in its aftermath. The problem of causation was thereby simplified: "If the Revolution of 1640 was unwilled, the *coup d'état* of 1688-89 and the peaceful Hanoverian succession were very much willed. The self-confident landed class had now consciously taken its destiny into its own hands."[5] Such a view harmonised well with our picture of 18th-century England as a federation of country houses, a world made safe for the agricultural improver: it could be made to seem part of the landscape rather than a partisan thesis.

With such distinguished endorsement, this solution could hardly fail to commend itself to others. One such was Professor Lawrence Stone, whose many scholarly works of some years earlier had been equally central to sustaining a traditional historical scenario for the 17th century.[6] In a *Past & Present* article in 1985, he readdressed these old themes, now once more made problematic by new research.

The traditional Marxist model of the Civil War had had three components, argued Lawrence Stone: first, the two sides in the conflict "represented two different attitudes towards labour and property": their social composition was objectively different. Second, parliamentarians "consciously willed the resulting destruction of feudalism". Third, since feudalism *was* destroyed, the result was "a distinctively bourgeois society characterised by the ideal of possessive individualism". In a daringly revisionist essay, Stone candidly rejected the first of these components: no such distinction between Royalist and Roundhead can be proved by the available data, he discovered. Indeed, Stone saw that Hill himself had now "abandoned" this part of the thesis, as he had formulated it in 1940.

No longer could an English Revolution be ascribed to a collision between pre-existing feudal and bourgeois classes. The old chronology had broken down, as both authors rightly recognised. Nevertheless, the Marxist teleology and demonology retained much of their subliminal appeal. Many historians still wish to see a watershed between a "world we have lost" and modern times, and they wish to see Parliament playing a self-conscious role in forwarding that transition. For Lawrence Stone as for Christopher Hill, therefore, the analysis was saved by shifting the chronology.

Stone's second and third components could thereby be retained. His refutation of the first component, he claimed, left undisturbed "the more recent argument put forward by Hill, [in the essay discussed above] namely that the English Revolution resulted in a significant psychological and political shift towards free enterprise and possessive individualism". Royal defeat in 1641 was provisional; its second defeat in 1688 was definitive, as post-1688 society showed, Stone claimed.

> "Together they made possible the seizure of political power by landed, mercantile and banking élites, which in turn opened the way to England's advance into the age of the Bank of England, the stock-market, aggressive economic liberalism, economic and affective individualism, and an agricultural entrepreneurship among the landed elite."[7]

New questions could thus be made to produce old answers.

Historians of 17th-century England thus found their way to a similar solution to their shared problem. More and more came to turn not on the 1640s, but on 1688; and the whole argument eventually rested precariously on long-unquestioned assumptions about the significance of that lesser-known episode. For Hill and Stone, the issue was expressed in terms of economic history. It could equally well be expressed in terms of political history: the events of the 1640s could not have finally and irrevocably halted a drift towards absolutism if the Restoration monarchy was so strong. How, then, to reconcile this valid insight with the old assumptions about 18th-century Britain, the polity which Lawrence Stone still characterised in 1980 as "the calm of the Augustan Age"? Clearly, if 1641 had not witnessed the English Revolution, then it must have occurred in 1688.[8]

This was a dramatically unstable position, and it was open to two challenges. First, Alan Macfarlane's brilliant study *The Origins of English Individualism* (1978) demonstrated that the characteristics deemed to be newly generated or instituted in 1688 could be traced far back into medieval history: the rule of law; parliamentary government; private ownership; the nuclear family; affective social and familial relations;

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[5] Christopher Hill, "A Bourgeois Revolution?" in Pocock (ed.), *Three British Revolutions*, pp. 109-39.

[6] Most notably, in this context, *Social Change and Revolution in England, 1540-1640* (1965); *The Crisis of the Aristocracy 1558-1641* (1965); *The Causes of the English Revolution 1529-1642* (1972).

[7] Lawrence Stone, "The Bourgeois Revolution of Seventeenth-Century England Revisited", in *Past & Present* 109 (1985), pp. 44-54.

[8] This is the thesis of Angus McInnes, "When Was the English Revolution?", *History* 67 (1982), pp. 377-92.

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social mobility; a widespread market for goods, capital, and labour.[9] Second, it was suggested by other historians that Macfarlane's phenomena, while relevant to and testable against Marxist requirements, were perfectly consistent with the characteristics of 18th-century England as an *ancien régime* in terms of ideologies, beliefs, and political practices.

THE MOST RECENT scholarship on British history between the Restoration and the Reform Bill has indeed come as close as could be wished flatly to contradicting this new and precarious reliance on 1688. The new idea that a class did not have to be self-aware in order to act as a class looked far more improbable once it was shown that the self-awareness of a bourgeoisie, like "liberalism" itself, the putative ideology of that class, had to be postponed not just to 1688 but to the 1830s. The close interrelation of land and commercial capital soon seemed less relevant to the old scenario once econometric analysis had replaced an "Industrial Revolution", a sudden metamorphosis, with a carefully-quantified picture of steady but uneven growth.[10] A symbiotic, socially mobile relationship between the landed élite and the professional classes could more convincingly be described in terms of the hegemony of aristocratic values, not bourgeois values.[11] Far from the events of 1688 being "very much willed", the revival of Jacobitism as an object of serious scholarship has shown us the ambiguous, long-resented and profoundly divisive nature of that dynastic crisis.[12]

C. B. Macpherson's nexus of "possessive individualism" was decisively deferred until the early 19th century by the recovery of a far older idiom of discourse as the post-1688 norm: politico-theological, anti-contractarian, patriarchal. If even dissidents like John Wilkes and Tom Paine could be located within it, our textbook picture of the self-sufficient world of the urban bourgeoisie and the radical artisan[13] is profoundly modified: no longer can the early 18th century be used as a one-line proof of a 17th-century equation. No longer can the later 18th century be restructured as the seedbed of Victorian Britain.

Worse still, both these critiques have been deliberately framed in a manner which make them impossible either to patch into the old orthodoxy, or to evade by another saving of the analysis. The chronology has been disrupted. The old scenario no longer provides a seamless account of the British

[9] For a restatement of this thesis, see Alan Macfarlane, *The Culture of Capitalism* (1987). Dr Macfarlane's account of the reception of *English Individualism*, and of "the ways in which people try to defend their world view against intellectual threats" (p. xiii), is especially suggestive.

[10] Most notably in N.F.R. Crafts, *British Economic Growth during the Industrial Revolution* (1985).

[11] See, especially, V. G. Kiernan, *The Duel in European History: Honour and the Reign of Aristocracy* (Oxford University Press, 1988); J. V. Beckett, *The Aristocracy in England 1660-1914* (1986). The discussion of *mentalités* in F. M. L. Thompson, *English Landed Society in the Nineteenth Century* (1963) is still valuable.

[12] The evolution of the subject is best followed in Eveline Cruickshanks (ed.), *Ideology and Conspiracy* (1982) and Eveline Cruickshanks and Jeremy Black (eds), *The Jacobite Challenge* (Edinburgh, 1988).

[13] Best expressed by Eric Foner, *Tom Paine and Revolutionary America* (1976).

Macaulay & the 1688 Revolution

HAD OUR KINGS gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of Parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the farthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in Continental cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dinted with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy and despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy! How many years of blood and confusion would it have cost us to learn the very rudiments of political science! How many childish theories would have duped us! How many rude and ill poised constitutions should we have set up, only to see them tumble down! Happy would it have been for us if a sharp discipline of half a century had sufficed to educate us into a capacity of enjoying true freedom.

THESE CALAMITIES *our Revolution averted. It was a revolution strictly defensive, and had prescription and legitimacy on its side. Here, and here only, a limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had come down unimpaired to the seventeenth century. Our parliamentary institutions were in full vigour. The main principles of our government were excellent. They were not, indeed, formally and exactly set forth in a single written instrument: but they were to be found scattered over our ancient and noble statutes; and, what was of far greater moment, they had been engraven on the hearts of Englishmen during four hundred years. That, without the consent of the representatives of the nation, no legislative act could be passed, no tax imposed, no regular soldiery kept up, that no man could be imprisoned, even for a day, by the arbitrary will of the sovereign, that no tool of power could plead the royal command as a justification for violating any right of the humblest subject, were held, both by Whigs and Tories, to be fundamental laws of the realm. A realm of which these were the fundamental laws stood in no need of a constitution.*

Thomas Babington Macaulay
THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND (1849-61)

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past, one revolutionary episode neatly passing the dialectical baton to the next: the recovery of an era of dynastic allegiance has driven an ever-expanding wedge between Christopher Hill's *The Century of Revolution* and Eric Hobsbawm's capitalised Industrial Revolution of the 1780s.[14] Those commanding heights of the historical economy, Marx's 1640s and Engels's 1840s, have lost their power to overawe the intervening territory. History has suddenly become much more interesting: we no longer know the major answers in advance It has also become more disturbing: no longer can we insulate ourselves from the implications of our past by the rhetorical device of a transforming revolution.

THE CURRENT CONTROVERSY is liberating in a rarer sense: it has altered our perception of what counts as extremism in historical statements. Had the Whig myth remained essentially in place, it could still have dismissed as uncongenially normative a renewed emphasis on society's hierarchical, hereditary, aristocratic, Christian features. But what has been challenged has been the authority of the myth itself. Its claim to occupy a morally or historiographically neutral "middle ground" has been discredited, say the critics, if the very categories in which the debate was conducted have now been explained in other terms.

A critique so framed has highlighted the weakness of an argument which merely relocates the old analysis; but the critique has at the same time made such relocations more necessary. This tactic has, indeed, become common property. In their haste to move the end-point of their argument into the 18th century via the Glorious Revolution, Hill and Stone failed to anticipate that their vital ally would himself soon be in full retreat, relocating his own analysis in a much later period. Eric Hobsbawm, who initially won fame by demonstrating a similar scenario from an "Industrial Revolution" located in the the 1780s, evidently now defends the applicability of classic class analysis within a later time frame.

A scenario which had been rehearsed for earlier centuries in terms of the constitutional limitation of royal absolutism or the rise of a revolutionary bourgeoisie was cast, for the late 18th and early 19th centuries, in terms of an enquiry into the emergence of the classic class structure then held necessarily to characterise industrial society. The seminal book, which all later scholarship has had to address, was, of course, E. P. Thompson's *The Making of the English Working Class* (1963). It had located the essential development in the 1810s and 1820s, a logical response to an accelerating Industrial Revolution. In 1981, Professor Hobsbawm reconsidered the problem in the light of recent vicissitudes.[15] While paying tribute to the pioneer, Hobsbawm now emphasised how, despite this early "trinitarian image" of class, the realities in Thompson's period were "patently very different" from "the so-called 'traditional' working class" of the late 19th century, of which observers like Richard Hoggart wrote their elegies in the 1950s.[16] Even in his essay of 1981, Hobsbawm was aware of and responding to the cultural and structural changes which were transforming proletarian politics as they had reached maturity under Attlee; but his chief concern was with the formation of the "traditional" working class in and around the 1880s.

BY 1987, Hobsbawm's focus had shifted to include also the weakening or the demise of the familiar class pattern. In an equally stimulating essay in the *New Left Review*, he candidly discussed the disintegration since the 1950s of the social bases of this homogeneous class-structured urban Labour movement, eroded by the rise of the minority-group culture and other related developments, including the "underclass" mentality.[17] A working class whose formation was so long delayed now seemed rather less like a natural reaction to a pre-existing bourgeoisie. Equally, the class which above all guaranteed the Marxist trinity had been placed in a delimiting time frame. The trinitarian model of class now begins to look at best like a temporary phase, not an essential truth. At worst, it can more convincingly be explained as an aspect of the history of ideas which cannot easily be read off against "underlying" realities.

No longer an analysis valid for all time, its validity established by a central and datable episode, the traditional scenario (of class conflict and phases of development punctuated by revolutions) is now a refugee, searching for one homeland at least in which it might take root. Whether the years *c.* 1880-1940 will give it sanctuary remains to be seen. Meanwhile, a different moral can be drawn: an analysis which has lost its familiar chronological location cannot survive without roots for long. Its claim to be correctly explanatory of anything must be in doubt now that we are so uncertain of just what period it is supposed to explain.

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[14] Most famously in E. J. Hobsbawm, *Industry and Empire* (1968). The book used the categories of "class", though without offering an account of their emergence.

[15] He referred also to his contribution to Martin Jacques and Francis Mulhern (eds), *The Forward March of Labour Halted?* (1982), a work prompted by the result of the General Election of 1979.

[16] E. J. Hobsbawm, "The Making of the Working Class 1870-1914" (1981) in *Worlds of Labour* (1984), pp. 194-95. It has to be said that this insistence on the anonymous nation-wide homogeneity of the cloth-cap-wearing masses is not without its overtones of "them" and "us".

[17] E. J. Hobsbawm, "Labour in the Great City", *New Left Review* 166 (November-December 1987), pp. 39-51.

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Two Poems by William Oxley

Lucy & Her Colonel

"From a literary point of view no biographical work of the time (the period of the English Civil War) equals in interest. . . 'The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town, etc.' written by his widow Lucy. . . ."
George Saintsbury.

By candlelight in that cold castle
I had made warm for him, we talked
In the anxious nights and days
Before God and Oliver changed everything
At Marston Moor, and Royalists were
"As stubble to our swords". Yes,
I think of all those times past since
First he came to dwell at Lincoln's Inn
And woo'd me for fourteen fair months
Beneath close oak and elm, among greenleaf
And roses by the trampled high of Holborn.
Was there ever such a courtship by a soldier,
A man of God, yet one who played so well
Upon a woman's love-taught heart?
He won me then in my wild-bird days
And I was ever after loyal to him:
As who would not be to a man
Whose strength was tempered by a holy heart?
Not in all the years that followed—
Such years of tempest and animosity
Cruellest for those of us directly destined
To tread the sickled road of politics
And bear a greater share in our own lives
Of the unwonted bloody brunt of civil war—
Was there ever blunting of resolve or peace for us.
Yet from the time my dear man governed
Nottingham Castle, that sanctuary so many found,
To the day they brought him dying home
From Sandown's darkest dungeons—
Where lack of care had quenched his greater flame—
Those, our candled evenings of closest talk,
Were very heaven and reward enough for any woman.
I had had eight tutors as a child
And was for my time much overtrained,
Was every bit his educated equal
And some might say his book superior;
Yet I had not quite the soul and passion
Of one who said: "We are but servants
Of a God who would have a change wrought
In this land. No one a king omnipotent,
But upright men to hold the future's sceptre

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And signal from this time forever
Individual freedom is the goal of power.
Love of man and love of God to be
The governing truth, as truth itself is all."
By the single leafing of that frail light
To hold this man within my arms,
To pour a loving oil upon his flame
And supply his lack with my soul's plenty,
Made me a very queen and for a short time
His equal sharer in that state of good sublime
Which is at the heart of every human love
For such as naked join together flesh and word.
And when he was gone, my regicide,
I wrote his life in the fair plain prose of truth,
Rebutting calumny and told not every puritan
Was "morose and melancholy and illiterate",
But many such as he were brave and thoughtful
Deeply wise and holy, as best men have ever been.

In Bavaria

Mountainous hills, trees
stainless-steel lakes
and the dandruff of snow:

dark pours out of woods
laps neat fencing
and stylish chalets.

A taut music is played
on sentinel wires
by a wind forever eastern,

custom-built roads
for retreating Teutons
splice flat plains

a neatness is everywhere
in wood-piles, in
animal-less fields

and razored nature.
The sky is even, air
a wash of icy clarity

and sun if it comes
a lyric of yellow light
written by Heine.

There is something uplifting
about Bavaria
dangerous as rhetoric
or absolute reason.

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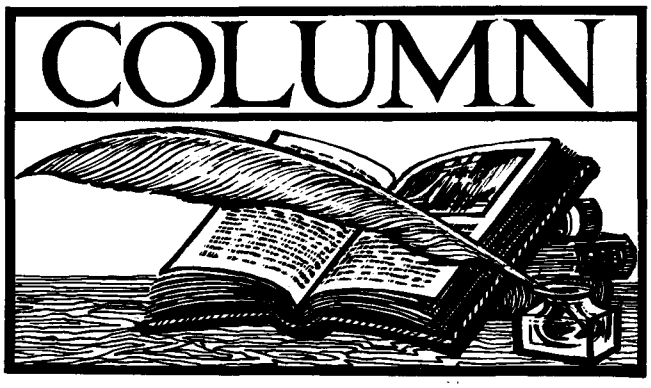

WOULD YOU CARE to be called a workaholic? I was, recently, and I bridled. Part of my distaste was linguistic. Despite Lewis Carroll, portmanteau words like his own *slithy* and *mimsy*—or *guesstimate, shamateur, Chunnel*, and *Irangate*—give off an odour of glue that hasn't dried properly: they're apt to come apart in your hands. And *workaholic*, although useful, is as much a mismatch as the *regretymology* it exemplifies. I'm even uncertain how to spell it. Should it not, logically, be *workoholic*?

But my real objection was to the slur, not the word. If *work* is defined as "an unpleasant activity", the job I'd been doing, which prompted the remark, could in no way have been called "work". What was it? Listening to well over a thousand French cabaret songs, from the 1930s onwards, to compile a set of six programmes for the BBC's Radio-3.

Part of the pleasure was nostalgia. As a child, I'd enjoyed French comic songs—rather more, in fact, than French comic books, whose strip cartoons were full of knock-out punches transcribed, rather wispily, as "PAF!" The singers had been much more amusing. One of them, Michel-Maurice Lévy, was a serious writer and composer who under the stage name of "Bétove" parodied operatic tenors and baritones from various countries, in made-up facsimiles of the languages concerned. Even his mock-English sounded plausible and funny.

Bétove, from the 1920s, came too early for the radio series; but there was no resisting another old favourite—Ray Ventura and his "Collegians", with *Tout va très bien, Madame la Marquise*. The lady has telephoned her major-domo to make sure nothing has gone wrong at the *château* during her two weeks' absence. Everything's fine, he assures her—except for one little problem: her old grey mare has died. How? A fire in the stables. It, er, spread from the house. . . after the Marquis had knocked over the candle when he. . . killed himself. . . because, er, he'd been ruined. But that's all: otherwise, everything's perfectly all right.

When France fell to the Nazis in 1940, quite a few French people remembered that 1930s song. Its false reassurances rang as hollow as the official slogan "*Nous vaincrons parce que nous sommes les plus forts*"—or as misplaced confidence in the Maginot Line, so easily outflanked by invasion via the Low Countries. No less hollow were some of the patriotic songs of the period, like Maurice Chevalier's *Ça fait d'excellents Français*, all about the motley (and not very fit) recruits in France's citizens' army.

I don't recall hearing that at the time. At the beginning of the War, Charles Trenet's spritely, jazzy *Boum* from 1938 was still popular: but it soon gave way to another song with unexpected topical overtones. Françoise Giroud, the journalist and sometime Government Minister, referred to it in her tape-recorded memoirs, *Si je mens*:

> "Do you know what people were singing in 1940? Anyone old enough to remember will tell you the same thing. A song by Jean Sablon, the crooner of the time, whose words ran: '*Je tire ma révérence: je m'en vais au hasard, par les routes de France, de France et de Navarre. . . .*'"

Françoise Giroud, like the singer, "took her bow" and fled from Paris—as did so many others. This time, nostalgia had a bitter taste. No one of that generation can hear the song without thinking of those crowded roads, that desperation in bright sunlight, and the enemy aircraft diving to attack.

Equally evocative, with grisly comedy, were some of the Occupation songs: *Je suis seule ce soir*, for instance, made popular by the glamorous Léo Marjane, who after the War claimed to have been too short-sighted to recognise any Nazi officers in the cabarets where she had starred. She had also sung on the Nazi-controlled Radio Paris—of whom Maurice Van Moppès, broadcasting from London for the Free French, had sung (to the tune of *La Cucuracha*): "*Radio Paris ment, Radio Paris ment: Radio Paris est allemand.*" And from that station, as well as the aged hoarse boom of Marshal Pétain's voice, one used to hear a ludicrous adoring song addressed to him, *Maréchal, nous voilà*! Even now, it sends a faint shiver down my spine.

I remember talking with one singing survivor from that sad period—the late Georges Tabet, who was married to a British Bluebell girl. Before the War, he had partnered Jacques Pills (later Edith Piaf's husband) in a duo which, when it reached the States became known, inevitably, as "Pills and Tablet". Tabet told me how hard it had been to go on making a living under the Occupation, even though he and many colleagues had taken refuge in the "Free Zone", run by the Vichy French until the Nazis took direct control in 1942. As in Britain, as in America, many popular songs had nevertheless continued to evoke the age-old themes of love and loss, stolen kisses, rain and sunshine, not always with any contemporary slant.

THEY CAME BACK in force at the Liberation—together with some wartime exiles like Josephine Baker. Song after song now celebrated Paris—its roofs, its river, its bridges, its narrow streets, its night-clubs, its love-life, its low-life, its lamplight, its twilight, its moonlight, its romantic dawn. Listening to so much of this charming slush, with simple repetitive tunes and lyrics straight off some computer, I began to make up waltz-time parodies:

I'm so glad that we
Won't return to Paree
In the Spring.
Though I quite like the Seine,
The French drive me insane
When they sing—

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Of l'amour pour toujours,
Of the old rue du Four
And that overpraised Tour
Eiffel:
For Saint-Germain-des-Prés
Has about had its day,
And the Champs-Elysées
Are pure hell.

The urge to lampoon grew even greater as I scoured the repertory of some of the great music-hall singers, on the Right Bank rather than the Left. Edith Piaf, Charles Aznavour, Jacques Brel—not to mention their lesser imitators—all seemed to have a weakness for being heroic. Isolated on stage, with a microphone held close and amplification reduced but echo-effect added, they belted out—there's no other term for it—ditties that made them sound as if they'd dragged themselves, copiously bleeding, from some field of battle where their valiant, dying efforts had saved the day.

It wasn't altogether false. Edith Piaf had had a tragic life, despite her popular success; and she died at the age of 48, partly exhausted by drugs. Jacques Brel, when he sang his angriest songs, knew that he was dying of cancer. Even Charles Aznavour had had a struggle. The son of humble Armenian immigrants from Turkey, he had faced cat-calls in his early days as an adult solo singer of his own songs. So courage was needed; and the same flavour of self-dramatisation, almost verging on self-pity, can be heard in plenty of English and American performances, from *A Star is Born* to *A Chorus Line*.

WHAT'S SELDOM heard outside France (and Belgium, to accommodate Jacques Brel and Annie Cordy) is so high a degree of literacy in the lyrics. In one famous instance, Jean-Paul Sartre touched hands with France's Tin Pan Alley. For his play *Huis Clos* he had written a lyric about street executions, *Dans la rue des Blancs Manteaux*. It remained unused; but he gave it to the young and beautiful Juliette Gréco, just then making her début as a night-club singer in post-War Paris. Joseph Kosma, composer of *Les Feuilles Mortes* (*Autumn Leaves*), produced a dirge-like melody for it; and it remains in Juliette Gréco's programmes to this day.

Similarly, other popular singers have used settings of serious poems. Louis Aragon has been sung by Léo Ferré, among others; Verlaine by Ferré, Georges Brassens, and Charles Trenet; Baudelaire by Serge Gainsbourg; and Victor Hugo, plus earlier poets, by Colette Magny. She, like Gainsbourg, Ferré, and in some respects Georges Brassens, could be described as "militant", her sympathies firmly on the far left.

This, too, is a distinguishing mark of some French *chansons*. Not all of them are anodyne ruminations on love. Many have a sharp cutting edge—sometimes political, sometimes social. Gainsbourg was threatened by French paratroopers when he produced a reggae version of the National Anthem in 1979. Earlier, in 1956, when Marcel Mouloudji had sung *Le Déserteur*, by Boris Vian, about a young conscript refusing to fight in Indo-China, the song had been banned from the radio and withdrawn from the record-shops, incidentally blighting Mouloudji's career. Vian sang it himself—very badly—in a repertory which also included satirical digs at consumer society and intellectual snobbery, not unlike Léo Ferré's jokes about franglais and *La télé*. In the same vein, Jacques Dutronc (with Jacques Lanzmann as lyric-writer) made fun of *Les playboys*, dressed by Cardin and frequenting *le drugstore*.

BY THE TIME that these glass-and-brass emporia, very distantly aping an imagined America, had invaded General de Gaulle's Paris, another invader had arrived too. This was what the French christened "*yé-yé*" (from "yeah, yeah"): Anglo-American style pop-music. It heralded what seemed to me a steep decline in quality.

Already, lush, grandiose, and boring orchestrations had grown commonplace in music-halls like *L'Olympia* and *Bobino*. Thundering drum-beats, swirling piano glissandos, and very unheavenly choirs added kitsch and bombast to mock-heroics. Now, rock and *yé-yé* added electric guitars, synthesisers, little-girl singalong effects, and monotonous rhythmic thuds. Johnny Hallyday (Jean-Philippe Smet) began with a passable Elvis Presley imitation, then became tamer and turned to the Twist. When he married a fellow-singer, Sylvie Vartan, their fans went wild. And these were only two of a whole new generation of *yé-yé* singers, some of whom later produced more interesting music, but many of whom stayed—or sank—in the same limited idiom.

One feature of *yé-yé* was its attempt to adapt French to foreign rhythms. Syncopation seldom sits easy on the language of Racine. Some composers, like Michel Legrand in his music for the film *Les Demoiselles de Rochefort*, actually made a virtue of the paradox, using jinkety tunes for lyrics that winked at traditional prosody. But most pop-singers bypassed any problems, either by singing in something like English, or more often by ignoring old-fashioned rules which other singers still respect and observe.

Listening to even fairly recent French *chansons*, that is, I'm continually struck by their comparative formality. True, the imperfect subjunctive has been killed by ridicule—notably in a devastating skit performed by Fernandel, *Pour que vous m'eussiez dit "Oui"*. But the past definite, disappearing now from ordinary speech and much ordinary writing, still survives in a number of songs, by no means always ironical. They also preserve traditional poetic scansion. Singers give full value, and more, to the final *e* in a word like *France*, which becomes something like "France-euh"—and even to the feminine *e* in, say, *fiancée* ("fiancée-euh"). Few people talk like that any more: but the practice lives on in that unlikely storehouse of tradition, the French popular song.

Are there equivalents in English? The names of Cole Porter and Noël Coward spring to mind. But they belong to a past generation; and in France the literate, literary lyric is still going strong. So is one of its finest exponents.

Charles Trenet was born in 1913. He took his *baccalauréat* in Perpignan, and studied art in Berlin and Paris. He painted film scenery for a time, and wrote a few songs; then, at the age of twenty, he teamed up as a lyric-writer with the musi-

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cian Johnny Hess. One of their songs, *Vous qui passez sans me voir*, was taken up by Jean Sablon; but Trenet had to do his military service, and the song-writing partnership broke up. In 1938, however, Trenet launched out on his own. His jazzy antics won him the nickname "*le fou chantant*": but his range was far broader than tomfoolery and jazz. With a deep, caressing voice that could also sound light and nimble, he sang his own songs—often to seductive melodics, like *Que reste-t-il de nos amours?*

As time has gone on, Trenet's songs have grown more retrospective, sometimes sadder. His voice has slightly deepened—though far less so than that of Tino Rossi, whose pre-War brilliantine tenor became a virtual baritone in later years. What still marks Trenet is his gentleness. With his dextrous diction, it somehow conquers time and age. And he sounds, almost always, as if he adores his work. At 75, still singing, could he ever be called a workaholic?

WHEN THE *chanson* programmes were almost completed, I went to Paris to pay tribute to another long-lived and very hard-working Frenchman. Jean Monnet, the founding father of the European Community, who died in 1979, was being buried in the Panthéon among France's other heroes, on the hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1888. The huge square in front of the building was floodlit for the television cameras. Monnet's old friends and colleagues were seated in ceremonial stands. Ministers and Heads of Government from most of Western Europe had the place of honour in front of the Panthéon itself. President Mitterrand made a speech. The orchestra played Messiaen, Mahler, and the *Marseillaise*. Then, as the coffin under its tricolor was carried in by the *Garde républicaine*, an enormous European flag, royal blue with a circle of stars, fell open behind the pillars of the Panthéon, covering its whole vast façade.

It was a moving moment. But still more moving, to those of us who were close to Monnet, was to hear a recording of his voice, in the inaugural address he had given to the European Community's first parliamentary Assembly, in 1952. Strong, confident, inspiring, it rang out as a call to action, not just commemoration.

Action had always been his watchword. Even when nearing ninety, his long life's work only just behind him, Monnet embarked on one final task: to write his *Memoirs*. Not as an exercise in nostalgia, self-justification, or setting the record straight. No: what he wanted, and what he achieved, was to lay down the essential principles for continuing the pursuit of peace and unity that he and his generation had begun. Patience, care, collective action, and institutions to carry on when men's experience dies with them—these were what Monnet recommended, and what he himself had deployed. And his greatest strength, beside intelligence and sheer goodness, had always been his ability to concentrate. He had virtually no hobbies: his work was his vocation. If Monnet was a workaholic, then addiction has its points.

M

Metro-North

As a woman of sense, you understand such passions;
As a pauper, I can tell you about grief;
And if we must pay for each other's transgressions,
They might as well be seasonable, and brief.

Can you see that smoke from the factory chimney?
Or those late apples, ripening in the dark?
Whom do you want to believe, me or Francesca da Rimini,
For crying out loud, barefoot in some ancient park!

For Christ's sake, will you listen to me for a second?
Can you hear the fields, sighing ochre, and brown, and green,
Under the harrow's touch, feeling shamefully blackened
When reliving the summer whose sun would not set, only lean?

Do you sense the abundantly gathering, radiant Christmas
As the snow grows lilac at twilight's unwhispered request,
Round the white of the rose, a thin moonlit isthmus
That opaques life and love, and lets light deliquesce?

All these things speed along like a spotty reflection of feeling:
On a train through spring, southbound, alone, short of breath,
I am only a prince in the eyes of gentle Ophelia,
I am only a ghost in the eyes of Lady Macbeth.

Andrei Navrozov

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Images of Others

The Roots of German Identity—By HAROLD JAMES

WHAT MAKES a nation a nation? Shared traditions (a common culture), or shared history, or a common language? Nationalism depends on the application of imagination to formulate and indeed even sometimes invent, all of these common features. It works through a powerful, but nevertheless usually highly fictional, account of shared historical, linguistic, and cultural identities.[1] Nationalists, however, frequently disagree as to what constitutes these shared identities.

The elaboration of a doctrine of national mission long preceded the establishment of a German state in 1871 and the rise of Germany to the ranks of the Great Powers of Europe. In establishing their vision of a nation in the century before 1871, Germans could not look to the present to establish what German identity meant. Their territory was politically fragmented, and most of the units were highly ineffective in international politics. Often when the present looks threatening or hostile, we look back to the comfort of heroic stories from the past. In common with other "new nations" of the 19th century—Italians, Hungarians, Czechs, South Slavs—Germans could find no justification for national existence in any existing set of institutions. The German Confederation as established in 1815 did not appear to be a body capable of satisfying demands for a specifically German institutional identity: it was yoked by the Habsburg emperors to the international cause of political and social reaction.

Finding identity in the past, however, brought problems for Germans, in spite of the existence of a German language and what might be claimed as a cultural tradition. Politically, the past had little to offer. There certainly had been until 1806 the venerably old Holy Roman Empire "of the German Nation" (*Heiliges Römisches Reich deutscher Nation*), but this imperial past, after the French Revolution, had no obvious applicability to practical problems of the present.

Western Europe was far more fortunate in having a constitutional and administrative framework in which identity might develop. English nationality found its expression in laws and political bodies. Laws separated the Anglican Church from Rome in the 16th century. An institution—the monarch in parliament—defined this separation. France's legal system and institutions were much more contested than Britain's. There were very clearly distinct alternative visions of France. According to conservative thinkers, France had been created by its monarchs, and by the centralising bureaucracies they had built up. Obedience to the monarch cemented Frenchmen together. For revolutionaries, France was an idea—Liberty—and an historical act—the French Revolution. But for them, and for moderate liberals, France was also the institutions and the constitutional arrangement born out of the Revolution, and above all the reworking of law.

Part of the elaboration of theories of nationhood in the modern period lay in defining a set of attributes as "the national character" of a people. Such properties could provide the answer to questions of the type: "What is it to be German?" or "How does nationality manifest itself in personal and political behaviour?" Describing character invariably involves idealisation and a substantial amount of myth-making. The problem appears most acutely in situations where there is no institutional context for nation-building.

If national identity lies in political and institutional arrangements, there is no need to be preoccupied with the search for an elusive national character.[2] The institutions themselves provide centres of attention and activity. People gradually regard them as a fine way of settling the numerous disputes that naturally arise from everyday life. They generate a sense of legitimacy in themselves and in the community of which

HAROLD JAMES *was a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and now teaches history at Princeton University. He is the author of "The German Slump: Politics and Economics 1924-1936" (Oxford University Press, 1986); this article forms part of his latest book, "A German Identity 1770-1990", which will be published in January by Weidenfeld & Nicolson. His earlier article, "Why We Should Learn to Love a Crisis", appeared in the November 1986 issue of* ENCOUNTER.

[1] Elie Kedourie, *Nationalism* (1960), and Ernest Gellner, *Nations and Nationalism* (1983), are the most revealing recent accounts of the process of inventing nationality.

[2] For an entertaining as well as profound analysis of Germans and national character, see G. A. Craig, *The Germans* (1982).

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they are part, and which they come to represent. In the end they create patterns of behaviour which can be eventually identified as national properties. It then becomes possible to speak of typical actions, or even of national character.

Germans—as well as other nations of the 19th century—found it difficult to work out what the pattern for national life should be. They saw in politics only weakness and fragmentation. They could not find a stereotype in religion, because of the confessional division between a largely Protestant north-east, and a largely Catholic west and south-east. How could such diverse regions be brought together? At the beginning of the 19th century, Germaine Necker (Madame de Staël) wrote a highly sympathetic study of the German mental world in which again and again she pointed out the debilitating consequences of the lack of effectively operating political bodies. "Political institutions alone", she concluded, "are capable of forming the character of a nation."[3]

At the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century, German political disunity contrasted with the existence to the west of two states organised along national lines, with national institutions. Britain and France proved to be economically and above all militarily effective: successes which meant a political control of the affairs of the European continent. In the French case, a view of the state as the political expression of the nation produced a new and powerful citizens' army. And to the east, Germany had the military power of the Czarist empire.

It is not surprising that—at the same time as Madame de Staël was writing about Germans' national modesty—Germans from their observations of French and British triumphs concluded the historical superiority and the eventual inevitability of the nation-state. Some of them deduced that they should imitate this form of political organisation if they were not to be defeated and subjected to the rule of other nations. The nation-state became not simply a blueprint for desirable development, but a necessary formula for political survival.

In the absence of institutions which might determine appropriate behaviour, Germans had to manufacture their own concept of nationality. Again like other new nations, they needed self-consciously to formulate an imagined national past and an idealised future. How to do this? Partly they relied on the rejection of some types as "alien": defining Germans in opposition to other peoples: Frenchmen, or Russians. But the German quest for identity also required the absorption of foreign models into German life.

One answer that underlay many formulations about the nation in the 19th century was in essence a very simple one: imitation. Look at other peoples and treat their national images and ideals as a set of variegated and diverse building blocks from which German identity could be constructed, synthesised, or manufactured. Imaginative projections of other national types helped Germans to decide who they were. Although Germany had a very vigorous and powerful cultural tradition of her own, and scarcely needed to import any kind of foreign culture, she needed a way of understanding that strong cultural tradition as an alternative to French or British power politics. She needed in fact a model for national thought.

In western Europe loosely defined (Britain, France, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Denmark and Sweden), old states had established a territorial framework for political activity long before the beginning of the 19th century. Elsewhere, where in the era of the French Revolution nationalism developed outside the context of a territorial state, the theorists of the new movement had a double or split vision. They looked with one eye back at the ancient multiplicity of nations and peoples (*Völker*). The other eye was cast forward, to the possibilities of borrowing behaviour and institutions from already existing states. Britain, as an example of an old nation-state, or France and America as models of revolutionary new ones, laid down a blueprint for the historical development of other peoples.[4]

Friedrich Meinecke's *Cosmopolitanism and the National State* (1907) provides the most systematic explanation of how the thought of German identity emerged not in opposition to a universal ("cosmopolitan") set of values, but in the context of generally held, Europe-wide ideals:

> "Cosmopolitanism did not merely sink to the ground, pale and exhausted; and the new national idea did not then spring up in its place, unimpeded and victorious. Cosmopolitanism and nationalism stood side by side in a close, living relationship for a long time. And even if the idea of the genuine national state could not come to full bloom within such a relationship, the meeting of these two intellectual forces was by no means unfruitful for the national idea."[5]

The philosopher Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel did most to identify the existence of universal "world historical nations", which at a particular moment embodied all that was progressive in world history.

> "The nation to which is ascribed a moment of the Idea in the form of a natural principle is entrusted with giving complete effect to it in the advance of the self-developing self-consciousness of the world mind. This nation is dominant in world history during this one epoch, and it is only once that it can make its hour strike."[6]

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[3] J. de Pange, ed., Madame de Staël, *De l'Allemagne* (Paris, 1958), Vol. I, p. 61 (first published London, 1813).

[4] Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origins and Spread of Nationalism* (1983), p. 78. The contrast between "eastern" and "western" types of European nationalism—i.e., between Germany and central and eastern Europe on the one hand and Britain, France, Switzerland, etc. on the other—has been most clearly and systematically developed by H. Kohn, *The Idea of Nationalism* (1961). See also H. R. Seton-Watson, *Nations and States: An Enquiry into the Origins of Nations and the Politics of Nationalism* (1977), and Miroslav Hroch, *Social Preconditions for National Revival in Europe* (1985).

[5] Friedrich Meinecke, *Cosmopolitanism and the National State* (trans. R. B. Kimber, 1970), p. 94.

[6] *Hegel's Philosophy of Right* (trans. T. M. Knox, 1942), pp. 217-18; the quotations which follow are from pp. 4, 7, and 12.

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At the beginning of the 19th century, the Germans had distilled and synthesised the world spirit. Hegel's account of this synthesis was notoriously murky: but it profoundly affected the vision of 19th-century Germans.

Not everyone faced the problem as honestly as Bogumil Goltz, a strange ethnographer who lived all his life in Thorn (Torun) on the Vistula. In the middle of the century he explained exactly how Germany had pieced itself together out of a whole range of different national images. He took quite literally the Hegelian idea of Germany as the universal nation:

> "As man is the supreme creature, so one might call the German the most perfect human, because in fact he unites all the characteristic properties, talents and virtues of all countries. . . . The German nation has no national character in the way that other nations have, because it has become generalised as a world people through the application of reason. . . . We are as conscientious, hard-working and skilful as the Chinese; we have or had their piety towards old people. . . . We have English thoroughness and accuracy. . . . We have French skill and elegance in all technical arts. . . . We understand music and all beautiful arts better than the Italians. . . . We are tillers and herdsmen with a love of nature and a patriarchal sentiment as are the old Poles and the Hungarians."[7]

Goltz was clearly an over-enthusiastic eclectic, and he carried his argument to absurd lengths. But less erratic, and more profound authors saw in Germany the same eclectic quality. Madame de Staël wrote in the aftermath of Napoleon's defeat of Prussia, an era usually reckoned to be one of national revival and patriotic assertion. She appreciated little of this. She did not refer to Fichte's rousing patriotic addresses delivered in contemporary Berlin. Her Germans (*De l'Allemagne*, p. 39) were rather modest and lacking in self-confidence.

> "In literature, as in politics, the Germans show too much consideration for foreigners, and not enough national prejudices. Self-abnegation and esteem for others are qualities in individuals, but the patriotism of nations must be egoistical."

LOOKING BACK over a century which had brought national unity and the creation of a powerful state which had a great deal to boast about, the nationalist historian Heinrich von Treitschke rather surprisingly echoed the thoughts of the French observer of Prussia in the Napoleonic era. National consciousness had not yet been achieved—at least not in his eyes. In lectures given in Berlin in 1893, Treitschke referred to "this pride of our nation, that it is powerful enough to be cosmopolitan in the noble sense, that it is capable of absorbing the immortal element of other peoples". Because of their island mentality, Englishmen had "limited horizons" that prevented the adoption of new cultural patterns. Germans did better. "The Germans are the opposite, and the vast majority are born world citizens who must always work at toning down the perpetual regard for foreign ideas so that they can sometimes think of themselves by themselves. The German people should be described as having a 'selfless' characteristic—a word whose meaning has been seriously distorted over time."[8]

THIS VISION of what constituted national identity saw a number of modes of behaviour from which selections could be made at will by a group of self-defining national intellectual consciousness-raisers. Treitschke argued that there were many different types of national virtue: "the rays of divine light only appear in individual nations endlessly refracted. Each has a different picture and different thoughts about the diversity. Each nation has the right to believe that in it are manifest particular parts of divine reason." God's Englishmen, Frenchmen, Poles and so forth were secure in their particular privileges. Because Germans were aware of the multiplicity of claims to an especial standing in the universe, they were more sceptical, more hesitant, and more neurotic. Germans, Treitschke said (*Politik* . . . , p. 29), "are always in danger of losing their nationality, because they have too little of such pride".

Other nations' heroes became those of Germany. In Caspar Scheuren's lithograph of 1840, *The German*, the central figure sits with a Bible and a volume of "German history", but also admires a picture of George Washington and a statuette of Napoleon. Protestant Germans looked to the heroic 17th-century Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus.

The risk that Germany would be too eclectic or that she would absorb too many inappropriate models put the consciousness-raisers on their guard. It was predictably Goltz who provided the longest list of improbable models:

> "We are as obedient and imitative as Chinese and Russians, from whom we have the idea of Emperor and Emperor worship. . . . We love wandering as much as Tartars and Kirghiz. . . . In our love of knowledge and in all other things we have a Jewish-Talmudic inventiveness and skill at categorising, Jewish toughness, indestructibility, a Jewish sense of envy and private quarrels. . . ."

The definition of nationality by reference to others went alongside a view about German geography. Because Germany lay in the centre of things—in physical terms, but also economically, politically and culturally—circumstances forced it into a passive and accepting role (Goltz said "the woman among nations"). This view of German character as constrained by the political layout of Europe was common enough to become a frequent joke. One German politician wrote in 1948 about Konrad Adenauer:

> "I don't know what so many people have against Adenauer. I know him the longest and the best. He is less reliable than a Frenchman, more deceptive than an Englishman, more brutal than an American and more in-

[7] Bogumil Goltz, *Die Deutschen: Ethnographische Studie* (Berlin, 1860), pp. 1-2.

[8] Heinrich v. Treitschke, *Politik (Vorlesungen gehalten an der Universität zu Berlin)*, (Leipzig, 1899), Vol. I, p.269 and p.273.

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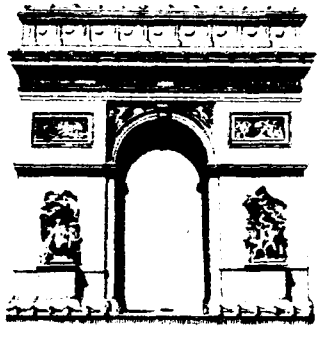
scrutable than a Russian—in short the ideal statesman for our beaten and mistreated nation."[9]

Even at the zenith of aggressive German nationalism, the fascination with national comparisons and with borrowing remained obsessive. When the Olympic Games were held in National-Socialist Berlin in 1936, the *SA* newspaper *Der Angriff* exhorted Germans to show the world their best side: "We must be more charming than the Parisians, more light living than the Viennese, more vital than the Russians, more cosmopolitan than Londoners, more practical than New Yorkers."[10]

In fact an extreme willingness to make comparisons went hand in hand with ever more aggressive German nationalism. National imitation proved to be more destructive than constructive. There was in practice little that was civilising about Treitschke's (and others') use of the ideal of a "universal people". If anything, it operated as a deciviliser. Why?

One of the most obvious answers is that there were too many models to choose from, and that this made for a fundamental instability in the national self-image. The Germans had built up an identity out of a series of over-schematic visions of what other peoples' national identity represented to them. The universal people looked universally for models: to the modern world of France, England, America, Russia, Italy, Poland, Switzerland, and the Netherlands; as well as to the vanished worlds of Greece and Rome.

Liaison Dangereuse



IN THE 18th century there was little difficulty in selecting an exemplary country. Though the political dominance of France in German affairs in the aftermath of the Peace of Westphalia (1648), and the brutal sack of the Palatinate in 1674 and again in 1688, engendered a natural Francophobia, this was more than compensated by admiration for French society and manners. In the 18th century, French became the language of polite conversation. Frederick the Great often expressed his aversion to the barbaric German tongue.

One of the pioneers of the German revival was Christian Thomasius. He believed that German should replace Latin in educated talk—but his model for this suggestion was the triumph of the vernacular in France. What might be termed the French cultural dictatorship over Europe fascinated him. His *Discourse on what forms should be imitated from the French in daily life and behaviour* (1687) began with the observation that "today everything must be French with us. French clothes, French food, French household goods, French language, French morals, French sins, and even French diseases are everywhere the rage." He pointed out that such imitation was perfectly natural, and—far from constituting an outrage to German patriotic sentiment—showed the way for reason and progress. "Frenchmen are after all today the most skilful people and know how to order all things in the appropriate way." They could conduct an "expert and well-mannered love affair."[11] They preferred the lute or the violin to the drum and the bagpipe. They held Cicero, Cujas, Grotius and Descartes higher than the clerical and medieval obscurantists, the scholastics, and Aristotle.

How could Germany resist so powerful an attraction? In large and even middle-sized states, the princes felt attracted by new concepts of power—which were associated linguistically with France, as well as politically, since France tried to bolster the rights of princes *vis-à-vis* the Holy Roman Emperor. During the Westphalian peace negotiations in the middle of the 17th century, German princes began to set out a view of their "*droit de souveraineté*". They later thought it important to apply the most sophisticated and newest methods to statecraft—or as they put it to know their "*intérêt*" and on the basis of this formulate a "*dessein*". They spoke French, and across the German countryside they built imitations of Versailles.

The French influence went far beyond power-hungry princes, and also beyond the writers of the Enlightenment. Thomasius, a native of Saxony, claimed that the French language had become so commonplace that in many places shoemakers, tailors, and even children and common servants (*Gesinde*) could speak it adequately. The linguistic impact lasted long after the French appeal as a model of national identity had faded. North Germans in particular delighted in taking over French vocabulary in the 19th century.[12] They walked along the *Boulevard* on the *Trottoir*, with a *Parapluie* outstretched if it should be raining. Their female domestic servant was a *Mamsell* (Mademoiselle). Travelling on the train meant a new inundation of French words: before walking on to the *Perron*, they bought a *Billet*, took a seat in a *Wagon* under the supervision of the *Conducteur*.

SOME OBSERVERS believed that French influence went deeper into social life than simply a series of linguistic borrowings. The writer Theodor Fontane became the greatest observer of Berlin's Frenchified middle classes, which constituted a real *bourgeoisie*, on a Parisian model, rather than the citizenry (*Bürgertum*) of small-town provincial Germany. He himself pronounced his name with the stress on the first syllable in order to Frenchify it, and emphasised his own Huguenot descent; on special occasions, he even gave this pronunciation a more authentically French nasal intonation. In an essay on the character of Berliners, he described Berlin as a mixture of Brandenburg traditionalism and French (Huguenot) and Jewish influences. Huguenots and Jews had brought Ber-

[9] H.-P. Schwarz, *Adenauer: Der Aufstieg 1876-1952* (Stuttgart, 1986), p. 638.

[10] Quoted in *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 176 (2 August 1986).

[11] Christian Thomasius, *Deutsche Schriften* (Stuttgart, 1970), pp. 8, 12, 17, 34.

[12] F. Theodor Vischer, *Altes und Neues* (Stuttgart, 1889), p. 139.

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lin humour (*Witz*) and self-irony to what had previously been a sullen peasant population.[13]

The French behaviour that Thomasius had identified—that of the witty, urbane, rational, ironical *honnête homme* who was what the Germans termed worthy of a salon (*salonfähig*)—in short lived on as an exemplar to the 19th-century educated German middle classes. This, the international "bourgeois" style, was a distinctively non-aristocratic form of behaviour, and helped the urban notables (the German term is *Honoratioren*) to find their own style and establish their own identity. It contributed as much to civic pride as did the rather more romantic medieval fantasies about being a burgher which appeared in the first half of the 19th century. Without this style, the beneficent but socially exclusive liberalism as propounded by wealthy city notables would have been unthinkable.

The political impact of France is a more problematic subject. Educated Germans initially greeted the 1789 revolution with considerable enthusiasm. The poets Schiller and Klopstock, and the philosopher Fichte felt deeply moved by 1789's promise of Enlightenment. However, most of Germany was untouched and unaffected until the French Revolution expanded to defeat and occupy first parts, and then under Napoleon almost the whole, of Germany. Some of the results were positive and long-lived. In Bavaria, the enlightened minister Montgelas introduced legislation styled directly after a French pattern. The French revolutionary law of 1791 provided the foundation for the principle of self-administration later adopted in German municipalities: though, as actually applied in the Germany of the 1790s, this type of reform caused only administrative chaos. In addition, French constitutionalism left a deeper mark on German political theory than did radicalism or Jacobinism. Benjamin Constant, the liberal constitutional theorist of the Restoration (his most important political work, the *Principes de politique applicables à tous les Gouvernements représentatifs*, was published in 1815), had a significant following among German liberals. It set out an argument for limited constitutional monarchy and the division of power, and against the Rousseauist utopia of finding a general will. Karl von Rotteck, Carl Theodor Welcker, the German State Encyclopaedists, as well as Robert Mohl and Paul Pfizer, acknowledged his influence.[14]

What benefits Germany received were, however, only visible much later and from the long-range perspective of the historian who deals in broad sweeps of time. In the 1790s and 1800s, it was hard to think of France other than as the enemy.

France presented an obvious and direct threat, against which the German nation mobilised itself. The Rhineland suffered a brutal, physically destructive and economically crippling occupation as early as the autumn of 1792. Only in 1814 did the French armies depart. Prussia's occupation was much shorter, but just as humiliating and costly. High levies and taxes to pay for war ruined the economy, while many Prussian soldiers died fighting in Napoleon's Grand Army in Russia. Nationalism directed against France combined widespread popular support with an intellectual appeal. Former Jacobin enthusiasts now turned against France and began to speak the language of German patriotism.

France's role as an enemy outlived the defeat of Napoleon (1813-15), which produced an initial and brief-lived united patriotic uprising (though one probably exaggerated in subsequent nationalist myth-making). In 1840 a war scare led to a new blossoming of patriotic anti-French sentiment, with which the new King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, who had come to the throne in 1840, briefly identified himself.

Subsequent framers of Prussian and later of German policy were more persistent in their exploitation of the French threat. War against France in 1870-71 provided the occasion for the creation of Bismarck's empire; and thereafter Bismarck still tried to exploit the fear of French revanchism to stimulate an artificial national unity in Germany—in 1875, and again in 1887.

France's main importance for 19th-century Germany was as a threat; but she also provided a refuge for non-conformists, radicals and revolutionaries. In the 1830s, Karl Marx briefly, and for longer periods Ludwig Börne, Heinrich Heine, and Richard Wagner, lived in Paris. But the radical and democratic revolution of 1848 was as much a failure in France as in Germany, and after the mid-19th century Britain, America and Switzerland exercised a greater attraction for Germany's political diaspora.

France as a political model—as opposed to France the social guide to bourgeois etiquette—consistently disappointed. The universal principles of reason and enlightenment had led in the 1790s and 1800s to a ferocious war against Germany. Even as an asylum, 19th-century Paris was less an inspiration than simply a meeting place for émigrés cut off both from their own countries and from the mainstream of French political life. All France could do was to give a notion of the bourgeois order and of bourgeois life. For political inspiration the Germans looked elsewhere.

A Passion for Greeks

IT IS FAR EASIER to identify with precision the origins of the cult of Greece than to find the beginnings of French influence over German life. Greece had a German rediscoverer. Johann Joachim Winckelmann developed a notion of a Greek ideal of beauty, harmony and balance while struggling with the miserable realities of life as a provincial schoolmaster in Brandenburg. For Winckelmann Greece was always an unattainable ideal. He went to live in Rome, but in practice avoided any opportunity to visit Greece. Instead he urged Germans to

[13] "Die Märker und die Berliner und wie sich das Berlinertum entwickelte", reprinted in Theodor Fontane, *Politik und Geschichte* (Munich, 1969), pp. 739-55. See also P. Gay, "Probleme der kulturellen Integration der Deutschen 1849 bis 1945", in O. Büsch and J. J. Sheehan (eds), *Die Rolle der Nation in der deutschen Geschichte und Gegenwart* (Berlin, 1985), p. 184.

[14] L. Gall, *Benjamin Constant: Seine politische Ideenwelt und der deutsche Vormärz* (Wiesbaden, 1963).

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construct their own Greece. As a step in this direction he wrote, in 1775, *Thoughts on the Imitation of Greek Works in Painting and Sculpture*. The book examined the Greek ideal of beauty and of the perfection of physical form. The Greeks had done more than simply lay down a model—they had devised the framework within which all artistic and political activity could be comprehended. The statues of Laocoon had become for Winckelmann a "complete rule for art".[15]

The work of Winckelmann and his successors in incorporating Greece into German culture rested on a very unstable foundation: they knew very well that the Greek world they had constructed was unreal. Goethe, a great philhelline, portrayed this relationship in the Second Part of *Faust*: Faust summons up the ancient world in the shape of Helen of Troy; but Helen is an artifice and a phantasmagora rather than a real woman, and Mephistopheles takes delight in pointing this out. Greece was a world of illusion and escape—most clearly in the case of the tormented and finally distracted poet Friedrich Hölderlin. The antique gods haunted him by their denials of modern experiences:

> "Whom does this terrifying glory of antiquity not uproot, as the hurricane uproots young woods when it seizes them, as it seized me; and when, as was my case, that element is lacking from which one might obtain strengthening self-confidence? . . . I loved my heroes as a moth loves the light. I sought their dangerous proximity, and fled it and sought it again."[16]

The political attraction of Greece was as much of a phantasmagora as the erotic attraction of antiquity for Winckelmann or the personal appeal of a liberating heathen antiquity experienced by Hölderlin. It provided a nicely opaque and ambiguous model.

MUCH OF THE yearning for Greece meant, as with Hölderlin, an escape from politics. Others, notably Friedrich Schiller in the *Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man*, saw Greece as a model for how a society could create free citizens. Hegel's admiration rested on the same perception: for the Greeks freedom had meant freedom in society and integration with the concerns of other people, and not the damaging and destructive revolt of the individual against society or a self-indulgent romantic craving for eccentricity.[17]

At the most obvious level, modern Greeks gave encouragement to anyone who wished to see an old and civilised people reassert themselves in the face of foreign oppression. Moreover, ancient Athens gave a model of the harmonious functioning of a participatory democracy, which had enabled large numbers of educated citizens to reflect wisely and determine public events. In Greek society, arts were part of popular and political culture. The Greeks had, in short, set up the ideal of the "beautiful and strong free man".[18]

Beyond an identification with a collective community—the thought which lay at the heart of political hellenism—little more systematic doctrine might be evolved. After all, Greek society depended on the institution of slavery, and 19th-century Germans concerned with freedom did not want to consider how this issue affected their political vision. To develop a more concrete set of prescriptions required highly strained analogies, and by the 1890s the Athenian model had become so malleable that it could be applied to practically any vision of Germany.

Perfidious Albion

ENGLAND WAS an attractive model because—unlike France—she appeared in the 19th century to be a political and economic success, and because she did not directly threaten Germany. Even during the naval race after 1897, the British threat to Germany was largely a product of German imaginations. Moreover, unlike ancient Greece, England was a modern reality. She was additionally attractive because—as indeed had been the case with the Greek example—her lessons were so ambiguous. Conservatives saw English history as composed of long stretches of continuity and a Burkeian observation of tradition. Constitutionalists admired Parliament and the checks it imposed on the Crown's prerogative and hence on the emergence of any absolutist rule. Liberals knew that progressive reforms were under way. Many socialists believed an English-style parliament would assist their cause. In fact, only out-and-out reactionaries (who did play an important role in Prussian affairs) as well as violent revolutionaries (of whom there were relatively few) were excluded from the general Anglophilia. England also had a role as a practical exemplar. For the first half of the 19th century, England showed the way for economic development. At the end of the century, she had the model overseas Empire which many Germans hoped for and wished to imitate.

Leopold von Ranke believed England to be the embodiment of a sensible and flexible but slow and unideological change in domestic politics, and the upholder of the principle of balance in international relations. The Hanoverian historian Friedrich Dahlmann took the English constitution as his model. During and after the revolution of 1848 this constitutionalist doctrine came to be associated with a loose aristocratic and whiggish reform movement, often called the Saxe-Coburg Party. In 1858, when the Prussian King Frederick William IV's madness required a regency and Prince William summoned a so-called "New Era" ministry, it even looked for a brief while as if Prussia might adopt the moderate English constitutionalist position. The growing conflict between King

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[15] J. J. Winckelmann, *Gedanken über die Nachahmung der griechischen Werke in der Malerei und Bilderkunst* (2nd ed., Dresden, 1756), pp. 2-3.

[16] Quoted in E. Butler, *The Tyranny of Greece over Germany* (Cambridge, 1935), p. 215.

[17] See J. N. Shklar, *Freedom and Independence: A Study of the Political Ideas of Hegel's Phenomenology of Mind* (1976), pp. 57-95.

[18] Richard Wagner, *Gesammelte Schriften* (ed. J. Knapp, Leipzig, 1914). Vol. 10, p. 14 (*Kunst und Revolution*).

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and Parliament destroyed the chances of the New Era, but the hopes remained, and remained attached to the royal house.

William (who became in 1861 King William I of Prussia and in 1871 German Emperor) became less flexible as he grew older, and more attached to the expansionist and hardly constitutionalist line of his Minister, President Otto von Bismarck. But his wife Augusta wanted more liberalism and less of Bismarck. More importantly, there was a reversionary interest. William's son Frederick had married Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Victoria, and the court of the Crown Prince encouraged anglophile and liberal sympathies. The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to Berlin wrote about the danger this represented to future German policy:

> "The future Queen of Prussia and Empress of Germany has remained so completely an Englishwoman in all her feelings, thoughts and strivings that she regards all steps taken here in defence of German interests against English presumptions as an offence personally inflicted upon herself."[19]

But when Frederick came to the throne, he was dying of throat cancer; and his reign lasted only 99 days.

The possibility of following an English path now appeared to be slighter. William II preferred his grandfather's views to those of his father. German liberals still, however, hoped to learn from England. The economist and sociologist Max Weber still took his ideas about how Germany might develop from England. English governments were responsible to Parliament, and not to the Crown alone. Weber concluded that parliamentary rule was a well-balanced and appropriately ordered self-selection process, through which a power élite might continually regenerate itself in line with the requirements of a modern age. Other parts of the Weberian analysis of modern politics came from English inspirations. The concept of "charismatic leadership"—a key part of Weber's typology of legitimacy—took as its model Gladstonian populism. Admiration for England did not, of course, make Weber—or any of the other liberals who accepted these arguments—less committed to German nationalism.[20]

Liberal nationalists drew foreign policy lessons from their constitutional views. Germany should not only come to be more like England, she should also come to like England more. The liberals pointed out that a rivalry between the two states would hurt the trade and commerce of both, and thus erode the foundation of their liberal worlds. Both, as political units dependent on a high level of world economic integration, should have an interest in world peace.

Prussian reactionaries disliked this theory, well before their economic interests drew them away from the principle of free trade in the 1870s. They also had an ideological foreign policy which hinged on rapprochement with autocratic Russia: a common aversion to revolution in Europe as well as to the particular menace of rebellion in the Polish territories ruled by Russia and Prussia. Since 1815, Russia had been the principle guarantor of the cause of legitimacy and opposition to revolution throughout Europe. Even when in 1850 Russia intervened to force the humiliatingly pro-Austrian Punctation of Olmütz on the Prussian monarchy, its actions were regarded as fortunate by many conservatives. Otto von Bismarck, not untypically for Prussian reactionaries, saw the Olmütz agreement as desirable in that it prevented the King of Prussia from entering into a "shameful alliance" with popular and liberal nationalism.[21] In addition, conservatives hoped to imitate some of the forms of the Czarist autocracy, and looked to the east with a nostalgic longing. The Russian model influenced the conservative style. The most distinguished Prussian Guards regiments had as their honorary colonels-in-chief Czars and Grand Dukes. Potsdam, the military heart of Prussia, had a log-hut Russian colony, Alexandrowka, built in 1826 for the Russian musicians employed by the First Guards Regiment.

On the other hand, it was not necessary to look east or to Czarism to find an ideology of tasteful nostalgia. Many conservatives saw in England an attraction that did not depend on constitutional doctrine. England was the source of the romantic movement, and of medieval revival in literature and architecture. Germans often found their Middle Ages in the pages of Walter Scott.

Even the most German of the Germans looked to England. The heavily romantic composer Carl Maria von Weber embodied in *Der Freischütz* the folkloric, picturesque and demonic forces that went into romantic nationalism. Richard Wagner, whose own nationalism was infinitely more complicated, saw in Weber the great German musical master; and began his own experiments with patriotic composition with music composed for the re-interment of Weber's remains in his native soil. In 1817 Weber explained the need to create a new German style from the beginning:

> "No people has been so slow and so uncertain as the German in developing its own specific art forms. Both the Italians and the French have evolved a form of opera in which they move freely and naturally. This is not true of the Germans, whose peculiarity it has been to adopt what seems best in other schools, after much study and steady development."[22]

Nevertheless, he felt attracted by Scott as mediated by Brentano and Arnim's *Wunderhorn*.

Alternatively, conservatives could attempt to blend romantic with the conventional constitutionalist arguments. The mixture produced some fiery results: the most explosively demagogic patriots of the 19th century had an attitude towards England which swung between violent hatred and strong attraction. Love-hate is the only appropriate term for this re-

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[19] Quoted in Paul M. Kennedy, *The Rise of the Anglo-German Antagonism 1860-1914* (1980), p. 131. This is the authoritative account of Germany and "the English model".

[20] See W. J. Mommsen, *Max Weber and German Politics 1890-1920* (trans. M. S. Steinberg, 1984).

[21] O. Pflanze, *Bismarck and the Development of Germany* (1963), p. 80.

[22] John Warrack (ed.), *Carl Maria von Weber: Writings on Music* (1981), p. 206.

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lationship. Neither Heinrich von Treitschke, the most famous of Prussian-German nationalist historians, nor Kaiser William II were men given to balance or moderation.

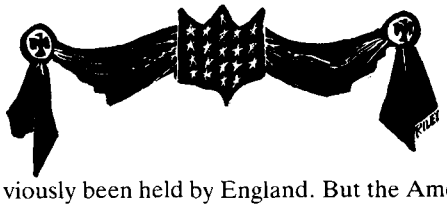
Treitschke began as a typical anglophile of the mid-century. In later life, he fell away from this devotion to things English, and came to worship a nationalism that he identified as more Prussian than German. England was fickle and treacherous, and guided only by commercial advantage. In 1871, at the height of Prussian military success, and when he was most outraged by what he held to be English inconstancy, he could still sign an autograph for some English ladies with the words: "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."[23]

The Kaiser was proud of his English parentage. He grew up speaking English, and took pains to educate his children in the same way—so much so that his wife was worried about the effect on young minds of "the strong English sympathies of the Kaiser". Philipp Eulenburg, who was once an extremely close friend of the Kaiser's, wrote this account: "It sounds ghastly to a German ear when I say the German Emperor is not a German at all, but actually an Englishman."[24] But William also believed that England was directly responsible for his personal misfortunes. He blamed English physicians for his defective appearance—for his arm deformed at birth—and perhaps also for the death of his father (through an initial misdiagnosis of Frederick's throat cancer).

The Kaiser's son was if anything even more aggressively nationalistic than his father, and he became a notoriously irresponsible parody of the reactionary Prussian feudal aristocrat; but he had the same love of English style as his father. He insisted on the construction of an English country house for his use in Potsdam—the Cecilienhof, whose construction (1911-1917) coincided with the Great War and a general outburst of Anglophobia.

The association of extreme nationalism with love of England did not even end with the Great War and with Germany's defeat in 1918. It was a commonplace of German political argument in the 1920s that the war against England had been an accident or a mistake. In the 1930s, Hitler consistently believed that he had a particular insight into how English minds worked, and that Germany naturally had a special relationship with Britain. Even England could be all things to all Germans.

An American Dream



For most of the 20th century, the USA played the role that had previously been held by England. But the American model had a long history. German admiration went back to the American revolution, which had been a source of inspiration to Germans looking for a national revival and, in particular, for a rational constitution. Poets like Klopstock, and educators like Pestalozzi, admired the spirit of American liberty. Though many Germans misunderstood the American emphasis on equality, the new world remained an ideal and shone across the ocean.

In the early 19th century, Germans went to America to learn about politics. America gave a solution to one of the thorniest problems of German political life—how to integrate many states with quite separate political traditions, institutions, and laws into a larger entity. Unlike the two European examples of the nation-state, France and Britain, the United States could attract interest as a nation that was not a state but a federation of states. After the failure of 1848, there was a political emigration to the United States: Carl Schurz was the most famous exile. Schurz's attitudes resembled those of 1848ers who had stayed in Europe. Richard Wagner, for instance, believed that the musical future lay in a classless America rather than in an out-dated, hidebound, reactionary Europe.

At the end of the 19th century, it was the vigour and power of America's economy which attracted the Germans' imagination. German business men crossed the Atlantic in order to learn how the concentrated economic power of the new "trust" worked. American ideas about scientific management came in German versions. The most famous of these handbooks, F. W. Taylor's *Principles of Scientific Management*, published in 1911, was already available in a German translation in 1913.

The German obsession with America reached a first peak in the 1920s. In 1918-19 Woodrow Wilson's vision played a major part not only in shaping the peace treaty but also in creating German democracy. During the final weeks of the World War, Germany's military leaders pushed democratisation in order to respond to Wilson's call for the "destruction of any arbitrary power that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world". The US government's role in making German politics fell away after Wilson's failure to secure Congress's support for the peace treaties and the League of Nations covenant. But a substantial flow of private capital across the Atlantic kept alive the American involvement in Germany. That participation found a reflection in cultural life.

George Grosz's painting *Eclipse of the Sun* (1926) showed the dollar blocking the light. Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (1926) depicted the Americanised skyscraper world of the future, in which individuals could lose their identities and become merely slaves to a colossal machine. Kurt Weill introduced jazz elements into German music. Politically, socialists modified traditional doctrines about class conflict in the light of harmonious lessons they believed they could learn from America.

Even in the Third Reich, there were attempts to make

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[23] M. Cornicelius (ed.), *Heinrich von Treitschkes Briefe* (Leipzig, 1920), p. 327.

[24] T. Kohut, "Kaiser Wilhelm II and his Parents", in J. C. G. Röhl and N. Sombart (eds), *Kaiser Wilhelm II: New Interpretations* (1982), pp. 78, 81.

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parallels with America. Hitler sometimes liked to argue—though this was usually before foreign audiences—that he was simply being a German Roosevelt. Motorisation—the building of the *Autobahnen*, and the launching of the people's car or *Volkswagen*—used an American model, taken directly from the example of Ford. At other times, Hitler likened the drive for more territory in the East to the American ideal of the "frontier" and the West.

The extensive Americanisation that followed the political settlement of 1945, and the direct involvement of the US government in European politics, thus had many precedents —some distinguished, others less salubrious. Post Second World War Americanisation was not an immediate success. There was, for instance, in 1952 disappointment among those who wanted to democratise German popular culture that a tour by the jazz musician Louis Armstrong had had such a poor reception. The American impact came through economic ties: the massive export of American capital—first in the form of government aid (the Marshall programme), and then in the 1950s more and more direct investment. The second foundation was political and military: the constitutional reordering along democratic lines between 1945 and 1948 and then, subsequently, the inclusion of West Germany in the Western defence system (she joined NATO in 1955); and also the stationing of large numbers of US troops in Germany.

The most superficially apparent manifestations of US influence on Germany were, however, cultural and material. Where Americanisation worked most obviously, it took the form of the introduction of new machinery, and particularly of new consumer goods. Nylon stockings, Coca Cola, and Walt Disney cartoons in the 1950s, and fast food chains in the 1970s (McDonald's opened its first German branch in 1971) set the tone for Germany's American experience. The cultural side of American influence offered the easiest target to those who wanted to criticise the profounder political links.

[25] Friedrich Schiller, *Sämtliche Schriften: Historische Schriften* (Munich, 1958), p. 33.

Other Models

IF FRANCE, BRITAIN AND THE USA provided the major models of modern national existence, and classical Greece encouraged speculation about political theory, other templates of nationality briefly pressed and left their shape on the German political imagination. Holland in the 1780s, Italy in the 1810s and 1820s, Poland in the 1830s, after that the Swiss: all could inspire the German soul.

In the 1780s, the Netherlands had been the principal model for a patriotic and German uprising against tyranny. In Schiller's *Don Carlos* (1787), Marquis Posa explained to King Philip how the Netherlands would bring a "general spring" to "rejuvenate the shape of the world". Goethe's Egmont led a similar revolt for the sake of "Freedom" (the play was published in 1788). Schiller wrote a history of the Dutch revolt (again 1788) as a moral tale for Germans. It was the story of "the most beautiful monument to the strength of citizens", which would "create in the hearts of my readers a happy feeling about themselves". The United Netherlands showed how a hard-working people could create their own state and their own society without needing heroes.[25]

From the time of Winckelmann and Goethe's journeys to Italy, the *Italienreise* represented an important ingredient of German identity. It expressed the romantic longing for a freer, more imaginative world, permeated by the presence of antiquity. Even at the beginning of the 20th century, the *Italienreise* was still a cultural pilgrimage that marked a decisive step in the lives of middle-class Germans.

"Meeting": or Etymology, Well-Met

Frankfurt-am-Main

HOW DID *the English word* **"Meeting"** *get into the German language? From Soviet Russia, as it happens.*

Naturally, it was originally a direct import and a popular "Anglicism" before World War I. The 1906 **"Internationale Sozialistentreffen"** *in Stuttgart was widely reported, in the Left-wing as well as the "bourgeois" press, as a "Meeting". After all, English was in those days considered the* **"Muttersprache der Arbeiterbewegung"**, *and as the working-class' mother-tongue it supplied loan words of all kinds, most conspicuously for the class struggle the powerful* **"Streik"**.

BUT FOR THE **Nazis, neither Left-wing meetings, nor strikes, nor indeed "foreign words", were permissible; and the usage declined. Still, German socialist and Communist exiles in Soviet Russia continued to refer to "meetings"; and when Walter Ulbricht came back from Moscow, the East-German political language as written in the East Berlin official Party press ("Neues Deutschland", for example) was full of "Meetings" reflecting the agitprop of the toiling masses.**

AS A MATTER OF FACT, *the Soviet practice has long incorporated the word into Russian ("mitingi solidarnosti" would be the name for the mass indignation protesting at arrests of Communists in the West). To be sure, there is also "sobranyi", "letutuchka", and "demonstraziya". But in the East German Republic,* **meeting** *is standard, and offers one of the great etymological twists and turns—an English word returning to the German language via Russia!*

ONE MIGHT ALSO **mention the usage of the word "Festival", which was also suppressed by the Nazis, survived in exile in the USSR, and returned to the German language in the post-War period. In the West it has the new meaning of entertainment; in the East, ideological to the last, it still is used in connection with political *Veranstaltungen* or *Versammlungen*—or, if you prefer more simple German, *"meetings"*.**

FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG

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Poland provided lessons in romantic and messianic nationalism for a brief while: after the November Insurrection against Russia of 1830, and before 1848 brought out the conflicts of the Polish and German nations. The rising of 1830 lasted almost a year, and inspired great sympathy. Polish refugees flocked over Germany, and were lionised as the suffering face of a doomed romantic people.

Switzerland, whose small-town society at the outset of the 19th century closely resembled that in Germany, could give a German-language version of the Polish quest for freedom. The Swiss drama of liberation was stolen by the Germans: it was Schiller who told the story of Wilhelm Tell and the oath to freedom on the Rütli (1804). After 1848, Switzerland—together with Britain and the USA—attracted political émigrés, and had the obvious advantage of greater proximity.

Throughout the 19th century a two-way influence operated. The Swiss had low taxes and little bureaucracy. They participated actively in local government. They had a romantic, wild and Germanic landscape that contrasted with the elegiac classicism of Tuscan scenery. Swiss constitutionalism was translated into German liberal terms by the Swiss lawyer Johann Caspar Bluntschli, who worked as a professor in Munich and Heidelberg. On the other hand, the Swiss German community felt a powerful pull from the vigour of mainstream German nationalism—an attraction that at least until the 1870s caused great political difficulty within Switzerland.

The Unattainable Ideal

GERMANS WHO FELT and thought about, and rejected or imitated all these different models were confronted by a bewildering amalgam of ideas, social organisations, and patterns of behaviour. The confusion increased because of the linguistically mixed character of the Central European population. In practice, no one could draw neat lines on a map, delimiting one linguistic area from another. There were enclaves, areas of mixed population, and regions where different dialects constituted nearly different languages. Even at the end of the 19th century, after a few generations of authoritarian schooling had attempted to bring system and order to this linguistic chaos, and succeeded in making people highly conscious of the problem occasioned by the sounds that they spoke, the difficulty remained. Where were Germans, and what was Germany? Apart from the territories which in 1871 became part of the German Empire (*Kaiserreich*), and which included a substantial non-German population, there were German speakers in Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, and the Russian Empire. In 1910 in Switzerland 2,599,154 from a population of 3,741,971 spoke German as their first language; in the Austrian part of the Habsburg monarchy (Cisleithania) 9,950,266 out of 28,571,934, and in the Hungarian lands 2,037,435 out of 20,886,787. In the 1897 census in Russia, 1,813,717 German speakers out of a population of 100,331,516 were registered.

The combination of uncertainty about where Germans lived, and of what—apart from a fictitious linguistic group—they were, led to an unstable sense of national identity. Germans learnt bourgeois manners from the French, politics from the Greeks, economics from the British, and consumerism from the Americans. It is not surprising that the rich diversity of German borrowing produced some very confused reactions.

The mix of models made the language of Nation into a perfect vehicle of expression for disagreements about how German national life should be conducted. Anything perceived as threatening or unpleasant could be denounced as alien—liberalism as English, classical education as Greek or French, conservatism as Russian, commerce as English or Jewish, and modern capitalism as American.[26] So many ingredients went into German national identity and became partly but never completely submerged in a German synthesis as to give Germans the chance of always denouncing as foreign what they disliked in themselves.

Many of these features are not peculiar to Germany or the development of German identity. In later developing nations, which historically followed the western nation-states, a greater fictional and inventive aspect, but also a substantial amount of imitation, enters into the language of national politics. Both the fiction and the imitation help to give nationalism an unattainable ideal. In terms of the domestic organisation of politics, the generous use of models from the past and present creates all manner of new alternatives. Nationalism generates visions of idealised societies in which justice might be realised for all members of the national community. The appeal to broader social groups envisaged a successful integration. In this way nationalism projects a utopian vision, and creates expectations and hopes that are bound to be disappointed. This is one reason why it has been important to nationalist theoreticians not to reach the end of the nationalist journey, and to continue to see the attainment of national goals as a remote, shimmering possibility.

Nations are striving to become something else, to transform themselves. In the early 19th century they were characteristically described as "young", as if they were living a life of perpetual adolescence. "Young Germany" and "Young Italy" went alongside "Young England". One recent writer has suggested that "nations which are independent, territorially satisfied and deeply nationally conscious have no need to be nationalist any more".[27] But in practice, such a point is never achieved. The nation—like Peter Pan—cannot grow up. In reality, nations rarely regard themselves as either entirely independent or territorially satisfied; and even if these conditions are met, the national consciousness can never, at least in the vision of the propagators of national doctrine, go

[26] There are analogies in late 19th-century France, where the nationalist right (Barrès and Maurras) attacked as alien and German those political forces they objected to in France.

[27] H. R. Seton-Watson, *Nationalism Old and New* (1965), p. 121. Also A. Smith, *Theories of Nationalism* (1983), p. 201.

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deep enough. For political romantics (and nationalism is almost always associated with a kind of romanticism), the complete accomplishment of the nationalist ideal is set in a future so distant as to be incapable of present realisation.

NATIONALISM depended on arousing expectations unfulfillable in the present. But it also needed to provide answers to the question as to why its aspirations had been blocked. The failure of nationalism to realise the hopes it awakened could in many cases be told quite simply in terms of stories of oppression: the Hungarians had been trampled by the Austrians, the Slovaks by the Hungarians, the Poles by Russians and Prussians. National humiliation is blamed on foreigners or on foreign influence. Even after the attainment of national independence, stories of oppression could still be told as a way of relieving discontent and disappointment. In the aftermath of 1919, the peace treaties imposed by the international system were widely blamed for any political malaise: they had been (depending on the standpoint) either too harsh (for the losers) or over generous (for the victors).

Small states such as Switzerland, which could not tell the tale of national oppression, could still see their position as a small country constrained by international power realities. Where national oppression failed to give a good account of the difficulties and inadequacies of the nation state, and where the united and independent nation was not obviously a constrained small state, the tensions between the myths of nationality and the failure to realise them, or between the desire for equality with other states (or even superiority) and the realities of international power politics, might be very explosive.

We might be tempted on the basis of this analysis to believe that Germany fits well into a standard Central or Eastern European model of national development. Such a model has the following characteristics: the elaboration of a doctrine of nationality preceded the institution of a national state. The doctrine depended on building and synthesising identity out of a jumble of historical traditions and eclectic observations of the realities of the contemporary world.

There is indeed nothing very singular or peculiarly German about the concept of an invented nationality: but what is unusual about Germany is that a nation-state generated in this "eastern" way developed into a Great Power on the European and world stage (Japan may have experienced a similar evolution). On this stage, all the other Great Powers had evolved their doctrines of nationality in a rather different way. Britain, France and the United States were examples of the modern "western" nation-state, in which the state did not have to be generated by a nationalist movement. Russia was first a traditional *ancien régime* Empire, and then a revolutionary state that claimed to have transcended nationalism (and which indeed even stopped calling itself Russia).

After 1871, when the German Empire was established, Germany alone played Great Power politics with all the unfulfilled ambitions and romantic expectations of a movement of national awakening.

© *Harold James 1988-89*

An Ordinary Player

Today's choice for surgery glides past
With a wave and a request: "Brass handles, please!"
The surgeon's lips will smile inside his mask,
The anaesthetist's hat is a perky white
Like a fast-food chef's.
Late in the afternoon
He glides back, waking, as the January
Darkness renders us our long clean room
In coloured windows: blue sisters read
Our records, and a witness nurse stares down
At the red pills shaken in the dice-cup.

With the supper done, we shuffle up our chairs
To allow a space: including in the deal
One other player, to be entertained
Because he is too close for discomfort,
And far too ordinary to fend off
With superstition.
Still he has not won
When the ceiling lights dim out and the pictures fade,
And we return to bed, passing the table
Where the coloured pieces of the Monster
Puzzle lie half-unsolved in the half-dark.

Alan Brownjohn

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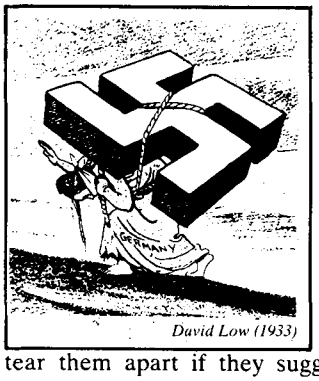
NOTES & TOPICS

The Disinvitation of Nolte

By George Watson

"At any given moment there is a sort of all-pervading orthodoxy—a general tacit agreement not to discuss some large and uncomfortable fact." **George Orwell**



David Low (1933)

THE ALL-PERVADING orthodoxy of our age has been the pretence that socialism is a humane idea. It is abetted by Conservatives who believe there is something conservative about competitive private enterprise without being able to tell us what it is; and by groups and parties that call themselves socialist only because their activists would tear them apart if they suggested calling themselves anything else.

So George Orwell might have been interested to hear that, in October 1988, Professor Ernst Nolte of West Berlin was disinvited by Wolfson College, Oxford, from lecturing there because he holds heterodox views about Hitler's socialism and his privately confessed debt to Marxism—especially the views of Marx and Engels about genocide.[1] Ernst Nolte of the Free University of Berlin, as readers of this journal will know, was the German historian who some years ago shocked a Harvard audience by quoting Hitler on extermination, remarking that he could only have found those ideas in Marx. "You don't imagine", said someone in his audience—or words to that effect—"that Marx expected to be taken *literally*?" Which is quite likely what Marx did expect. In fact, the notion that Karl Marx was a radical ironist is one only a fantasist could even entertain, let alone believe. But since that day Ernst Nolte has been a marked man.

The news, however, is not all bad, and in this bleak season I propose to interpret it in a cheerful light. First, because it suggests that Oxford is at least prepared to take the matter seriously, which means literally—putting them a step ahead of Harvard. The news that British universities, in spite of brain-drain, are still more serious places than their American rivals is not such bad news: even if you wish, as I do, that Oxford had let Professor Nolte go ahead and give his lecture. At least someone there is taking history as seriously as it deserves to be taken.

There is another cheerful aspect to the story. Last May I lectured for Ernst Nolte on his home ground in West Berlin; and that university, true to its name of "Free", did not ban my lecture or try to break it up. To be sure, I was lecturing not on Hitler's debt to Marxist genocide but on George Orwell. But then Orwell was an author fond of drawing attention to the deep similarities between all totalitarian régimes—my favourite graffito on the Berlin Wall, which somebody some day really should edit *in extenso*, is the one that reads "More meat, more beer, less Orwell". It is painted on the inner side of the Wall. The outer side, facing the state that built it—a state which, with enviable effrontery, calls itself the German Democratic Republic—has no graffiti at all. It is a maze of mines and trip-wires and free-fire areas, socialism having provided so abundantly for its people that they need to be persuaded by an Anti-Fascism Wall (as it is officially known) from emigrating into capitalistic oppression.

Orwell, in any case, was only my lecture-title, and it was already known that I had written a piece called "Hitler's Marxism" for my book *The Idea of Liberalism* (it appeared in an earlier draft in this journal).[2] Ernst Nolte was well aware of my views, published before I had heard of his Harvard experience, and he tactfully contented himself with the advice that I should proffer some other title, for fear of campus unrest. His car, he explained as we drove across Berlin to my lecture, had been savaged by hooligans whom the Berlin police had failed to catch.

The cheerful aspect of all that is that some one is paying attention: hooligans can read. (Or do they merely know some one who can?) And having read—or listened—they can see the point; and, having seen it, they can resent it. Any author—not least a revisionist historian—needs to believe that some one, somewhere, is paying attention.

THE MODERN MARXIST is right to resent what has happened, because what has happened is that he has been shown up. He has not read the writings to which he has given allegiance. That, oddly enough, is entirely commonplace: the late Sir Moses Finley, an ancient historian, once recounted in a radio broadcast how he had become a Marxist as a freshman in a New York college at the age of eighteen—at which time he had not read a single work of Marx. It was a doctrine, none the less, that claimed his allegiance till the end of his days. The fact remains that the writings of Marx and Engels abound in racial analysis and racial abuse, and not only their private letters. I once asked a middle-aged German Marxist professor, who denied all that, whether he had actually read any of their books all the way through; he looked indignant and told me I was quite mistaken in my suspicions—he had read the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848. I mentioned that the

[1] See in ENCOUNTER, June 1987, Josef Joffe's article "The Battle of the Historians".

[2] George Watson, "Was Hitler a Marxist?", ENCOUNTER, December 1984.

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Manifesto is a pamphlet and not a book, and he replied with a look that suggested he did not think much of the difference.

So let the difference be explained. The East Berlin collected edition of the *Werke* of Marx and Engels, which began to appear in 1960, now comprises well over 40 fat volumes, including postcards and telegrams; to this must be added Marx's *Ethnological Notebooks*, published in Holland from his manuscripts in 1972. The first advice, therefore, to be given to anyone who denies that Marx and Engels wanted genocide as well as class war is simple: read those writings, or some major part of them, and shut up until you have done so. It is not commonly a good idea, least of all in a university, to pontificate about authors whom you have not read.

THAT, TO BE SURE, may be accounted hard advice, and so it is. One simple truth has to be admitted by anyone who has waded through those volumes, if only in a whisper: Marx and Engels are boring authors. I should say that Engels is a few degrees more boring than Herbert Spencer, and only slightly less boring than Auguste Comte. Marx, who at least wrote some lively journalism, is only occasionally better than any of them. Some of his English disciples like Bernard Shaw are admittedly another matter. But, by and large, Victorian socialism—and socialism is an entirely Victorian doctrine—is well protected by its own tedium. It produced no great novelists anywhere in Europe, no great poets, and (until Shaw) no dramatists of note. Unlike the liberalism of Dickens and George Eliot, or the Toryism of Disraeli, it is classically sterile.

Let me point, then—and not for the first time—towards some significant passages. First, from Marx's English followers:

In 1902, H. G. Wells (writing as an English Fabian) demanded genocide in his *Anticipations*. His target was the "swarms of black and brown and dirty-white and yellow people who do not come into the new needs of efficiency" for a socialist utopia, since "the world is a world, not a charitable institution", and "they will have to go". A few years later Havelock Ellis, in *The Task of Social Hygiene* (1912), called for an end to free procreation, since quantity in all things—even human life—is a mere capitalistic fetish. The object of socialism is equality; and since some inequalities are genetic, they can, he argued, be eradicated only by the state-planned selection of "fine individuals".

In 1933 Bernard Shaw, in his preface to *On the Rocks*, derided the sacredness of human life and called for extermination to be put "on a scientific basis", adding that it was no use punishing the acquisitive, since it is their nature to be so: "but to kill them is quite reasonable and very necessary." So he believed that private affluence should carry the death-penalty. Stalin, he held, was on the right track: "the security against the abuse of this power of life and death was that the *Cheka* had no interest in liquidating anybody who could be made publicly useful, all its interests being in the opposite direction." Socialism will let you live if you are useful to the state, and only then. No wonder the Nazis, who came to power in that year, allowed Shaw's plays to be performed in Germany for all of twelve years.

"Appeal to the chemists", Shaw wrote in *The Listener* (7 February 1934), "to discover a humane gas that will kill instantly and painlessly: in short a gentlemanly gas—deadly by all means, but humane, not cruel". It would be useful if there were another war; but "even if we stop fighting we shall find a use for it at home". A humane gas, you will remember, was Eichmann's defence of Zyklon-B in Jerusalem.

The following year Shaw applauded Mussolini for calling British parliamentary democracy a "sham"; he added that "oppositions as such cannot be tolerated in modern public business any more than they would be in private business" (*Sunday Referee,* 21 July 1935). Three years later he called Hitler "an improvement on a so-called democracy that is not really a democracy at all" (*Star,* 4 August 1938). Later he echoed Hitler's view that Britain was nothing more than an Anglo-Semitic plutocracy.

All that is orthodox Marxism; and Wells and Shaw, like other socialists, knew that it was. So did Hitler, who soon after taking power in 1933 remarked of Marxism to Hermann Rauschning that "the whole of National Socialism is based on it". That remark was reported in *Hitler Speaks* (1939), and it is highly unlikely that the whole of National Socialism leaves out genocide. So Hitler's debt to Marxism, though not public, was avowed. What was that debt?

HITLER WAS PROBABLY recalling an early reading of a 1902 collection by Franz Mehring, called *Aus dem Nachlass von Marx, Engels und Lassalle*, which was reprinted in 1913, the year he settled in Germany. The most notable passage is from an article by Engels, "Der magyarische Kampf" *(Neue Rheinische Zeitung,* January-February 1849):

> "Until its complete extermination, or loss of national status, this racial trash always becomes the most fanatical bearer there is of counter-revolution, and remains that. That is because its entire existence is nothing more than a protest against a great historical revolution. . . ."

The "great historical revolution" was socialism. Engels calls for the extinction of "entire reactionary peoples" from the face of the earth ("That too is progress"). Stalin, whom

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Hitler admired, applauded the passage in his *Foundations of Leninism* (1924), which appeared in German translation in the same year, and used it to justify his own policy for nationalities. The reactionary must die, not as individuals but as whole nations. And they died. No certain figure can be placed upon what Stalin did: some, including several now writing inside the Soviet Union, put his exterminations at 25-30 million, which is three times the Nazi total. Like Hitler, Stalin believed that the genocidal programme of Marx was to be read, heeded, and followed.

When Professor Nolte draws attention to Hitler's debt to Marxism, then, he speaks of that which he knows; and it is good to hear that a group of Oxford professors, undeterred by the pusillanimity of Wolfson College, have invited him to lecture shortly on "The European Civil War 1917-45". It is an event which, if not prevented by those who cannot bear to hear the uncongenial, should help to clear the air. He must be used, by now, to hearing his views misrepresented; and his Wolfson sponsor, Mr Mark Almond, has already remarked in a letter to *The Independent* (4 November 1988) that the only colleague to object strongly to his invitation was one who had not read his books. We shall continue to be told that he has called the Holocaust "justified" by Bolshevism, though in fact he has only argued that Hitler believed the Bolsheviks to have justified what the Nazis did. We shall be told that he excuses Hitler, though in *The Three Faces of Fascism* (1965) he presents him as an infantile fantasist. We shall be told that he holds Communism and Fascism to be much the same thing, though in that book (Part II, ch. I) he scrupulously calls Fascism:

> ". . . [an] anti-Marxism which seeks to destroy the enemy by the evolvement of a radically opposed yet related ideology, and by the use of almost identical and yet typically modified methods."

That looks admirably balanced—even finicky. In *The Idea of Liberalism* I produced evidence that gas was used by the Soviets in the 1930s, before the Nazis ever turned to it, so that the profound resemblances between Gulag and Auschwitz, in their typically modified methods, may not be coincidental. As Professor Nolte has lately written, Communism was "a genuinely terrible vision constantly before [Hitler's] eyes" (*The Independent*, 5 November 1988). It was at the same time Hitler's inspiration and his demon.

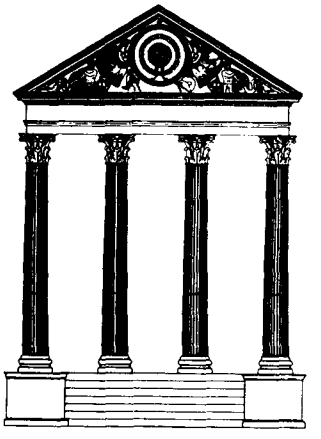
All that is a case not to be met and answered by misrepresentation, though misrepresentations abound. It will be said, for example, that Hitler was always anti-Marxist, which no one denies; or that the Holocaust was unparalleled in its efficiency, which is not in dispute. But Hitler's was not the only massacre of this century—or the greatest. Even unparalleled acts may have sources and analogues, after all; and there is nothing uncharacteristic in Hitler imitating a dogma that he largely despised or a system that he wholly detested. His life-long hatred of the Communist East, as of the plutocratic West, was the hatred of emulation and envy; and it was much in his character to ape what he loathed.

Let us hope that Ernst Nolte is given the chance to lecture in more universities than Berlin and Oxford. There are truths which, however uncomfortable to all-pervading orthodoxies, need to be heard.

Paris Notebook

By Jean-François Revel

The Sophists



Few French authors currently working in the field of the history of ideas are as good as Jacqueline de Romilly, a writer with that rare but essential combination of learning and style, erudition and intuition. The great psychologists of culture, of whom she is one, have the ability to bring an historically remote mentality to life on the page, both in terms of what it meant to contemporaries and in terms of what it means for us. Jacqueline de Romilly has already shown us in her study of the problems of Greek democracy, among other works, how elegantly she combines sound scholarship and original thought.

With her new book about the major Sophists in Periclean Athens, she has taken on an even thornier task.[1] I say this for two reasons: firstly, because all we have of the Greek Sophists is a miserable handful of disconnected texts; and, secondly, because the word "sophist" has indelibly acquired the sense of "deceiver", "imposter", "charlatan". A hopeless undertaking, one would have thought, to try to turn the clock back and re-establish the authentic reality of what the Sophists actually represented in Greece in the 5th century B.C. Yet Mme Romilly succeeds.

The period did indeed see the emergence of a fresh cultural type: travelling teachers, itinerant thinkers, troubadours of eloquence. They were called sophists, "clever ones". They went from city to city, and they introduced the scandalous novelty of charging for their lessons—dearly, too. They were the forerunners of our "liberal professions". They taught a skill—speaking, reasoning, persuading, convincing—that was eminently useful in the context of Greek civilisation and especially in that of Athenian democracy: it was the skill that brought power. They were illusionists of argument, virtuosi of public debate; they taught their pupils how to back both a thesis *and* its opposite in what appeared to be an equally con-

[1] *Les grands sophistes dans l'Athènes de Périclès*. By Jacqueline de Romilly. Editions de Fallois.

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clusive manner. Our own politicians cultivate the same salutary inconstancy. Like the rest of us, they are descendants of the Sophists. In the eyes of the Sophists, however, such dexterity was no more than a technique, an exercise. The fact that you could prove *anything* and *everything* did not mean that it was true; it meant only that gullible man had a huge capacity for belief.

The cultural importance of the Sophists went very much further than the art of inveigling with words, to judge by their influence and standing in the Athenian civilisation of the second half of the 5th century B.C. They must have revolutionised the intellectual climate for Pericles to have surrounded himself with them, for cities to have begged them to draw up their constitutions, and for their principal adversary, Plato, to have been so obsessed by them that he devoted virtually his entire *oeuvre* to refuting them.

Indeed, not only are several of Plato's dialogues named after famous Sophists—Protagoras, Hippias, Gorgias—but one dialogue is expressly entitled *Sophistes*. Even the dialogues that bear other titles, have either a well-known Sophist intervene in the discussion or bring in Sophist ideas. In a delightfully ironic scene at the beginning of *Protagoras*, Plato depicts the atmosphere of fevered enthusiasm that fills the house of the wealthy and hospitable Callias when three "stars" of the Sophist scene turn up. Immediately, everybody who is anybody in Athenian philosophy comes running; and before long the city's gilded youth and all her aspirants to power are hanging on their masters' lips, in thrall to their melodic discourse.

THE SOPHISTS transformed conceptions of truth, man, and society. In their view, societies and their laws were simply conventions. They thus introduced into Western thought a current of ideas that quickly became irreversible. Their distinction between Nature and Law—and their analysis of the technique of pure power—launched political thought in terms that have hardly changed right down to our own day.

When they said that there was no absolute proof of anything, the metaphysician Plato saw their assertion as a perverse paradox, an immoral assault on the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Now we are more inclined to see it as a repudiation of dogmatism, the birth of tolerance and humanism, as expressed in the then unprecedented dictum of Protagoras: "*Man is the measure of all things.*" And, as a fiercely religious man, Plato could not but be horrified by this other dictum from the same source:

> "As to the gods, I can neither know whether they exist, nor whether they do not exist, nor what form they take. Indeed there are many obstacles to such knowledge: the uncertainty of the matter and the brevity of life. . . ."

It occurs to me that a further original contribution of the Sophists is to have created the model for our own university teachers. The young people of the century of Pericles discovered a source of education located outside the family and purely intellectual in nature. This produced the prototype of what we have come to refer to as "the Intellectual", the specialist in the field of "communication".

Hence the counter-attacks of the traditionalists and, in particular, the savage satire of Aristophanes' *Clouds*. But were the Sophists really "immoral . . . irreligious . . . cynical pedlars of error and deceit", who advocated injustice and the use of force? Mme Romilly succeeds, by the end of her meticulous reconstruction, in persuading us that they were nothing of the kind. They shifted political justice from the ancestral terrain of belief in a divine origin to that of an understanding between men based on what today we would call "*consensus*". In a nutshell, they invented the social contract.

In our discussions and controversies we continue to live by that other Sophist invention: public debate conceived of as a contest—the *disputatio* of medieval times. Today it is the panel discussion and the televised debate of "talking heads". When, in an election campaign, we discover that the arguments count for less than the way in which they are presented, I wonder how many of us are aware that Gorgias and Protagoras are speaking through us?

London Notebook

Faerieland

By Roy Kerridge

PEOPLE OFTEN ask me if I know anything about life in the Black Community. Do they mean the districts in English cities where many people from different nations in Africa, the West Indies, and the Indian subcontinent have settled? No, not quite. Some white English seem to believe that there is an alternative, secret England, the mystic Black Community, where the ordinary rules of life are strangely altered and anything can happen. Above all, it is a place of music, dance and wantonness, gaily amoral, a place where care is unknown. Black people all know of it but keep it secret, out of sight, in underground clubs where music may faintly reach the ears of those outside. A few specially favoured white people may be given a glimpse of the Black Community. Some even have the key to the invisible door. Shudder for their safety, as all at once the merry dancers may change in mood and turn savagely upon the outsiders in the charmed circle. . . .

Do I have the key to the Black Community? No, not I! Its whereabouts is nebulous, for it exists only in folklore. Although the concept of a separate, unknown, Black Community may owe something to America, land of snobbery, I believe that the chief inspiration of Community-believers is Faerieland.

Faerieland is an idea buried in the back of the English,

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Welsh, Scottish and Irish mind. Vanished Neolithic races who left their dancing-circles marked in stone on lonely hilltops, and their dead buried with gold bangles beneath awesome mounds, helped to convince Celtic and Saxon farmers of its existence. Neolithic and Bronze Age men were not exterminated but became absorbed into Celtdom and so joined, in time, to Christendom. Despite all the priest might say, God-fearing folk continued to believe that the burial mound was a home of Neolithic ghosts. There the pagan ancestors still lived, beneath the ground, happily amoral and unaware of sin. Yet to disturb them could mean danger. In its early medieval phase, Faerieland was a home for human-sized men and women, merry yet unpredictable. Occasionally a mortal could be taken beneath the hill to glimpse the secrets of the alternative world. In Celtic Britain, this notion of Faerieland lives on. There is another world, parallel to our own, within the *sidh*, or faerie mound.

English faeries, with their butterfly wings, have shrunk. Personally, I blame toadstools. Tiny rings of toadstools so resemble the stone circles of our moors and hills that the name "faerie ring" came to be applied to both. I know a farmer's young daughter, high on a Pennine sheep farm, who calls the local Neolithic stone circle a "faerie ring". Sometimes she dances in it. To her, the invisible faeries (in whose existence she half-believes) consort only at such stone circles. Toadstools, seldom seen on those windy heights, are for "book faeries" alone. Most English country people live in lusher pastures, with no stone circles; and their faeries have shrunk to a size where a toadstool ring looks like Stonehenge. Faerie natures have changed, and now the Little People are as sweet as nectar-sipping butterflies.

The old idea of Faerieland, a disquieting place of great vivacity but uncertain morality, faded away, only to return as city-bound Saxons stopped to stare in disbelief at the appearance of black people in their neighbourhoods.

Ancient memories, three-quarters forgotten, leaped to the forefront of many a mind. The Black Community, as an idea, had been born. Some coloured people have learned to play up to the superstitions of their white neighbours, and pretend to be eminent in the Black Community, as Kings in Faerieland. But most of them are utterly mystified by the echoing questions of curious Community-believers.

Harvest, 1943

Far off, lazy, autumnal,
A fading period-piece
Of a mild and bursting landscape
Is how my middle-age
Would like to remember it.
Coward memory, you lie.
You leave out the bombers
Roaring overhead, our fathers
Away, mothers crying
A world which killed on sight.

But then only the wheatfield
Mattered to us, the lusting,
As the blades cut the square smaller
And at last the rabbits ran,
And we ran too to kill,
To kill, and kill again.
Murderous epiphany.
That day a frenzy took me
Like nothing I've known since.
Weasel memory, you bite.

There was no pity in my frantic
Child's muscles on the blood-wet
Stick crashing down and down.
No pity. No check. Just joy.
It was later, much later,
God help me, long after
Some of our fathers came back,
After the cities and camps were gone,
That I began to see it clearly—
That sunlit day of murder,
Children, the blood, the war,
Weapons raised,
Terrified dark eyes.

Christopher Wiseman

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Shakespeare, or Bottom?

The Myth of "Memorial Reconstruction"—By ERIC SAMS

IN JUNE 1987, I proposed in these pages that the 1986 Oxford Shakespeare *Complete Works* (*CW* for short) already needed complete revision. It has now been joined by its long-delayed *Textual Companion* (*TC*), which takes the same wrong turning into oblivion via such outmoded myths as "memorial reconstruction" by "actors who, like Bottom, attempted to play the parts of all the characters" (p. 26).[1] Like Bottom indeed; a fundamental yet asinine fantasy from a literary dream-world. If you believe, clap your hands! You will be joining in the frenzied applause of a few academics, amid silence or dissent from everyone else over the last 400 years. But Bottom has become the basis for sky-high piles of editorial assumptions. Overturn it, and these towering but tottering edifices will collapse, leaving all our multi-volume editions exposed as radically wrong about the dates, the life, the works, the lot.[2] This article aims to apply some vigorous leverage.

I should again declare an interest. My edition of the Tudor drama *Edmund Ironside* attributed it to the young Shakespeare, with due acknowledgment to the Renaissance specialist E. B. Everitt who in 1954 had identified its British Library manuscript as a Shakespeare autograph. In 1986, that same identification was independently announced, on quite different grounds, by the professional palaeographer Charles Hamilton, who specialises in studies of Shakespeare's handwriting.[3] Hamilton has publicly testified that he would stake his lifetime reputation as a documents expert on the correctness of his conclusion. The Oxford editors, who profess no such expertise, had already rejected *Ironside* on stylistic grounds, together with most of *Henry VI*, Part I, much of *Henry VIII, Macbeth, Pericles* and *Timon of Athens*, and perhaps some of *Henry VI*, Parts II and III, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Titus Andronicus*. They have thus pledged their own credit that Hamilton (like the 1623 First Folio editors) must have been much mistaken. His attribution of *Ironside*, the editors of the *Textual Companion* admonish us (p. 138), "depends upon acceptance of his controversial views on a number of other alleged autographs (1985)—views which are too recent to have been subjected to thorough scholarly scrutiny".

NO SUCH SCRUPLES restrained these same Oxford editors from announcing their own controversial Shakespeare attribution of the poem "Shall I die?" as a new discovery, long before it had been subjected to independent scrutiny of any kind. Further, their present affirmations are false. As they must have seen in the source they cite, Hamilton's *Ironside* identification in fact follows from his 1985 demonstration that Shakespeare's will is an autograph document—an assessment first advanced by a Lord Chancellor of England in 1859.[4] If that is really too recent for scholarly scrutiny, the reason must be a shortage of scholarship, not time.

Meanwhile, how has editorial opinion contrived to outweigh palaeographic expertise? Let the *Companion* itself (p. 7) be our guide:

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[1] *William Shakespeare: The Complete Works*. General editors, Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor (Oxford University Press, 1986). *William Shakespeare: A Textual Companion*. By STANLEY WELLS and GARY TAYLOR, with JOHN JOWETT and WILLIAM MONTGOMERY. Oxford University Press, £60.00.

[2] Notably *The Arden Shakespeare* (Methuen), general editor Richard Proudfoot; *The New Cambridge Shakespeare* (Cambridge University Press), general editor Philip Brockbank; *The New Penguin Shakespeare* (Penguin Books), general editor Stanley Wells; *The Oxford Shakespeare* (Oxford University Press), general editor Stanley Wells; and *The Signet Classic Shakespeare* (New American Library), general editor Sylvan Barnet.

[3] *Edmund Ironside: Shakespeare's Lost Play*, ed. Eric Sams (Fourth Estate, 1985; reissued with a new preface, Wildwood House, 1986). E. B. Everitt, *The Young Shakespeare: Studies in Documentary Evidence, Anglistica II* (1954). Charles Hamilton, as quoted by Don Corathers in "Much Ado . . .", *Dramatics* no. 58 (1986), pp. 14-19; Charles Hamilton, *In Search of Shakespeare: A Reconnaissance into the Poet's Life and Handwriting* (1985).

[4] "Shall I die?" was discovered in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by Gary Taylor, "after looking in an index under Shakespeare, William" (*Sunday Times*, 15 December 1985); see also M. C. Crum, *First-Line Index of English Poetry in Manuscripts of the Bodleian Library* (Oxford University Press, 1969), under Shakespeare, William. John, Lord Campbell, *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered* (1859), p. 103; see also J. C. Jeaffreson, "A New View of Shakespeare's Will", *The Athenaeum*, no. 2,844 (29 April 1882), pp. 539-40, and J. P. Yeatman, *Is Shakespeare's Will Holographic?* (1901).

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> "Editorial controversy, like all other forms of discourse, is an instrument of power. . . . Editors are the pimps of discourse."

So they can certainly go astray, and mislead others. They and their associates should therefore temper their power with responsibility. Their own conclusion is that "we look forward to our future obsolescence". Unfortunately for them and their readers, that was built in; it has overtaken them far sooner than they foresaw.

Their fate was sealed some 60 years ago, when the Oxford faith in "memorial reconstruction by actors" (MRA) was first founded.[5] Before then, no one had ever heard of it. Now it is freely feigned to be the cause of the so-called "Bad Quartos", once well known to Shakespeareans as his own early versions which he later revised, not MRA at all. They are now thrice lost—from the canon; to the public; and by academic intransigence. If they were readily available for study, the general reader could soon decide whether they emanated from Shakespeare or from various Bottoms. These are the exclusive choices; heads or tails. Take for example the 1594 *Taming of A Shrew*, the 1594-95 versions of *Henry VI*, Parts II and III, the 1603 *Hamlet*, and the 1608 *King Lear*. All five have been condemned as "Bad Quartos" and blamed on the bad memories and bad behaviour of imaginary Tudor actors. The consequent chaos in Shakespeare studies should instead be blamed on the bad logic and bad example of actual modern editors. Two earlier culprits are Peter Alexander (1894-1969) and George Duthie (1915-67), whose records may now be examined.

ALEXANDER'S CONQUEST of his colleagues confirms the Oxford power-struggle model of editorship. In 1926 he fantasised that the 1594 *Shrew* play was an MRA of its allegedly pre-existing 1623 Folio counterpart. The latter was accordingly dragged backwards through time for 30 years and fitted out with imaginary theatre companies, performances, audiences, popularity and piratical plagiarists, all without any objective evidence whatever. This self-refuting hallucination entails absurd and impossible consequences, for example that the memorising actors had forgotten the title, location, characters and almost every line of the Shakespeare play in which they had allegedly been acting. The scholarly consensus of bellwether and flock, misled by Alexander's lifelong advocacy, conferred such respectability on his disgraceful nonsense that various versions of it are still on sale today—for example in the separate Oxford edition of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Yet its own general editor has been publicly rejecting this particular MRA theory for the past six years. Even more amazingly, the Oxford editorial team accepts and admires the same Alexander's equally preposterous MRA explanations of the 1594-95 *Henry VI* plays.[6]

In 1949, George Duthie fantasised that the 1608 *King Lear* was an MRA begotten by an entire theatre company upon its allegedly pre-existing 1623 Folio counterpart. The Bottoms had put their heads together. Eleven years later, even Duthie came to realise that this position was ridiculous. Yet he was still so obsessed by MRA that he simply switched Bottoms, and plumped for "two boy actors" instead of the whole company as the source of "memorial error". All such MRA theories of *Lear* 1608 are now publicly rejected by the editors of the *Textual Companion* (for instance, on p. 509)—without, however, mentioning either Duthie's absurd 1949 theories, or their 1960 retraction, or the equally absurd theories with which he replaced them. Yet they amazingly accept and admire the same Duthie's equally preposterous MRA explanation of *Hamlet* 1603, and even swallow the "entire company" MRA explanation of the 1597 *Richard III*.[7]

Typically, each of the chief Oxford editors offers a quite different justification for the dogma that dictates their canon and chronology. Like Alexander and Duthie in their books, Wells and Taylor treat MRA as true, while also conceding that it is only a theory. Indeed, the Oxford editors in effect confess that MRA is no more than their own personal feeling, as my italics serve to underline: ". . . the texts which *seem to us to have been* created by memorial reconstruction . . . the *hypothesis* that such texts derive from a process of aural transmission . . . the agents of transmission *seem to have been* actors . . ." (*TC*, pp. 26-7). In other words, the hypothetical agents are inferred from the hypothetical process, and conversely. Equally hypothetical, and circular, although these essential supplementary assumptions remain largely unmentioned, are the plays, companies, performances, audiences, players, plagiarisms, piracies, times, places, methods, reasons, motives, circumstances and consequences concerned.

General readers will recognise at a glance what general editors have failed to see in 60 years: that all this is a tissue of fabrications, not a material hypothesis. Its seams split apart at the first test. If it is true, then the actual named printers and publishers as well as the imaginary actors must have betrayed Shakespeare for money. The actual paying audiences and readers in Tudor times, as well as editors, administrators, critics and commentators, then and for generations thereafter, could not tell their Shakespeare from their Bottoms. Further, the "actors" were, as we shall see, fools as well as

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[5] E.g. by P. Alexander, "The Taming of a Shrew", *Times Literary Supplement*, 16 September 1926; see also his *Shakespeare's Life and Art* (1939), pp. 35, 43, 246; *Complete Works of William Shakespeare* (1951, 2nd ed., 1981), p. 154; *A Shakespeare Primer* (1951), p. 149; *Shakespeare* (1964), p. 121.

[6] *The Taming of the Shrew*, ed. H. J. Oliver, *Oxford Shakespeare* (1982, 2/1984), p. 22: "The analysis of the preceding pages of parts of the text of *The Taming of a Shrew* has demonstrated [*sic*] that in some way the play must be a reconstruction, from memory, of another that we know in the form in which it appears in the First Folio as *The Taming of the Shrew*. . . ."

The *Oxford Shakespeare* general editor Stanley Wells has repeatedly said that *A Shrew* is variously, a "derivative" (*Times Literary Supplement*, 29 October 1982, p. 1,193), an "adaptation" (back cover of the 1984 reissue) or an "imitation" (*Complete Works*, 1986, p. 29) of the Folio play; i.e. it is not a memorial reconstruction at all.

P. Alexander, *Shakespeare's Henry VI and Richard III* (1929).

[7] George Duthie, *Shakespeare's King Lear: A Critical Edition* (1949); *King Lear*, ed. George Duthie and John Dover Wilson (1960), pp. 131-39; George Duthie, *The "Bad" Quarto of Hamlet* (1941).

The 1597 *Richard III* is described (*TC*, p. 229) as a "memorial text" which is "unusually accurate . . . hence the hypothesis of communal reconstruction".

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knaves. Whole professions and populations have to be denounced and derided for the sake of MRA. The only category exempt from such condemnation is that of modern academic editors, although they alone (e.g. George Duthie, on his own confession of folly) are known to have deserved it.

NOW FOR THE official proof of MRA, as set forth in the *Textual Companion*, which like Hamlet proceeds from "seems" to "is" in the same breath. Chief among the so-called anomalies allegedly explained by "memorial reconstruction" are the fluctuations in "the quality of the memorial reconstruction" (*TC*, p. 27). The question-begging circularity is breathtakingly blatant. As the next illogical step, the whole complex kaleidoscope of baseless MRA speculation is ecstatically hailed as (of all things) "single" and "simple". On these incredible grounds it is vaunted over its exclusive alternative, the truly single and simple explanation of one revising hand. Ockham's Razor can never have been so suicidally applied.

Stanley Wells, in response to my public challenges about MRA,[8] chose not to go along with his own *Companion* in any such attempted justification. Instead, he relied solely on a supposed consensus. "A large and varied body of scholars subscribe to" MRA. But only the few editors thus promoted will be impressed by that, especially in view of the proviso: "perhaps they are all wrong, but they are all there".

In fact they are anything but all there. They are all over the place, loudly denouncing each other's opinions, including their various MRA theories.[9] They are not "varied" in any other respect: they are all university academics. Nor are they in any sense "large": they are a petty minority among Shakespeareans. Such Oxford claims to broad and high consensus are sheer effrontery. They derive solely from the passionate preconviction that what "we believe", or what "all scholars", "most scholars", "most reasonable modern scholars", and so forth, believe (*CW, TC, passim*) must somehow be true. This express-train of thought can be seen running nonstop from literary opinion to historical truth, feeling to fact, "seems" to "is", "we believe" to "therefore" (*TC*, p. 398), on editorial power alone. No wonder it has gone off the rails with calamitous consequences.

What if this much-vaunted consensus may rightly be defined as what happens when a caucus swallows a lot of nonsense? Even Stanley Wells concedes that he and his fellow-editors may be "all wrong". He has also confirmed, in the *Oxford Magazine*, that he is "not ashamed of speaking in terms of belief, opinion, view and hypothesis". But he should be, in so far as his beliefs, opinions, views and hypotheses are

[8] The controversy is contained in successive issues of the *Oxford Magazine*, Nos. 24-28 (1987), under the heading "Revisionist Shakespeare"; the correspondence was then closed.

[9] Thus the MRA theorist Philip Edwards is reproached by the MRA theorist Gary Taylor for "an intrinsically implausible" hypothesis about *Hamlet* (*TC*, p. 401) and a "self-contradictory, unsubstantiated, unparalleled and unlikely" hypothesis about *Pericles* (*TC*, p. 557).

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or may be wrong, because they are offered to and accepted by the paying public, world-wide, as fact and scholarship. Sooner or later, even the most ill-informed and partisan of readers and reviewers will demand some historical evidence for the crucial dogma of MRA. They will then discover that no such evidence has ever existed. On the contrary; all the documented signposts, such as "1623" printed on the Folio, and "William Shakespeare" on the so-called Bad Quartos, point permanently and implacably in the opposite direction. The various MRA speculations are thus not only unnecessary, untestable, incompatible and unevidenced, but also counter-factual. They are, further, flagrantly self-contradictory.

Thus "memorial reconstruction by actors" cannot really be memorial at all, because that would require the names Polonius and Reynaldo (for example) to be remembered as Corambis and Montano. Nor can any process of reconstruction conceivably have created the hundreds of otherwise unknown lines which *ex hypothesi* were just not there to be reconstructed. Nor can actors be rationally recruited for their opportunities, memories and intelligence and then dismissed as deficient in all three. And how could these amnesiac actors have written plays which were and are widely held to be good enough for Shakespeare? Take for example the lone bit-part player who suddenly decided to reconstruct the whole of *Hamlet*, which *ex hypothesi* he had never heard, without any preparation whatsoever. Yet he somehow created a five-act play, duly published as the First Quarto, 1603, by William Shakespeare. This unusual actor then belatedly realised that he could hardly hope to stage *Hamlet* without the Prince, or indeed without the rest of the cast either. That would be too absurd, even for editors. So he has to be reinforced by an entire new troupe . . . who chanced to be passing.

Dozens of specialist experts, in scores of sources, have offered hundreds of such objections to MRA and all its works, over the last 50 years. All but eight of those specialists, and every single one of their detailed counter-arguments, remain unmentioned throughout 2,000 pages of Oxford scholarship. For example, the works cited in connection with *Henry VI*, Part II (*TC*, p. 178), include Alexander's MRA theories but omit all the articles, reviews, theses and books that refute them.[10] In that context, though, we are at least offered two points in favour of them—the only such samples to be found anywhere in two massive tomes that revolve around MRA as the axle on which their editorial methodology explicitly turns (e.g. "our dating presumes . . . memorial reconstruction", *TC*, pp. 111, 112). Both these items are labelled "linchpins". Ominously, both were manufactured by Alexander in 1929. Close inspection confirms that the bandwagon must soon crash.

The first linchpin is just nine words long: "the second son [of Edward III] was Edmund Langley, Duke of York". In the 1594 version of *Henry VI*, Part II (line 899), this phrase is allotted to a Duke of York who is claiming the crown by direct descent from the third son. Therefore, we are instructed, his claim was already made when he declared that his ducal ancestor was the second son, and all the rest of his long speech is superfluous. Let the Oxford editor William Montgomery explain, in his own words (*TC*, p. 175). "No one who understood what he was writing—that is, no author—could have made this error, but someone parroting someone else's work, of which he himself had but a dim understanding, easily could. Once having established that part of [the 1594 version] is clearly a report it is natural to suppose that the rest of the text is also a report." The argument typically runs, or rather pole-vaults, from what possibly may, to what undoubtedly must, have happened. So, from nine words dated 1594, we experts can infallibly infer the necessary pre-existence c.1590 of an entire five-act play, equate it with Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, Part II, as first published in 1623, i.e. antedate it by 30 years, explain its complex interconnection with the 1594 version, and identify the cause as aural transmission by a professional Tudor actor who was also a born fool.

The same argument also proves, beyond all doubt, that the Oxford editor William Montgomery cannot exist, because no real person could have reasoned thus. In fact, all that happened was that the Quarto writer confused two sons, a slip duly corrected in later editions. He may be forgiven for failing to notice his error at all, let alone foresee the fantastic inferences that would be forced out of it 400 years later by sheer pressure of preconviction. Even if the Quarto character is naively imagined as a real-life historical personage, instead of words on a page, he cannot really be clamining descent from the wrong son. That would vitiate the entire play, not just one speech. Nor in fact is any Duke of York necessarily the ancestor of any later Duke of York, so no such descent was necessarily entailed at all. Such notions could only occur to one text-editor echoing another. Yet it is the Tudor playwright who is unkindly called a dim parrot.

The second linchpin is a little longer, but no whit less wobbly. The 1595 version of *Henry VI*, Part III, includes (line 1,898) a complaint that King Edward's allocation of heiresses favours his wife's family instead of his own brothers: "Lord Scales did . . . have the daughter of the Lord Bonfield". This, we are instructed, "mangles history and has no point of its own". Thus spoke Alexander. So, as before, we experts can infallibly infer everything about two plays from one line in one of them. But again this miraculous haul of hypothesis consists solely of red herrings. Of course the phrase has a point, namely exemplification. The alleged mangling of history merely means that the Tudor dramatist has failed his Oxford examination, for writing his own chronicle play instead of the history textbook required by Alexander, at whose jaunty piping generations of editors have disappeared in the wrong direction, far beyond the reach of reason.

They must now, at whatever loss of face or revenue, retrace their steps and start again, in the opposite sense. As an accre-

[10] E.g. C. Greer, "The York and Lancaster Quarto-Folio Sequence", *PMLA* 48 (1933), pp. 655-705; A. Richardson, *The first part of the Contention* (Diss., Yale, 1953); C. Prouty, *The Contention and Shakespeare's 2 Henry VI* (1954); H. Craig, *A New Look at Shakespeare's Quartos* (1964); Eric Sams, "Shakespeare's Text and Common Sense", *The Times Literary Supplement*, 2 September 1983, pp. 933-4.

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dited authority on logic patiently pointed out: "How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth?"[11] MRA is impossible. Therefore the only rational alternative must prevail: the plays fashionably rejected as "Bad Quartos", whether we like them or not, represent Shakespeare's own early versions, which he later revised. As I have shown in my earlier ENCOUNTER article ("The Oxford or the Stratford Shakespeare?", June 1987), he is still the Stratford Shakespeare identified by his first biographers and editors, not the Oxford Shakespeare invented by their modern successors. He began with popular plays, such as the early *Hamlet* lampooned by Nash in 1589, and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York* parodied by Greene in 1592. Their thousands of unfamiliar lines define his earliest style, which can also be identified in other plays such as *The Troublesome Reign of King John* and *Edward III*, both c.1590.[12] The course of his development can thus be charted in detail, from historical documents instead of literary opinion. For that journey, the Oxford *Works* will be abandoned as useless baggage, and the *Companion* sent packing.

The new routes and landmarks will call for new books and editions, some of which have already been published, or are in course of preparation, by professionally qualified Shakespeareans.[13] Other such studies will, I hope, be stimulated by this essay, on which I shall be grateful to receive critical comment, whether in public or in private, from all interested parties—and especially readers, playgoers, actors and directors. Shakespeare is far too serious a subject to be left to editors.

[11] A. Conan Doyle, *The Sign of Four* (1890).

[12] See Eric Sams, "The Troublesome Wrangle over King John", *Notes and Queries*, vol. 35, no. 1 (March 1988), pp. 41-44. See *The Problem of the Reign of King Edward III*. By ELIOT SLATER. Cambridge University Press, £35.00; yet another contribution to "the consensus of investigators that *Edward III* deserves a place in the Shakespeare canon", as the Oxford editors now acknowledge (*TC*, p. 136). They add (*TC*, p. 137): "If we had attempted a thorough reinvestigation of candidates for inclusion in the early dramatic canon, it would have begun with *Edward III*". My own edition of that play, now in preparation, stresses its manifold and striking affinities with *Edmund Ironside*, a resemblance first pointed out in general terms by E. B. Everitt in *The Young Shapespeare*.

[13] I. Robinson, *Richard II and Woodstock* (1988) has an appendix on the case for the latter play's Shakespearean authorship. Steven Urkowitz—in "Well sayd olde Mole", in *Shakespeare Study Today* (ed. G. Ziegler, 1988), pp. 37-70; "I am not made of stone", in *Renaissance and Reformation*, no. 10 (1986), pp. 79-93; and "Reconsidering the Relationship of Quarto and Folio Texts of *Richard III*" in *English Literary Renaissance*, no. 16 (1986), pp. 442-466—advocates the early version, not the MRA explanation, of so-called Bad Quartos.

Sublimation & Its Discontents

Anna Freud's Life—By DINAH M. MENDES

WITH HER complex link to Freud—as daughter, analysand, companion and intellectual heir—Anna Freud has remained shrouded in the mystique that surrounds the oedipal drama. Previous biographies that were based on published writings only, such as Raymond Dyer's *Her Father's Daughter: The Work of Anna Freud* (1983), offered only a formal and external history of her life and intellectual development. Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, Professor of Letters at Wesleyan University and author of a well-received biography of Hannah Arendt, was invited to write this biography by the executors of Anna Freud's literary estate and given access to unpublished correspondence, manuscripts, poetry and dream interpretations.[1] Dr Young-Bruehl has constructed an ambitious biography that sets out to chronicle the intellectual and psychological maturation of Anna Freud and, in parallel fashion, the evolution of psychoanalysis into an international organisation. What emerges in this scholarly—although not fully comprehensive—work is the story of a major figure in the history of psychoanalysis, a woman whose inner struggles and conflicts circumscribed her life in important respects, while engendering at the same time enormous intellectual and creative productivity.

Anna Freud was born in 1895, the youngest of Sigmund and Martha Freud's six children. A triumvirate of mothers —Martha, her sister Minna Bernays, and the nursemaid Josefine—ruled her early childhood, and Anna reportedly struggled over hopeless competitiveness with her older siblings and acute jealousy of the female members of the household. Unlike many of her friends, the more conservative Freuds did not send their daughters to a *Gymnasium*—which offered a rigorous, classical education—but to a *Lyceum*, following which Anna embarked on a teacher-training course.

By 1913 the two older daughters were married and the sons no longer at home: An anxiously triumphant Anna wrote to her parents, "How am I to make do for six children all by myself next year?" For six years Anna taught school, but at the same time she began to translate articles for the psychoanalytic journals and to report her dreams to her father. In 1918 she undertook a four-year psychoanalysis with her father (resumed for a period of one year in 1924), and in 1922 she was voted a member of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Soc-

[1] *Anna Freud: A Biography*. By ELISABETH YOUNG-BRUEHL. Summit Books, $22.95; to be published in England in May 1989 by Macmillan.

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iety. During the 1920s Anna Freud established her two most significant adult relationships with women: one was with the Russian-born writer-turned-psychoanalyst, Lou Andreas-Salomé, who served as confidante and mentor; the other was with Dorothy Burlingham, daughter of Louis Comfort Tiffany, who had come to Vienna for analysis and who became her lifetime companion.

ANNA FREUD'S first book, *Introduction to the Technique of Child Analysis*, in which she outlined the differences between her approach to the analysis of children and that of Melanie Klein, appeared in 1926; in 1927 she was elected general secretary of the International Psychoanalytic Association. Together with Dorothy Burlingham she founded the first of many special schools, this one for children in psychoanalytic treatment. (Erik Erikson and Peter Blos, who went on to formulate their own theories of child and adolescent development, were the first instructors.) In honour of her father's 80th birthday in 1936, Anna Freud presented him with *The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense*—a work that bore what would become recognised as her distinctive trademark of strict adherence to the line of Freud's thought, widened by new applications and enriched by her capacity for intellectual synthesis and lucid expression.

In 1938, with the Gestapo at their heels, the Freud family resettled in London, and Sigmund Freud died there a year later. In 1940 Anna Freud and Dorothy Burlingham opened the Hampstead War Nursery for children, which developed after the War into the Hampstead Child Therapy Clinic and Course, much acclaimed for its method of treating children and training "child experts". Here the famous Index was developed—the innovative Hampstead method of filing and collating clinical material—that was the data base for clinical papers and instruction, and the Metapsychological Profile that Anna Freud proposed in *Normality and Pathology in Childhood* (1965). Although Melanie Klein remained the dominant influence among British child psychoanalysts, American psychoanalysts proved very receptive to the ideas of Anna Freud. She made numerous trips to the United States, and her collaboration with Goldstein and Solnit on *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child* (1973) grew out of lectures at Yale on "The Child and the Law".

At the time of her death in 1982, Anna Freud left behind a theory of child development of far-reaching influence, transmitted in eight volumes of collected writings, and a unique institute for child analytic treatment, training, and research that inspired similar models in the United States.

AT ANOTHER LEVEL of biographical exposition, Dr Young-Bruehl seeks to uncover the "involuntary and unconscious autobiography" that Nietzsche thought comprised the substratum of systematic philosophies and psychologies. In particular, Anna Freud's letters to Lou Andreas-Salomé and Max Eitingon, as well as her poems and reflections, form the bridge between her theoretical work and her inner life.

"Beating Fantasies and Daydreams" was the first paper that Anna Freud presented to the Vienna Society in 1922, when she was 26 and nearing the end of her first long analysis with her father. In his 1919 paper "A Child is Being Beaten", Freud had described the "masculinity complex" of two female patients in whom incestuous wishes towards the father were resolved by the girl's turning herself in fantasy into a man. In her paper Anna Freud depicted the changes in the fantasy constructions of a young female patient, from masturbation fantasies centreing on beating, through "nice" stories involving a supplicant young man and an authority-wielding older man (an illustration of the "masculinity complex"), to the final sublimated production of short stories.

Young-Bruehl contends convincingly that the case history is autobiographical and encapsulates the central conflicts that Anna Freud encountered in her analysis with her father. In terms of the defences that Anna Freud defined in *The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense*, the young woman in question attained a high degree of sublimation (a psychic process that refers to the displacement and absorption of instinctual aims into endeavours valued as aesthetically, morally or socially worthwhile) with a concomitant repression of sexuality. Young-Bruehl believes that Anna Freud's successful reliance on sublimation, combined with her identification with masculine powers and repudiation of a fully feminine sexual identification explains much of the force and motivation behind her accomplishments, as well as her celibacy.

In the case history of the shabby, unmarried, and childless governess who exemplifies the defence of "altruistic surrender", first identified by Anna Freud in *The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense*, Dr Young-Bruehl detects another autobiographical persona. The analysis of the governess revealed that instead of undergoing repression, her sexual and ambitious wishes had been projected on to significant other people with whom she identified and through whom she lived vicariously. Young-Bruehl suggests that Anna Freud's propensity for altruistic surrender helps to clarify her involvement with the children of Dorothy Burlingham, her founding and direction of the many nurseries with which she was involved, and even her development of the field of child psychoanalysis,

DR YOUNG-BRUEHL'S greatest asset as a biographer, her ability to bring to life the history of ideas as it emerges from the lives of the people who embodied them, is matched on a narrative level by her skill in interweaving letter excerpts and quotations with historical account and theoretical exposition. As her works on Hannah Arendt and Anna Freud demonstrate, she is unfashionably—sometimes refreshingly—uninterested in her subjects *qua* women. Her intent is to present her subjects as Women of Ideas and to illumine their work. Her stance as a biographer is discreet and unintrusive; she avoids idealisation on the one side and a myopic revelation of flaws and frailties on the other. She observes that "in a biography a life is held . . . in suspension, to be contemplated as a whole, with any records the only clues for what the life might have been like in the living. . . ." Elsewhere she has stated that the dynamism or

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ing. . . ." Elsewhere she has stated that the dynamism or vitality of a life story is the direct outcome of the biographer's capacity for identification with her subject.

Young-Bruehl's application of these two principles of biographical methodology, as she defines them, results in specific weaknesses in her approach. A by-product of her dedication to the observable and verifiable is her corresponding unease with conjecture that would serve to fill in the gaps and tie things together. Emphasis on empathic identification with her subject's preferred mode of experiencing and communicating also limits her critical inquiry; she does not push her subject further than she takes herself, nor allow herself to engage in evaluation or in summary analysis and synthesis.

In *For Love of the World*—her earlier work on Hannah Arendt, with whom she studied—Young-Bruehl explains that in that "philosophical biography" she intends to remain "contextual" in discussing Arendt's work and to refrain from "predictive criticism". The result of her compliance with Arendt's expressed disdain for introspection was that the reader received virtually no impression of Arendt's inner life or psychology.

In keeping with her theory of biography, in *Anna Freud* Dr Young-Bruehl makes no attempt to evaluate Anna Freud as a psychoanalytic theorist. She provides an exposition of the development of her ideas, but no assessment or comparison, for example, of Anna Freud's contribution to child psychoanalysis with that of her rival, Melanie Klein. Young-Bruehl's dislike for probing, her refusal to trespass on terrain not explored by Anna Freud, is particularly unsettling in what purports to be a psychological biography of a psychoanalyst dedicated to revealing the unseen, unacknowledged, or unacceptable truth, however difficult.

Although Young-Bruehl agrees that Freud's widely criticised "neglect" of the child's earliest relationship with its mother must surely have obstructed his analysis of his daughter's relationship with her mother, she makes no attempt to correct for this oversight. Throughout her life Anna Freud was disposed to forming ardent relationships with women who also fulfilled mother functions, yet Martha Freud makes a mere cameo appearance in this biography. Equally if not more striking is a failure to animate or analyse the friendship between Anna Freud and Dorothy Burlingham, a relationship of over 40 years duration that was surpassed in intensity only by Anna Freud's relationship with her father. Young-Bruehl decisively refutes speculation that the relationship was sexual in nature, but offers no glimpse of the personality of Dorothy Burlingham or of the mutual appeal of the two friends.

A WINDOW ON our understanding of Anna Freud has been opened but Dr Young-Bruehl leaves many intriguing questions unposed and unanswered. How was it that Anna Freud's sexual ascetism resisted cure, as all her life she deflected the romantic interest of male admirers? Did Freud unwittingly collude in his daughter's father fixation and her difficulty in consolidating her "masculine" and "feminine" strivings? Freud professed ignorance about the psychology of

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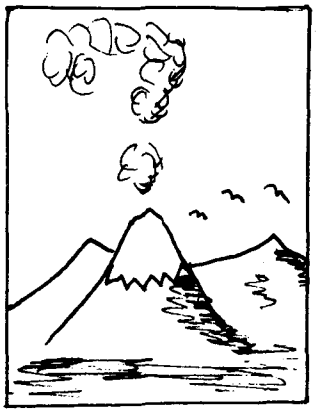
women, while espousing highly conventional views. Within the Freud household the role of wife was divided between Martha Freud, who officiated in the domestic and maternal spheres, and Minna Bernays, who provided intellectual support and travel companionship. There is ample evidence of the intensity of Freud's emotional engagement with his daughters. In a letter to Sandor Ferenczi, describing how he misses his vacationing daughters, he confesses "how thoroughly satiated libido is by them"; in a letter to Freud following Sophie Freud's wedding, Ferenczi alludes to Freud's "Sophie-Complex".

In normal development the resolution of the oedipus complex in the girl is fostered by her awareness of her father's involvement with her mother as an adult partner. Although both Martha Freud and Minna Bernays outlived Freud, Anna Freud was able to fulfil her wish to become her father's most intimate companion, seemingly without struggle—appropriating her mother's role of nurse, during the long years of her father's illness, and Tante Minna's role as intellectual companion. The concept of altruistic surrender that Young-Bruehl considers essential to an understanding of Anna Freud does not encompass sufficiently the direct and profound gratification that Anna Freud surely derived from attaining the masculine status of her father's heir, and, from her pioneering work in child psychoanalysis, the sublimated creation of her father's child. Viewed from this angle, Anna Freud's life story is not simply one of altruistic service—to her father, to the children she treated, to the cause of psychoanalysis—but a dramatic if costly enactment of oedipal triumph and fulfilment.

A Metaphysical Scamp?

On Mark Helprin—By ISABEL BUTTERFIELD

"Somehow I meet with the most extraordinary metaphysical scamps today. Sort of visitation of them."
HERMAN MELVILLE, **The Confidence-Man**



R. W. B. LEWIS, in his Afterword to Melville's *The Confidence-Man*, not only provides an illuminating guide to that enigmatic novel but also suggests that it is the ancestor of several generations of American *romanciers noirs*, serio-comic writers who have followed the philosophic trail laid down by Melville over a century ago. Professor Lewis lists, among others, Mark Twain, William Faulkner, Nathanael West and, more recently, William Gaddis and Thomas Pynchon. To these writers,

> ". . . Melville bequeathed, in very differing proportions, the vision of an apocalypse that is no less terrible for being enormously comic."

He maintains that, seen together, they represent "the continuing imagination of national and even universal disaster that has accompanied the bright expectancy of the millennium".[1] Professor Lewis does not speculate on the origins of "the continuing imagination" but it seems likely that the authors mentioned, Melville included, share what is fundamentally a religious and philosophical cast of mind and can be seen as latter-day descendants of a venerable and still potent American tradition: the Calvinist-derived Puritan conscience.

Be that as it may, there is no doubt that this group of authors wrote about the obverse side of the American dream: those who failed, the sick, the lost, the poor, the dishonest, and the bad. They also ask the questions posed by all apocalyptic literature. Why, if God is good, does righteous mankind have to suffer? Where is man's place, if any, in the universe?

Mark Helprin, a relative newcomer to the American scene, seems a likely candidate for addition to Professor Lewis's list—with this notable difference: he believes, rightly or wrongly, that there are alternatives to the philosophic pessimism which marks so many of the others.

He first attracted attention with a collection of short stories, *A Dove of the East* (1975), in which he displayed a humanitarianism and an internationalism remarkable in a young man of 22. John Gardner said of him then: ". . . he moves from character to character and from culture to culture as if he'd been born and raised everywhere." A first novel, *Refiner's Fire*, followed in 1977, and in 1980 a second volume of short stories, *Ellis Island*,[2] which was regarded as even better than the first.

I should like to focus on two stories from this more recent collection: "Letters from the Samantha" and "The Schreuderspitze". Between them, they stand for what is fundamental to Mark Helprin's philosophic outlook, dedicated as he is to finding a balance between two diametrically opposing views: the world seen as matter only and the world seen as, at least partly, spirit. William James, discussing different degrees of belief in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, quotes his old friend, Ernest Renan, the 19th-century scholar:

[1] Herman Melville, *The Confidence-Man*, with an Afterword by R. W. B. Lewis (Meridian Classics).

[2] *Ellis Island and other Stories*. By MARK HELPRIN. Delacorte, $10.95; Arena (Arrow Books), £2.75.

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> "There are many chances that the world may be nothing but a fairy pantomime of which no God has care. We must therefore arrange ourselves so that on neither hypothesis we shall be completely wrong. . . . Be ready for anything—that perhaps is wisdom. Give ourselves up, according to the hour, to confidence, to skepticism, to optimism, to irony, and we may be sure that at certain moments at least we shall be with the truth. . . . Saint Augustine's phrase: *Lord, if we are deceived, it is by Thee!* remains a fine one, well suited to our modern feeling."

Helprin steps into this ancient and honourable *chiaroscuro* of belief and doubt to create a fictional reconstruction and a partial reconciliation of this eternal dilemma.

AS THE TITLE INDICATES, "Letters from the Samantha" is written in the form of letters from a ship's captain to his company in London, reporting an irregular incident which has recently taken place on his ship. The S.V. *Samantha*, an iron-hulled sailing vessel travelling north between Madagascar and the African coast, has only narrowly escaped being struck by a typhoon. Veering into the wake of the storm, the 60-year-old ship's captain, Samson Low, steers the *Samantha* through the churned-up, reddish water and tangled vegetation of tree trunks, branches, brush and vines left behind by the typhoon. To the astonishment of captain and crew they come upon "a large monkey, bolt upright and dignified" sitting on the floating vegetation. Impulsively, Low rescues the monkey but almost immediately regrets doing so. Its presence begins to create wrangles among the crew, some of the men wanting it shot and thrown overboard while others want to set it adrift on a raft. A third group want to keep it.

With all the authority and circumstantial detail of a Conrad, Helprin leads the reader to speculate, along with the deeply divided crew, on the welter of omens and symbolic interpretations posed by the presence of the ape. With some insubordinate members of the crew in irons, the situation becomes increasingly tense; finally the captain, enraged and fearful, throttles the ape in a hand-to-hand struggle and throws it into the sea.

This dramatic gesture unfortunately does not solve the problem. Half the crew now see the ape "as deserving canonisation" while the other half see it as having been evil. In order to restore what he believes to be sanity and discipline, the captain assembles the crew. At this point Helprin explodes the symbolism which he has seemed to be developing. Addressing the men, Captain Low says:

> "He [the ape] is not a symbol. He stands neither for innocence nor for evil. There is no parable and no lesson in his coming and going. . . . We must get on with the ship's business. He does not stand for a man or men. He stands for nothing. He was an ape, simian and lean, half sensible. He came on board and now he is gone."

"Letters from the Samantha" represents Helprin at his most matter-of-fact. It is made quite plain that, tempting though it may have been to think so, there is no room here for philosophic speculation. "Getting on with the ship's business" and, even more urgently, avoiding a mutiny, are the things that really count. Any search for an esoteric meaning, unusual though the episode may have been, is simply a waste of time.

THE THEME OF life and death is handled a little differently in "The Schreuderspitze". Its central character Wallich is an artistic but not very successful commercial photographer who lives and works in the city of Munich. At the start of the story he has lost both his wife and his young son in a motor-car accident. Beside himself with grief, he walks out of his studio on the Neuhausstrasse and disappears. It is thought he may have gone to South America or "thrown himself off a bridge", but he has done neither. Instead, in an attempt to recover his emotional stability, he plans to undergo a physical trial, an exercise so strenuous and dangerous that it will act as "a parallel ordeal through which he would balance what had befallen him". In what is almost a transaction with the Almighty, he hopes, in return for his proposed physical suffering, to be given some kind of promise that he will see his wife and child again.

Deciding that this can only be accomplished in isolated and natural surroundings, Wallich—though no athlete, let alone a mountain-climber—resolves to climb a formidable snow-capped peak, known as the Schreuderspitze, on the German-Swiss border. He takes a room at an inn nearby and starts a fierce régime of physical exercise and little food while sending for Alpine climbing equipment and manuals. "He had always

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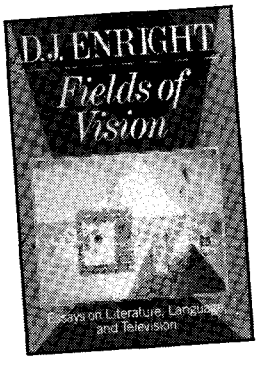

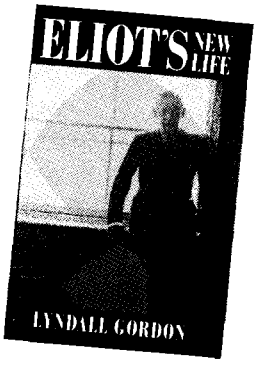

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had rather ascetic tendencies and had thought it fitting to have spent his life in Munich—'Home of Monks'."

Months go by. One day, lightheaded from semi-starvation, he believes a boy he sees walking on the mountain meadows to be his son. The experience triggers off a series of dreams in which, bit by bit, he ascends the Schreuderspitze. When in the final dream he succeeds in reaching the summit, he at first cannot see the sky for mist and cloud; then, "as if on signal, by command, in league with a directive force", the mist clears:

> ". . . as [it] departed a flood of stars burst through. Roads of them led into infinity. Starry wheels set in fiery white coronas. Near the horizon were the few gentle stars, shining out and turning clearly, as wide and round as planets."

Wallich sees the earth spread out at his feet, alight with sparkling cities which reflect the stars. After this dream he is convinced that one day—not immediately, but "soon enough"—he will see his wife and child.

Dramatically speaking, the story suffers from a drop in suspense when the planned real-life ascent of the Schreuderspitze is replaced by overnight dreams. Wallich the hero seems to have been replaced by Wallich the moonstruck dreamer. But Helprin's intentions are clear. Wallich is now a changed man, altered beyond recognition: ". . . he was dark from the sun and wind, his hair shone; his face had thinned . . . for several days he had had only cold pure water." He is like a soldier, "toughened and healthy", but more important than the changes in his body are the changes in his thinking. Wallich has begun to feel that

> ". . . the world had many secrets, that they were shattering to glimpse and sense. . . . In certain states of light he could see, he could begin to sense, things most miraculous indeed. Although it seemed self-serving he concluded nonetheless . . . that there was a life after death. . . ."

He returns to Munich transfigured, and almost happy.

HELPRIN'S SECOND NOVEL, *Winter's Tale*,[3] is, like *The Confidence-Man*, a comic novel with an underlying serious purpose. His most ambitious and most American work, it forms a brilliant stage on which to display not only his ideas but his highly accomplished and idiosyncratic style: a virtuoso performance which runs high spirits and visionary parable side by side in the same sentence. Whether or not he is conscious of a link with Melville or the other writers mentioned by R. W. B. Lewis, the links have been forged by Helprin's philosophic intentions, the archetypal nature of his characters and his serio-comic inquiry into the nature of the universe. Incorporated in the pages of this bulky volume is an analogue of the open-ended double-think already so clearly articulated in "Letters from the Samantha" and "The Schreuderspitze".

Although Helprin clearly sees human existence as fundamentally difficult and unhappy, he is fully prepared (unlike the descendants of *The Confidence-Man*) to endorse life. Whatever the eventual outcome he is glad to be alive, and a deep-seated and ardent pantheism supports a streak of irrepressible optimism in his nature. He certainly does not believe that the Deity resides in every rock and tree but, like many before him, he does attribute the original creation to a Deity. Nor is he persuaded that life on earth could be merely the chance result of a chemical and physical accident. Here Helprin joins a highly respected body of British and American astro-physicists who, in the present state of scientific knowledge, are united in agreeing that the chances of life evolving on earth even over an immense period of time were so slim that a deliberate intention, divine or not, may indeed have been at work. In any case, Helprin would agree with that good Deist Benjamin Franklin that the divine government of the universe is a vast order to be studied, not a mystery to be contemplated in despair.

In a more sombre mood, yet always working within the Judaic-Christian tradition, Helprin makes it clear that he feels humanity once upon a time had its chance with the Deity, but that for reasons we can only guess at we have failed to hold His interest. No mean Deist himself, Helprin goes on to say, not "God is dead", but "God has abandoned us". We can choose whether to muddle along without Him or, as Helprin suggests, make heroic moral and intellectual efforts to re-establish contact.

Set in late 19th-century New York, *Winter's Tale* opens on an iridescent but fractured landscape of snowbound eaves, frozen rivers, flying horse-drawn sleighs and "the city of the poor". Winter, settling permanently over city and countryside, becomes the beautiful and glittering background to a century-long view of the building of today's city. As the year 2000 approaches, the winter weather deepens and seems to warn of either an impending disaster or Professor Lewis's "bright expectancy of the millennium". Within the eccentric and encompassing outer narrative of danger, love-affairs, huge challenges, sorrows, narrow escapes, jokes, and blizzards, two separate stories emerge with their two separate sets of characters. Parallel lives intersect, but only briefly, though dramatically. There are two heroes: Peter Lake, a mechanic, brought up in the Bayonne marshes near New York City; and Hardesty Marratta, the son of a wealthy Californian ship-owner. Peter Lake, a foundling from birth, and Hardesty, recently orphaned, between them bear a resemblance to a youthful Don Quixote (complete with a magical Rosinante) and a gallant young Dickensian hero. Innocent, foolhardy, ignorant and resolute, they set out independently without a cent in their pockets to seek their fortunes and see the world.

We first meet the beguiling character Peter Lake in headlong flight from a sinister band of pursuers called the Short Tails, gentlemen of crime who wear frock-coats and black bowler hats. Despite his unworldliness, soft heart, and "tendency to approach things with a certain gratitude", he is well able to take care of himself. A striver, "a man always on the run", he has moral and spiritual aspirations which he can scarcely understand. Early in the novel, he enters a church, somewhat reluctantly, but quickly backs out, "feeling as irre-

[3] *Winter's Tale*. By MARK HELPRIN. Harcourt, $14.95, Pocket Books, $4.50; Arena, £2.95.

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solute and frustrated as when he had entered. Who were those who found it so easy to pray? . . . When he himself knelt down, he was tongue-tied."

A RECURRING THEME in his life is his hope that he will find the suffering child he had glimpsed years before in the hallway of a tenement building. One of the grimmest scenes, a reflection of the hard-headed realism of "Letters from the Samantha", takes place when Peter Lake, twenty years on, visits the city morgue in an unsuccessful effort to conclude his search. He embodies the four qualities of honesty, courage, sacrifice and patience which Hardesty has set out to find. He is the fundamentally good but imperfect man who supplements his income from time to time with a little honest burglary; the untutored heart, the "meshugah", the wise fool, perhaps ultimately a saint.

Hardesty, at first sight, is a more conventional figure. Arriving in New York from San Francisco, he becomes a journalist, marries Virginia Gamely and has a child, Abby. His life crosses Peter Lake's only when the subterranean theme of the suffering child suddenly emerges as the main thread in the plot. One afternoon, while playing with her half-brother, five-year-old Abby faints, rapidly loses consciousness, and slips into a deep coma. Her parents are told that she cannot be saved and Hardesty, desperate and hoping for a miracle, realises:

> ". . . it would be vain to imagine that we could be favoured without effort . . . miracles come to those who risk defeat in seeking them . . . to those . . . who have exhausted themselves completely in a struggle to accomplish the impossible."

Leaving his wife in hospital beside the unconscious form of his daughter, he hurls himself on to the streets of Manhattan at one o'clock in the morning to search for what "Peter Lake had never been able to avoid. [Hardesty] was willing to risk everything and he didn't even know exactly what he was looking for." He goes blindly into a pool-hall in the West Eighties and, barely knowing the rules of the game, he challenges the best player in the house, determined not only to win, but to win with just one perfectly judged shot.

The scene recalls Wallich's self-imposed decision to climb the Schreuderspitze. The short story was freighted with detailed accounts of climbing lore, climbing equipment, clothing and tackle, but the climb never actually took place—except in Wallich's mind. Hardesty, by contrast, actually performs his self-imposed task. Helprin makes the scene in the pool-room extraordinarily exciting, almost plausible, by using the laws of physical mechanics to support Hardesty's dizzy attempts to confound the laws of probability. Hardesty thinks

> ". . . only of one thing—the geometries before him. Here was God speaking in his simple absolute language, according to the same grammar that He had used to start the planets on their smooth and silken dance."

After prolonged and careful calculations involving mass and weight, energy and inertia, Hardesty succeeds in defeating the local champion. In the same instant, however, he knows he has done nothing to save his daughter.

At this moment Peter Lake's life intersects with Hardesty's. They meet in Grand Central Station, having met briefly and mysteriously once before. Hardesty takes him back to the hospital only to discover that during his absence Abby has died. Peter Lake, standing beside her hospital bed, realises that she is the child he has been seeking for decades. The novel effectively ends when Peter Lake, not immediately but some days later, is possessed by transient supernatural powers which enable him to recall Abby from the dead and exchange his life for hers.

MARK HELPRIN, with all his many virtues as a writer, does not yet command the erudition of a Melville—or indeed of a Gaddis or a Pynchon (though it is worth noting that, when *Winter's Tale* was published, Thomas Pynchon sent a message of congratulations and approval). *Winter's Tale* is a young man's book, somewhat uneven, too long perhaps: it has, with some justice, been labelled "sophomoric". A more serious criticism is Helprin's reliance from time to time on a rather rudimentary knowledge of physics with which to underpin his more euphoric metaphysical flights. He is on stronger though still extremely controversial ground when he raises the ancient Pythagorean correlations of musical intervals with arithmetical ratios, and claims they may provide the key to an understanding of the galactic heavens.

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Helprin's chief interest as a contemporary writer lies in another and, for most of us, a more significant area. Despite the general buoyancy of *Winter's Tale*, the forces of evil are not defeated; indeed, they are barely held at bay and can even be seen as semi-victorious. Danger, disappointment and defeat are clearly a part of life; but Helprin, at the risk of seeming to take up an over-heroic posture, does not give way. Though not easy to come by, the combined qualities of courage, honesty, sacrifice and ("hardest of all") patience, which Hardesty originally set out to find will, Helprin believes, see us through. This attractive mix of simplicity, strength and wisdom can be found in Mrs Gamely's words to her daughter:

> "No one ever said that you would live to see the repercussions of everything you do, or that you have guarantees, or that you are not obliged to wander in the dark. . . I didn't bring you up only to move across sure ground. I didn't teach you to think that everything must be within our control or understanding. Did I? For if I did, I was wrong."

Helprin's concerns, powerfully and unsentimentally conveyed, are clearly delineated. He would like us to think again about the things that really matter, such as the love which can exist between a man and a woman, between parent and child, and the continuing presence of mortal illness, accident and early death which result in partings that, for all we know, may prove eternal.

Mark Helprin's bouts of optimism might have caused Melville to raise a sceptical eyebrow, but it seems more than likely that he would have approved of Helprin's compassion, his skilful blend of gaiety with a strenuous spiritual life, and his belief in the redemptive power of human love. A wise fool, an unmasker, may be indeed a worthy heir to Melville's concept of the truth-teller disguised as "metaphysical scamp".

Desk

Polished top, subdued as Rembrandt gold.
Barelegged on his stallion knee,
the cornfield's horizon
beyond my furthest stretching
even with my cheek pressed
into varnish's cool sheen—squinting
at the ink-bottle's wild signature,
a dwindling string of crimson pools.

Left-hand drawer, reluctant as a bier.
Candle in his huge fist, pressing,
to and fro along the light-starved oak
until its sinews glistened,
its valleys drowned in wax
— and tiptoed, calm
inside the desk's deep shadow,
I could finger-slide it home.

Curl of paper, brittle as a promise.
He'd rummage deep,
withdraw the tiger's eyes,
which would fume, weep, glower,
until they'd sucked in light enough
to blaze, striped fury
—and he'd fumble, break one off
for me, my juices seeping.

The cornfield is a patch of sun
through lowering cloud,
the pools, lunar craters, ash;
his breath, trapped in the drawer,
is soft with peppermint
—a hair, still brown, curls
round a splinter in the oak.
Everywhere the smell of wax: chill fingers

John Latham

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Chatty, biassed, affectionate account of the father of the Goons and grandfather of *Monty Python*, interesting on his parents and Catford upbringing, thin on later years, and on wartime totally scooped by its subject's own superlative memoirs.

The Word Book. By GILES BRANDRETH. Robson Books, £10.95.

Gulf trick: J-wash my v. zen box p.d.q.! A 26-letter pangram in response to a challenge in this absorbing, amusing, erudite book of fun and games with the English language, by an after-dinner speaker, TV presenter, and author of its shortest poem and shortest published novel. A mirror image of Fritz Spiegl?

Byron in Europe: In Childe Harold's Footsteps. By SIMON CHEETHAM. Equation, £12.95.

Charming, well-illustrated account of the author's attempts to trace where Byron lived, stayed, travelled, etc., which turns into a typically British essay in self-deprecating humour, as one after another false trail peters out, doors slam in his face, fellow tourists mock his efforts, and even the final Bar Byron is shut.

Elia Kazan: An American Odyssey. Edited by MICHAEL CIMENT. Bloomsbury, £12.95.

Elegantly presented anthology of interviews, essays, speeches, etc., by Kazan about his work in cinema and theatre, sumptuously illustrated with stills and production pictures: a good companion volume to the recent autobiography. Ciment credits his late wife with much of the organisation and, where needed, the translation. Both are impeccable.

The American City: Literary and Cultural Perspectives. Edited by GRAHAM CLARKE. Vision Press; £18.85; Barnes & Noble, $28.50.

Nine essays by literary and history teachers from the University of Kent at Canterbury, including studies of New York, Harlem, Chicago, Washington, New Orleans, and Los Angeles, plus city sidelights on Whitman and Henry James. The best quote is from David Hockney, who walked two miles towards lights he thought were L.A. but turned out to be a gas station.

Southwards to Geneva: 200 Years of English Travellers. By MAVIS COULSON. Alan Sutton Publishing, £14.95.

Prettily illustrated, adroitly written, quotation-packed but unindexed, this survey by Lady Coulson, whose husband was Secretary-General of EFTA, renews our acquaintance with the famous (Evelyn, Gilbert Burnet, Boswell, Byron, Shelley) and introduces less well-known "systematists", writers, artists, and climbers both physical and social. A pity she stops in the mid-19th century.

The Modern Social Conflict: An Essay on the Politics of Liberty. By RALF DAHRENDORF. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £16.95.

The author's crispest and most adventurous book yet, this relegates to "the dustbin of history" those who used that phrase to promote class-struggle and revolution: it identifies deeper and more global conflicts between, e.g., equality and growth; and it quietly affirms faith in liberty, liberal democracy, and the need for change.

Dreamers of the Absolute: Essays on Ecology, Media and Power. By HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER. Radius, £7.95.

Timely reissue of articles first published in German between 1962 and 1973. Some show their age: would Enzensberger still claim that "Socialism, which was once a promise of liberation, has become a question of survival"? But the inquiring humanism and reflective observation are as attractive and persuasive as ever.

Just Another Star? Anglo-American Relations Since 1945. By CHRISTOPHER GRAYLING and CHRISTOPHER LANGDON. Harrap, £12.95.

Two television men's reappraisal of the so-called "special relationship", drawing on published and unpublished sources, including interviews with informants named and unnamed. They cover intelligence and defence contracts as well as more familiar political issues, and conclude: "The focus of future British policy must be within Europe."

Integration or Disintegration? Towards a Non-racist Society. By RAY HONEYFORD. Claridge Press, £15.95, paper £9.95.

The former Bradford head teacher vilified by anti-racists restates his moderate, firm opposition to compulsory "multi-ethnic" education. "We need", he says "a multi-ethnic society in which everyone's first political loyalty is to Britain, and in which the maintenance and transmission of ethnic cultures is the responsibility of the communities concerned."

The Origins of the English Novel, 1600-1740. By MICHAEL MCKEON. Radius, £11.95.

Closely argued, densely documented (86 pages of notes), but very clearly written sequel to Ian Watt's classic *The Rise of the Novel*, shifting the focus from sociology to secularisation and reform. Not only philosophical realism and the middle classes, the author argues, gave birth to the new genre, but also the search for truth and ethics.

Nor Any Drop To Drink: England to Australia, May 1987-January 1988. By MARCUS MAINWARING. Bloomsbury, £14.95.

Cheery, personal, accurate account of sailing with the bicentennial fleet of tall ships, with 29 colour photographs, and many adventures, jokes, and anti-climaxes, by a traveller and poet who was reluctant to embark in the first place. Having watched the start from a neighbouring boat, I can see why.

I Shall Live: Surviving the Holocaust 1939-1945. By HENRY ORENSTEIN. Oxford University Press, £14.95.

Extraordinary story of a Polish internee who pretended to be a mathematical genius, part of a Jewish "superbrain" commando invented and recruited on the pretext that they could help the Nazis win the war. Harrowing but grotesquely ingenious. The author now lives in the United States.

Conservative Thinkers: Essays from The Salisbury Review. Edited by ROGER SCRUTON. Claridge Press, £14.95.

The title is nicely ambiguous: but it surely refers to the subjects rather than the authors. The former range from Hooker to Oakeshott; the latter from C. H. Sisson to R. A. D. Grant. Especially notable are the editor on Hegel, and Mark Le Fanu on both Ruskin and Santayana. Future subjects promised include Hobbes and Leavis. . . .

Klara. By HUGH THOMAS. Hamish Hamilton, £12.95.

Not a history, but a welcome return to fiction by a scintillating historian whose very first work was a novel about the Foreign Office. This, set in post-War Austria, reads like a cross between Sybille Bedford and late Len Deighton. It is also full of insight into the then Cold War.

R.M.

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The Case of Nikolai Bukharin

An Old Bolshevik "Rehabilitated"—By BOHDAN NAHAYLO

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO, in February 1986, the new General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Mikhail Gorbachov, was asked by *L'Humanité* whether "the vestiges of Stalinism had been overcome in the Soviet Union. . . ." The Soviet leader's reply did not mince words. "Stalinism", he declared, "is a concept thought up by the enemies of communism to discredit socialism as a whole. . . ." Since then, however, political and economic exigencies have led the Gorbachov leadership to embark on a far-reaching campaign of de-Stalinisation that has gone well beyond what occurred under Nikita Khrushchev. The present denunciation of Stalin and his methods, as well as the denigration of Leonid Brezhnev, has in fact opened a lively debate in the Soviet press about the whole nature of the Soviet experience.

One of the central figures in this re-evaluation of the Soviet past is Nikolai Bukharin, the celebrated Party theoretician and ideologist who ended up as the most famous victim of Stalin's infamous show trials of the 1930s against "Old Bolsheviks". Bukharin's rehabilitation in February 1988 has been one of the high points of the Gorbachov leadership's proclaimed policies of *glasnost* and "democratisation". His exoneration, along with his colleagues, was not only a long-overdue act of elementary decency without which the Kremlin's disavowal of the Stalin period would not have held up. It was also an implicit acknowledgment that there had been an alternative to Stalinism after all. Weren't some of the policies championed by Bukharin relevant to today's needs?

The main theoretician of the New Economic Policy (NEP) of the 1920s, Bukharin opposed Stalin's twin programme of forcible collectivisation of agriculture and industrialisation at breakneck pace. Instead, he advocated a more gradual and less repressive road to socialism, based on an accommodation with the peasantry. It envisioned the continued toleration of a measure of private enterprise and quasi-private farming. At the very least, Bukharin's approach would have meant avoiding the enormous loss of life and suffering brought by Stalin's war against the peasantry. Furthermore, from the point of view of the Gorbachov leadership, committed as it is to the task of invigorating and modernising the Soviet economy, what is particularly important is that Bukharin's economic strategy appears to provide a valuable source of both ideas and legitimation for reform. Gorbachov himself is known to have read and liked Professor Stephen Cohen's biography of Bukharin (as reported in the *International Herald Tribune*, 20 January 1988).

Because of his reputation as a brilliant thinker, his identification with the "liberal" NEP period—and especially because of his opposition to Stalin in the late 1920s and subsequent death at the tyrant's hands in 1938—Bukharin has become the symbol (as Cohen puts it) of "humane socialism".[1] Now in the Soviet Union, the new and considerable attention that is being given to Bukharin in the press is encouraging the growth of a Bukharin cult, a phenomenon that had already existed for years in some small discussion groups and *samizdat* circles.[2] He is being hailed in both the USSR and Eastern Europe, as well as in the West, as an heroic and moderate communist. Perhaps most importantly, though, the emphasis on his anti-Stalinist stance and subsequent martyrdom is making the early Soviet period more palatable to the disillusioned. It also fuels the myth that, had it not been for Stalin, the Soviet system would no doubt have evolved into the prototype of "socialism with a human face".

IN VIEW OF THIS it is all the more important that Bukharin is seen as he really was, not through rosy spectacles. In reality, he was a far more complex and contradictory personality than is usually thought. Of course, in comparison with Stalin he

[1] Stephen F. Cohen, *Bukharin and the Bolshevik Revolution: A Political Biography 1888-1938* (1975). Since Cohen's book appeared, Dora Shturman has produced a more critical review of Bukharin's writings and statements, *Mertvie khvataiut zhivykh* ("The Dead Grasp the Living", London 1982). Unfortunately, her critique is accessible only to those with a knowledge of Russian.

[2] See Julia Wishnevsky, "The *Samizdat* Image of Nikolai Bukharin", *Radio Liberty Research* 1977/78 (16 August 1978); "Bukharin's Legacy in the USSR Today", *Radio Liberty Research 316/88* (13 July 1988).

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was, at least in his later years, "more moderate". Apart from his opposition to what he described as the "military-feudal" subjugation of the peasantry, he was also author of the ostensibly democratic provisions of the 1936 "Stalin" Constitution. During his meetings that year with Russian émigrés he is reported to have upheld "humanist principles". Furthermore, he is known to have helped Osip Mandelstam when the poet was in trouble.

But there is another side to Bukharin. If it is overlooked, it distorts our perception not only of the man but also of the entire early period of Soviet history and of how Leninism was transformed into Stalinism. A fervent Bolshevik, Bukharin was amoral and intolerant in political life; and sometimes a ruthless fanaticism emerged. Before he fell out with Stalin in the late 1920s Bukharin was his principal ally, or as Roy Medvedev puts it, "chief of staff of the Bolshevik army commanded by Stalin".[3] It was Bukharin who played the leading role in routing the inner-Party opposition while Stalin was accumulating ever more power. And it was Bukharin who, even after he had himself been politically defeated and discredited, continued to act as an apologist for the system and a "mouthpiece of the Stalinist line".[4] He died an unrepentant Bolshevik; unable or unwilling to see his own part in the creation of the totalitarian machine that had crushed him.

As a young Bolshevik, Bukharin was known for his radical and uncompromising attitude. Although his American biographer seeks to revise the "stereotype" of Bukharin as "a particularly doctrinaire proponent of extremist policies before 1921" (Cohen, p. 57), it is clear from his own account that Bukharin made a significant contribution to the radicalisation of Bolshevik thought, and that in the first years after the Bolshevik seizure of power he was even more orthodox than Lenin himself.

When the Constituent Assembly was convened in December 1917—after what had been the nearest thing in Russia's history to a free election, based on universal suffrage—the Bolsheviks held barely a quarter of the parliamentary seats. Bukharin proposed that the pro-Bolshevik delegates should expel the Right-wing delegates and proclaim themselves a "revolutionary convention".[5] In the event Lenin opted for another solution—his Red Guards summarily dispersed the Assembly.

Soon afterwards Bukharin clashed with Lenin over the Peace of Brest-Litovsk. Lenin accepted the humiliating terms of the treaty ending the war with the Central Powers in order (he argued) to "buy time" and secure a respite for the embattled fledgling Soviet state. Bukharin led the strong opposition to this policy and called instead for "a holy war against militarism and imperialism"—a class version of a *jihad*. "We should die in a fine poise", he and Karl Radek wrote, "sword in hand, crying 'peace is dishonour, war is honour!'"[6] Lenin got his way, though, and a disgusted Bukharin actually resigned from the Party.

Three months later he was back, together with a reputation. In June 1918, Lenin wrote to the Soviet representative in Berlin: "Bukharin is loyal, but he went to sickening extremes in 'left-foolishness'. . . . *Prenez garde*!" (Cohen, p.81). Certainly, the young zealot's radicalism remained strong. During the ensuing bleak period of Civil War and the Bolsheviks' repressive economic policy of "War Communism", Bukharin and his colleagues came to see this state of affairs as the natural transitional stage on the way to socialism. In his writings, he, more than anyone else, rationalised the harsh Bolshevik policies of this time. Citing from one such work, *The Economics of the Transition Period* (May 1920), Professor Cohen refers to

> ". . . the ugly potentialities of Bukharin's reasoning that 'proletarian coercion in all its forms, beginning with shooting and ending with labour conscription, is . . . a method of creating communist mankind out of the human materials of the capitalist epoch. . . .'"

Elsewhere, the American biographer notes that "During these years, Bukharin produced some of the most gruesome statements legitimising Bolshevik violence." For example, Bukharin declared that "In revolution he will be victorious who cracks the other's skull", and (referring to those who were not impressed by the Bolsheviks) proclaimed: "Humpbacks are only cured by death." Dora Shturman also emphasises how hostile Bukharin was at this time to non-Bolshevik cultural and scientific intellectuals. Bukharin was convinced that "the correct policy" with respect to the recalcitrant intelligentsia "envisages in the final analysis the sanction of concentrated force" (Shturman, p. 184).

During the period of "War Communism" the inconsistencies in Bukharin's behaviour became conspicuous. While publicly justifying "revolutionary" violence, he made his concern known about the activities of the *Cheka*, the Soviet secret police, and sought to restrict its powers of executing prisoners. Lenin gave him the chance to exert restraint by appointing him to the collegium of the *Cheka*. But (as Robert Conquest points out) Bukharin "in particular . . . [became] effusively enthusiastic" about the role of the secret police, the forerunner of the *GPU*, *NKVD*, and *KGB*.[7]

In February 1921, when the Civil War had been won, disaffected revolutionaries at the Kronstadt naval base —a former Bolshevik stronghold—raised the banner of dissidence and revolt. They declared that the "dictatorship of the Communist Party" had betrayed the Revolution. This rebellion, by representatives of "the masses" in whose name the Bolsheviks claimed to rule, was brutally suppressed. At

[3] Roy A. Medvedev, *Nikolai Bukharin: The Last Years* (1980), p. 8.

[4] Robert V. Daniels, *The Conscience of the Revolution: Communist Opposition in Soviet Russia* (1960), p. 378.

[5] See Leonard Schapiro, *The Origins of the Communist Autocracy: Political Opposition in the Soviet State, 1917-1922* (1955), p. 82.

[6] John W. Wheeler-Bennett, *Brest-Litovsk: The Forgotten Peace, March 1918* (1966), p. 278.

[7] Robert Conquest, *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purges of the 1930s* (1971), pp. 66-67.

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the 3rd Comintern Congress in July 1921, Bukharin echoed the Party line and sought to discredit the Kronstadt insurrectionists.

> "The documents that have since been brought to light [Bukharin told the delegates] show clearly that the affair was instigated by purely White Guard centres, but at the same time the Krondstadt mutiny was a petty-bourgeois rebellion against the socialist system of economic compulsion. . . ."

Yet at the very same congress, Bukharin contradicted himself and gave a different explanation for the fact that 50,000 troops were used against the 15,000 Kronstadt rebels.

> "Who says the Kronstadt rising was White? No. For the sake of the idea, for the sake of our task, we were forced to suppress the revolt of our erring brothers. We cannot look upon the Kronstadt sailors as our enemies. We love them as our true brothers, our own flesh and blood."[8]

By this time, "War Communism" had been abandoned and replaced by the NEP. Victor Serge was present at the 3rd Comintern Congress and recorded in his memoirs how Bukharin had explained this tactical retreat.

> "He justified NEP in terms of 'the possibility of breaking the rural petty-bourgeoisie (the peasants, with their attachment to small private property) by means of a single blood-letting—an impossibility which stems from the isolation of the Russian Revolution'. If the German Revolution, with Germany's industrial resources behind it, had come to our assistance, we would have persisted in travelling the path of total Communism, even if it had required bloodshed. I do not have the text of this speech before me, but I was responsible for printing it, and am sure that this is an accurate summary. It amazed me all the more since I chanced to meet Bukharin several times at Zinoviev's, and genuinely admired him."[9]

Serge was not the only one to be shocked by some of Bukharin's views. Although he was modifying his position to take account of the switch to NEP, Bukharin was still regarded in some quarters as a representative of the "hard Left" of the Party. In 1921 Bukharin was attacked in print by one Bolshevik critic (Mikhail Olminskii), who apparently had the support of Lenin's elder sister. According to Cohen, "Olminskii accused Bukharin of having abandoned Marxist political economy for 'the Bukharinist method of penal servitude and shooting'." He identified Bukharin with "that part of the Party" who were drunk on "the enthusiasm of power". For them "nothing was impossible".

Although the NEP period was to see a "relaxation" in the economic and cultural spheres, there was no corresponding loosening up in the political sphere. Political intolerance and repression continued. The Bolsheviks' political opponents—whether socialists, anarchists, non-Russian nationalists, or religious believers—were persecuted, imprisoned, and even sentenced to death. It is now generally forgotten that in 1925, at the height of NEP, 22 of the West's most distinguished Left-liberal intellectuals protested to the Soviet government about its appalling treatment of political prisoners.[10]

Bukharin, a leading member of the Party leadership, also bears responsibility for this, the "other face" of NEP. At the end of June 1921, for example, he took part in a hearing organised by the Moscow Soviet to examine persistent charges that political prisoners were being beaten in Butyrki prison. The authorities rejected the accusations—and actually concluded that it had been the prisoners who had attacked and injured the guards, not the other way round. According to an eye-witness, Bukharin was the first to speak after the report had been read out. Supporting the commission's findings, he played up "to the lowest and crudest instincts in the listeners".[11]

It is also particularly ironic that Bukharin, who was later to be sentenced to death at a political show trial, played a leading and singularly distasteful role at the first great Soviet show trial in 1922: that of the leaders of the Socialist Revolutionary Party, who had commanded a majority in the 1917 elections. Clearly, his conscience bothered him about this, for in 1936 when he met Boris Nicolaevsky in Paris he sought to clear his name. In *Power and the Soviet Élite* (1965), Nicolaevsky records:

> ". . . concerning the trial of the Socialist Revolutionaries in 1922, he asked me, 'Do you know my *real* role in this trial?' I replied I knew that behind the scenes he had opposed the execution of the defendants. There had been a fierce battle over the trial, on whether or not to execute the defendants. Bukharin had committed himself against the executions, but the Central Committee did not recognise this commitment and, forced by Party discipline, Bukharin then came out officially with the most violent anti-SR speeches. . . ."

Additional light, however, has been shed on Bukharin's part in the 1922 trial by Marc Jansen in his detailed study *A Show Trial Under Lenin*.[12] It transpires that Bukharin—who, astonishingly enough, was appointed as defence counsel for the penitents among the accused—outdid himself as a defender of a repressive one-Party dictatorship and vilifier of the socialist rivals and opponents of Bolshevism. Whatever may have occurred behind the Kremlin walls, up front it was Nikolai Bukharin who played a leading role in organising the press attacks and the orchestrated mass demonstrations demanding the blood of the defendants. Victor Serge recalls how Bukharin, angered by the protests from some Western socialists, told him, "as though by way of a directive, 'our press must attack them mercilessly. . . .'"

[8] Paul Avrich, *Kronstadt 1921* (1970), pp. 130, 134.

[9] Victor Serge, *Memoirs of a Revolutionary 1901-1941* (1963), p. 135.

[10] See: The International Committee for Political Prisoners, *Letters from Russian Prisons* (1925). On political persecution during the NEP period, see chapter 2 of my forthcoming book, *Dissent and Opposition in the Soviet Union: A Concise History*.

[11] Vera Broido, *Lenin and the Mensheviks: The Persecution of Socialists Under Bolshevism* (1987), pp. 128-29.

[12] Marc Jansen, *A Show Trial Under Lenin: The Trial of the Socialist Revolutionaries, Moscow 1922* (1982).

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Bukharin himself was reported to have organised and participated in the ugly demonstrations that met Western socialists who had arrived in Moscow to take part in the defence of the Socialist Revolutionaries. He certainly spoke at the mass demonstration on 20 June, in which some 300,000 people took part and at which the banners read: "*Death to the traitors of the Revolution!*" At this huge meeting, according to Jansen:

> "Bukharin compared the trial with the spike of aspen wood with which, according to popular tradition, the heart of a vampire has to be transfixed in order to put an end to its evil influence."

In print, he referred to the Socialist Revolutionaries as "those vermin".

AT THE TRIAL ITSELF, Bukharin sought to justify the political intolerance of the Bolsheviks, arguing that they must "close every flaw, every crack". This is how Marc Jansen summarises Bukharin's statements:

> "In Bukharin's view, the Communist Party, as the party of the proletariat, was the only legitimate authority in Russia. In an 'iron age' only that party could exist and govern which worked as 'an iron mechanism'. Thanks to that mechanism, the Communist Party had defeated all its enemies and would further smash them. In this way the Communist Party carried out the task that had been assigned to it by history: the destruction of capitalism as an economic system and of the bourgeoisie as ruling class, and the establishment of the proletarian dictatorship as 'an iron state power' and of the communist system."

The chief prosecutor at the trial of the Socialist Revolutionaries was Nikolai Krylenko, who was later to become notorious for his role in the Stalinist show trials. Bukharin went out of his way to praise "the really brilliant expressive power" and "the exceptional revolutionary fervour" of Krylenko's closing address. The trial outraged the Left in the West and eventually the fifteen death sentences passed in the verdict were abandoned as a result of this strong socialist pressure.

Bukharin, a member of the Executive Committee of the Comintern, was closely involved in formulating policy towards the outside world. Here, his "ultra-Leftism" still showed through in what Isaac Deutscher referred to as his "inclination to encourage untimely and reckless risings abroad, such as the one in Germany" (October 1923).[13]

What is especially revealing from this period, though, is Bukharin's view of fascism which, in 1922-23, with the accession to power of the Italian Fascists, was emerging as a new political force in Europe.

Speaking at the 12th Party Congress in April 1923, Bukharin, who was after all the Party's leading theoretician (now that Lenin had been removed from political life by ill health), emphasised the debt which the Fascists owed to the Bolsheviks. In the report which he delivered in his capacity as "the Russian representative" in the leadership of the Comintern, Bukharin said:

> "Characteristic for the methods of Fascist struggle is the fact that they, more than any other party whatsoever, have adopted, and apply in practice, the experience of the Bolshevik revolution. If they are considered from a *formal* point of view, i.e., from the point of view of the techniques of their political methods, then it is a full application of Bolshevik tactics and especially of Russian Bolshevism: in the sense of a rapid gathering of forces, energetic action of a very firmly knocked together military organisation, in the sense of a definite system of flinging one's forces, of *uchraspreds*[14], mobilisations, etc., and of a merciless annihilation of an enemy when it is needed and when it is necessitated by circumstances."[15]

It is worth noting that none of the delegates challenged Bukharin on this. Only in the second edition of the stenographic record of the proceedings at the 12th Party Congress (which appeared in 1968) was Bukharin's comparison qualified as "absurd . . . groundless and anti-scientific".

BEFORE LENIN had even died, the first of the major splits occurred in the Party. In October 1923, Trotsky and 46 "Leftist" Party members spoke out against the bureaucratisation of the Party and the lack of inner-Party democracy. Bukharin joined in the condemnation of their "factionalism". As Cohen notes, "By now Bukharin had strongly repudiated his own earlier factionalism and become consistently hostile towards fresh moves in this direction. . . ." This intolerance on his part to any deviation from the Party line was to be exploited over the next few years by Stalin in his struggle against all political rivals.

By the mid-1920s Bukharin had moved from the Left to the Right of his Party, and he had become the foremost champion of the NEP. In the eyes of his comrades he was a generally popular and respected figure. Lenin, in his last notes dictated in December 1922, said of him:

> "Bukharin is not only a most valuable and major theorist of the Party; he is also rightly considered the favourite of the whole Party, but his theoretical views can be classified as fully Marxist only with great reserve, for there is something scholastic about him. . . ."

More important, though, for understanding how Bukharin came to be so instrumental in helping Stalin to power is Lenin's verdict given two years earlier.

"We know how soft Comrade Bukharin is; it is one of

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[13] Isaac Deutscher, *The Prophet Unarmed: Trotsky, 1921-1929* (1959), p. 28. Bukharin's responsibility, along with Stalin, for the Communist fiasco in China in the spring of 1927 should also not be forgotten.

[14] *Uchraspred:* a special section of the Central Committee established in 1919 to oversee "mobilisations, transfers and appointments of members of the Party". Merle Fainsod, *How Russia is Ruled* (1963), pp. 181-2.

[15] *Dvenadtsatyi s'ezd RKP(b) 17-25 aprelia 1923 goda: stenograficheskii otchet* (Moscow, 1968), pp. 273-74; as translated by Bohdan Nahaylo and Victor Swoboda in their forthcoming book *National Tensions in the Soviet Union: The History of an Unfulfilled National Contract*.

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> the qualities that endears him to people. We know that he has been ribbed for being 'soft as wax'. It turns out that any unprincipled person or 'demagogue' can leave any mark on this 'soft wax'.[16]

Victor Serge suggests an additional factor. "Bukharin was sick of the reign of mediocrity", he argues. "He hoped to become the brain behind Stalin." In other words, the intellectual and theoretician may have felt that he could get the better of the *apparatchiks*.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, those who were not impressed by what Bolshevism stood for did not have a soft spot for Nikolai Bukharin. He himself recounted (to Boris Nicolaevsky) how, during an election to the Academy of Sciences in the late '20s, the famous Russian scientist Ivan Pavlov had opposed his candidature, claiming that Bukharin was a "person with his knees in blood". Others, like the Mandelstams, "read Bukharin's speeches against the Trotskyists and . . . wondered why he was trying so hard".[17]

Bukharin ignored warnings about what Stalin truly represented. He continued to side with him against the inner-Party opposition and used his mental and oratorical skills to flay its leaders. In December 1925 (at the 14th Party Congress, at which Kamenev attacked Stalin directly, declaring "We are against the theory of one-man rule"), Bukharin supported the sanctions against the oppositionists proposed by Stalin.

"Ah, but he has come to relish the whip", Trotsky hurled at Bukharin. This seems to have hit a raw nerve, for Bukharin retorted: "You think I have come to relish it, but this relishing makes me shudder from head to foot. . . ."

Whatever misgivings Bukharin may have felt at this time about his role as Stalin's partner, he turned down an offer from Trotsky "to join him in a common effort to restore 'a healthy inner-party régime'", and remained the scourge of the opposition. At the 15th Party Conference (in October-November 1926), shortly after Trotsky had called Stalin the "grave-digger of the Revolution", Bukharin demanded capitulation from the opposition in a singularly repulsive manner, which brought shouts from Stalin of: "Well done, Bukharin! Well done, well done! He does not argue with them, he slaughters them!" Isaac Deutscher describes it as a "macabre performance" in which the "kindly scholar turned into a hooligan and the philosopher into a thug destitute of all scruple and foresight". Professor Cohen calls it "perhaps, Bukharin's worst moment".

What about Bukharin's attitude towards other political parties? Had it changed during the NEP period in accordance with his adoption of "more liberal" economic views? The answer is apparent from a speech that he delivered in 1927 to a "Congress of Friends of the Soviet Union". "We do have room for other parties as well", he asserted.

> "But the fundamental difference between the existence of parties in the West and here is that the only conceivable situation here is the following: one party in power and the others are in prison."

All this time, Bukharin continued to promote Moscow's policies in the Comintern. In 1926, for instance, after the Austrian Social Democrats had criticised the concept of civil war and adopted a programme of working within existing democratic structures, Bukharin attacked them for their "juridical cretinism". He insisted that for a "really revolutionary party the radical democratic demands cannot be anything else but a means of destruction of the apparatus of the bourgeois state". Two years later, at the Sixth Comintern Congress, he branded the leaders of Europe's Social Democrats as "watch-dogs of imperialism".[18]

In November 1927, as Trotsky, Kamenev, and Zinoviev were making their last desperate protests, Bukharin received a letter from a former comrade denouncing him as a "jailer of the best Communists". The message ended with a prophetic warning that he would meet the same fate and that his present comrades would give him a secret policeman as a judge. . . .

SOON, BUKHARIN and his "Rightist" colleagues were indeed under attack from Stalin. In July 1928 Bukharin held his famous clandestine meeting with Kamenev, at which he told his former political adversary that Stalin was "the new Genghis Khan . . . an unprincipled intriguer who subordinates everything to his lust for power". Kamenev recorded that Bukharin had given the impression "of a man who knew he was doomed". Bukharin then made a "panicky offer" of an alliance with Trotsky and his followers, but by now he was too discredited in their eyes as an even greater enemy than Stalin.

As is well known, after a spirited fight, Bukharin and the "Right Opposition" were crushed; and during the remaining years of his life, Bukharin's behaviour was obedient to the point of servility. He not only submitted to Party discipline and publicly condemned his own "deviation" over and over again, but also (however reluctantly) spoke out in praise of Stalin and the totalitarian system that he was perfecting.

Take 1931, for example. In April of that year, Bukharin (who had played a dubious part in the "Sovietisation" of the Soviet Academy of Sciences), told an All-Union Conference for the Planning of Scientific-Research Work:

> "The workers of the USSR, sacrificing many of today's needs for the good of the future, developing fearful energy, demonstrating the wonders of heroic labour and exertion, cannot beg the pardon of the servitors of capitalism, of the great powers of imperialism. They are obliged before History to send physically or spiritually to the *guillotine* the saboteurs, the subversive wreckers, the agents of imperialist intelligence. . . . All technicians, en-

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[16] V. I. Lenin, *Collected Works*, vol. 36 (Moscow, 1966), p. 595; vol. 32, p. 51.

[17] Nadezhda Mandelstam, *Hope Abandoned* (1976), p. 576.

[18] Marc Jansen, *A Show Trial Under Lenin*, p. 177; Milorad M. Drachkovitch and Branko Lazitch, *The Comintern: Historical Highlights, Essays, Recollections, Documents* (1966), pp. 112, 87.

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gineers, and scientists must understand that history has posed again a basic question about two camps, in all its sharpness: for there is no third, and one must definitely *choose*, and choose boldly, directly, decisively, irrevocably."

At the same meeting, Bukharin also rejected accusations emanating from the West about the Soviet use of "slave labour" and the consequences of enforced industrialisation. He declared:

> "The ideologues of Menshevism do not stop barking that the great construction of industrial giants in the USSR is very similar to the erection of Egyptian pyramids, and that the leadership of the Party is similar to that of the Pharaohs. . . . The pyramids of the Pharaohs are the materialisation of unproductive labour, symbols of gods and Czars, ancient *bastilles* of the soul, like the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages. . . . Our colossi are the great tools of productive labour."[19]

That same year, as Stalin's terror was gathering momentum, Bukharin once again extolled the work of the secret police in the early years of Soviet rule. He wrote of its members:

> "Do not let us forget how many of those who remain are nervous wrecks, and sometimes hopelessly ill. For their work was such torture, it demanded such gigantic concentration, it was such hellish work, that a truly iron character was required."

BUKHARIN AVOIDED involvement in any of the various anti-Stalin actions undertaken by Martemyan Ryutin and other "Rightist" Communists in the early 1930s. At a Central Committee plenum in January 1933, he even called for "the severe punishment" of one such grouping. A year later, he agreed to speak in defence of the Stalinist line at the 14th Party Congress. Acknowledging his errors yet again, he asserted that:

> "Comrade Stalin was entirely correct in speaking out so eloquently, making brilliant use of Marxist-Leninist dialectics, against many of the theoretical premises of rightist deviation which I myself formulated."

Bukharin's speech amounted to a plea for Party unity around Stalin. The following month, the disgraced Communist was suddenly appointed editor of *Izvestia*.

Professor Cohen argues that, although Bukharin had to indulge in the "rituals of the Stalin cult" and go along with the mendacity required by the Stalinist system, he made his dissent known by using "discreet Aesopian language" in his articles and editorials. In particular, he suggests that Bukharin's warnings against the dangers of German fascism can also be read as veiled attacks against Stalin and his system.

Roy Medvedev, however, disputes all this (p. 100). He maintains that:

> "In Bukharin's articles and pronouncements during the period 1934-36, if there were any allusions and allegorical references they were so heavily disguised as to pass unnoticed by even those of his political adversaries who had an extremely keen interest in that kind of thing."

The Stalin line came through clear enough, though, not only in *Izvestia*'s editorials but also in signed articles, even in those dealing with "Old Bolsheviks" in a similar position to Bukharin's. When, in December 1934, Zinoviev was arrested and accused of organising a conspiratorial "Moscow Centre", Bukharin did not indicate any doubts. He wrote an article in *Izvestia* stressing that:

> "*Any* 'opposition' and *any* deviation ('left', 'right', 'rightist-leftist', 'nationalist'), when it insists on pursuing its mistaken ways and continuing to fight, inevitably leads to a break with the Party, a break with Soviet legality, and to a counter-revolutionary function for the groups and people concerned. Such is the logic of class struggle. This is the political lesson of many years. Thus it was with the rightists (the Ryutin-Slepkov group), thus it was with Trotskyism, which has transformed itself into the avant-garde of the counter-revolutionary bourgeoisie; thus it was with the Ukrainian national deviationists, who have linked up with interventionist and imperialist intelligence agents. This lesson is confirmed once again in all its frightful depth by the fascist degeneration of the dregs of the former Zinoviev anti-Party group."

In the same article, Bukharin defended the Stalin leadership and had this to say about the power struggles that had gone on in the 1920s:

> "During all those years after Lenin's death, and the years of great reconstruction which have transfigured the country, the Party was led by Stalin and his nearest comrades-in-arms and friends. Those of the former leaders who have found themselves not at the helm have suffered bankruptcy at a major historical turning point. It is ridiculous to ascribe Stalin's victory to minor factors and facts, as Trotsky continues to do. The Stalinist leadership has not been selected accidentally; it is History, it is the Party, it is our heroic proletariats which have made their choice, and an excellent choice—anyone can see this. . . . If the right or the 'left' deviationists had been victorious the restoration of capitalism would have been inevitable. Stalin routed the deviations and ensured the victory of the Party." (*Izvestia*, 22 December 1934)

Nor was this all. Assailing the opponents of Stalin and his system, Bukharin added the following grim warning:

> "The successes of [our] construction are for them no longer [a source of] joy but of grief. These successes are hateful to them and in despair they shoot into the heart of the victorious proletariat. For this they will pay with their heads."

Even though Bukharin had capitulated, he knew that his

[19] Loren R. Graham, *The Soviet Academy of Sciences and the Communist Party, 1928-1932* (1967), pp. 186, 154.

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days were numbered. He had one chance to escape the clutches of the tyrant—in the early part of 1936 he and his wife were allowed to travel abroad—but he chose not to use it. In Paris he spoke candidly about his fears to Nicolaevsky and others, but he rejected proposals that he defect and establish an anti-Stalinist newspaper. The reason he is reported to have given is that he could not bear the idea of becoming an émigré.

So he turned to the fate that he knew awaited him. Before he was arrested in February 1937, Bukharin made his wife memorise his last testament—a statement addressed *To a Future Generation of Party Leaders*, and it tells us a great deal about the man and his values.

Concerned essentially with self-vindication, his last message was permeated with Bolshevik romanticism and even contained an assurance that he had "started nothing against Stalin". "I am leaving life", the doomed revolutionary stated:

> "I am lowering my head not before the proletarian axe, which must be merciless, but virginal. I feel my helplessness before a hellish machine, which, probably by the use of medieval methods, has acquired gigantic power, fabricates organised slander, acts boldly and confidently."

This last sentence could well have been composed 15 years earlier by a Socialist Revolutionary as he awaited the death sentence from the merciless Bukharin. Yet nowhere in the statement was there any sign of remorse, or even soul-searching, indicating that Bukharin accepted that he had helped construct the "hellish machine" of Soviet totalitarianism.

In fact, Bukharin's last testament actually contained a paean to this repressive apparatus—set up in Lenin's days when Bukharin, in particular, had argued that "everything was permitted" in the name of Socialism. He lamented nostalgically:

> "Dzerzhinsky is gone; the remarkable traditions of the *Cheka* have gradually faded into the past, when the revolutionary idea guided all its actions, justified cruelty, guarded the state against any kind of counter-revolution. That is how the *Cheka* earned special confidence, special respect, authority and esteem."

There was no mention in the testament of the now officially acknowledged millions of victims of Soviet Communism. Yet there was a plea that future comrades should remember "that on the banner, which you will be carrying in the victorious march to communism, is also my drop of blood. . . ."

Bukharin's paramount concern as he faced death was that future Party leaders "exonerate me, and reinstate me in the Party".[20] Before his arrest he also implored his wife to raise their son Yuri "like a good Bolshevik" (as she recounted in an interview in *Ogonek*, No. 48, November 1987). At his "trial", Bukharin cleverly, if indirectly, exposed the fabricated nature of the accusations against him, but he nevertheless confessed his "guilt" as was required of him (and served as a model for Koestler's Rubashov in *Darkness at Noon*). The Party and what it stood for remained the be-all and end-all.

THIS, THEN, is the dark side of Bukharin, who is often taken to be a "humane socialist" and whose "main value", according to Professor Cohen, is "respect for the democratic factor in socialist policy" (as he told *Moscow News*, 21 February 1988).

Some of Bukharin's critics have sought to put the blame on certain weaknesses in his personality. For instance, Trotsky characterised him as "naive and ardent".[21] Even E. H. Carr got at least this right when he observed that:

> "The peculiar characteristic of Bukharin was a combination of rigidity in ideas with malleability of temperament which made him a ready tool in the hands of men less single-minded and politically more astute."[22]

But the crux of the matter is the ideology that Bukharin espoused, helped develop, and defended so forcefully, and which ultimately proved to be his downfall. Over the years he may have altered his views on this or that tactic of economic policy, but he remained an unwavering champion of a politically intolerant movement for which the utopian ends always justified the merciless means. Bukharin, now rehabilitated by the Party he loved and which destroyed him, is better suited as a warning rather than a model for those who seek to restructure society in order to make it more humane and just.

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[20] The text of Bukharin's last testament can be found in Roy A. Medvedev, *Let History Judge* (1971), pp. 182-84.

[21] Leon Trotsky, *Stalin: An Appraisal of the Man and His Influence* (1967), p. 380.

[22] Edward Hallett Carr, *Socialism in One Country 1924-26* (1958), p. 171.

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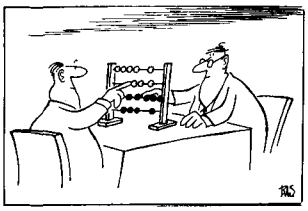
CONTROVERSY

Funding the Arts

By Sheila Lawlor



MORE IDEAS THAN ever before! The theme of the manifesto which the Government successfully sold to Britain at the last election looks set to stay. Ministers have, ever since, been emphasising the line as if their lives depended upon it—as, in a sense, they do. But ideas are dangerous things, and doubly so for a Government like Mrs Thatcher's, which is resolved to reduce state intervention. Either the Government puts its ideas into practice, or it does not. If it does, that leads to more State, and less Thatcherism. If it does not, that leads to less State—but more somebody else-ism.

Richard Luce, Minister for the Arts, seems to have sidestepped this danger. He has a policy but no ideas. His policy is, of course, in line with Mrs Thatcher's sound financial principles: the Government will continue to pay for the arts (and has paid better than Labour did), but public funding, he says, must not serve as a disincentive to self-reliance, which will be encouraged by compelling institutions to attract other funds. When they do so they should be rewarded with public money. Such a course reflects the wider direction of economic and social policy: funds for the arts—no less than funds for families, the employable, the universities and research institutions—must be targeted, and "the poverty trap" avoided.

There is, therefore, a Government policy. But it is a policy which deliberately avoids ideas about the arts, an "arm's-length policy" (to which the Minister righteously subscribes). For, beyond promoting healthy self-reliance, the Government seems resolved not to intervene in the matter of precisely how, or on what, money for the arts should be spent.

Intellectual abstinence by governments lends itself to overindulgence by those they patronise—and the vacuum of ideas has been filled by the Arts Establishment—with the wholehearted support of the Government. What started out as a Thatcherite economic policy has thereby opened the way for a pattern of public spending in the arts which is at variance with wider Conservative aims, and antipathetical to specifically Thatcherite ones.

"Regionalisation" is the most explicit and far-reaching of the Arts Establishment's ideas. With the help of *The Glory of the Garden*,[1] the Arts Council of Great Britain's strategy-document of 1984, regionalisation has achieved the status of a national policy, endorsed by the Conservative Arts Minister.

"In identifying new developments in the regions for . . . support", the Arts Council will focus on "the dozen or so areas within England where the population is most densely concentrated". The "quality and . . . quantity of art provision" in the regions is to be brought "nearer" to that of London; to this end, eleven regions based on eleven cities (in addition to two other regions) would serve as the focus for "new development".

REGIONALISATION, for the Arts Council, involves a policy with a bizarre and impossible object. For not only is there no reason to suppose that eleven provincial cities and the surrounding countryside *should* resemble London, but there is, quite literally, no prospect of their being able to do so. London is and has been the capital city, the centre of court and Church, literature and politics, government, diplomacy, commerce, fashion, money. Successful "regional" policy in other European countries today does not reflect artificial division by *diktat* or a self-conscious attempt to redress imbalance. Italy, for instance, manifests the way in which the unification of the 19th century failed to eradicate the traditions of individual states and their rivalry (which subsequent boundary changes remain unlikely to affect) in patronising and recognising artistic excellence.

If history is to be turned on its head in Britain (and it is not clear that it either can be or ought to be), the strategy for regionalisation outlined by the Arts Council will certainly not succeed. At its centre lies the aim of promoting "new developments" in the regions; of devolving to the Regional Arts Associations; of redressing the "historical imbalances . . . which favour some art forms at the expense of others". This strategy represents the arts version of positive discrimination—"equal opportunities" for the regions—but it will do little to redress an ancient imbalance. It will, rather, create a new one. For, instead of expressly seeing how best to introduce those in the provinces to what has been the excellence of the capital, the object is to pay for and encourage alternative culture.

Some funds, it is true, are to be earmarked for bringing the best of London to the provinces—exhibitions, opera, ballet, concerts. But for some time the Arts Council's express policy has been "to develop the arts in the regions". This has involved not merely "large subsidies for the major repertory theatre companies . . . and for regional symphony orchestras . . . support for Northern Ballet Theatre and the establishment of Opera North", but "encouragement . . . to the growth of the Regional Arts Associations". The Arts Council now intends to go further. There should be "increased and improved provision in the regions"; greater emphasis on re-

[1] *The Glory of the Garden: The Development of the Arts in England, A Strategy for a Decade.* (Arts Council of Great Britain, 1984).

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sources in drama, the orchestral needs of the eastern part of the country, "improving dance provision in the regions", and on "greater co-operation between the Council and the municipal arts galleries".

It seems ironic that, in an age of fast, cheap (and subsidised) communication between London and the other parts of the country, the provinces are to be encouraged to be provincial and self-sufficient—cut off from the life of a nation linked to the common past of a great European civilisation. What Italian does not look to Rome, Florence, and Milan? Whatever the differences in language and tradition in areas as distinctive as Sicily and Liguria, Basilicata and Apulia, identification with these great cities serves to reinforce a sense of national pride.

ALTHOUGH NATIONAL PRIDE and national unity are ill-served by paying the provinces to look inwards, there is a more worrying aspect of regionalisation: the danger of allocating funds on the basis of how far a project reflects something indigenous to a locality. This process rewards, and lends itself to encouraging, ghetto arts—which is one of the indirect objects of the Arts Council, to be secured through the network of twelve Regional Arts Associations. These bodies are seen by the Council as an "essential bulwark" to its work—they are "close to local authorities", with whom they can "work in tandem more effectively" than the Arts Council.

By 1984-85, nearly 80% of the Regional Arts Associations' funds came from the Arts Council. They could spend more directly than the Council on such areas as arts centres, community arts, literature and philosophy; and their broad remit included the crafts and film. According to the Council, the Associations

> ". . . rightly place great emphasis upon experiencing art in the context of a local community; they do extensive work in supporting the various forms of artistic expression practised by the Black and Asian communities . . . all their activities . . . are imbued with a broader and deeper knowledge of particular local circumstances and needs than the Arts Council could ever hope to develop from the centre."

But it is dubious whether the schemes to which the Regional Associations attach high priority should be subsidised from *any* arts budget. Schemes "to develop photography, Black and Asian arts, education, community arts and arts centres and dance" have little to do with excellence, and less with national culture. And yet the Arts Council, which already allocates to the Regional Arts Associations 23.7% (over £28m) of its budget, intends to enhance their role.[2]

AT THE HEART OF this enthusiasm for regionalisation lies the Arts Establishment's lack of belief in excellence. It tends to see art, not as a national glory, but as a type of social service which should benefit the greatest number. Such ideas are far removed from much which lies behind Conservative thinking today. Conservatives—and especially those who admire Mrs Thatcher—have tended to suspect general schemes for social improvement; they place more value on isolated excellence than on mass mediocrity, and are heartened by a new-found sense of national pride.

Yet the Arts Establishment has succeeded in adapting the rhetoric underlying the Government's strategy—"self-help", "efficiency", "value for money", "competition", and "the market place"—to support its own unconservative aims of sacrificing excellence to dubious ideas of centrally or locally planned social improvement. As a result, the Arts will have, where they do not already, an attendant bureaucracy: an "Arts Service"—exactly the sort of thing that, in other areas of national life, Mrs Thatcher has set about reducing.

In order to see how this has happened, let me examine more closely the terms in which the Arts Minister has put forward his policy of self-help for the arts.

The Government, Mr Luce has said, intends "to keep up the real value of public support for the arts while encouraging arts bodies to expand other sources of income at a faster rate, so that the total resources available to the arts will grow". The object is "to develop and encourage self-reliance as a source of long-term strength for the arts"; plans for the future should "base themselves on the principle of plural funding—looking to sources other than the taxpayer".[3]

To this end, says the Minister, the arts should welcome (and work) the schemes for incentive funding, and "rise to the challenge of the enterprise culture". The three-year Government funding scheme or "settlement" announced in November 1987 means that funding figures for the period to March 1991 will not be reviewed, the amounts for 1991-92 and 1992-93 having been awarded in 1988 and 1989 respectively. Arts bodies, so the idea goes, will be able to plan their future in the knowledge of what they can expect from public sources. They should then be in a better position to plan their own "fund-raising and income generation . . . and to match their plans and priorities to a realistic view of the total".[4]

Mr Luce has made it clear that the arguments employed for "self-reliance" fit into the wider economic themes which have characterised Conservative policy since 1979. Those in the arts world, so the theory goes, must abandon the "welfare state mentality—the attitude that the taxpayer owes them a living". The arts "cannot be seen in isolation from [the] dramatic change in the political and economic climate"—a change aimed at ensuring "that public expenditure takes a steady smaller share of our national income". The Gov-

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[2] For the Regional Arts Associations see *The Glory of the Garden*, V:66-71, pp.20-21. See also the Arts Council of Great Britain's *Three Year Plan 1988/89-1990/91* (October 1988), p. 5.

[3] Richard Luce, speech to the Conference of the Regional Arts Associations, Cambridge, 20 July 1988. Mr Luce reiterated that "The strength of the arts lies in achieving the highest possible level of self reliance."

[4] Text of Parliamentary written answer, 5 November 1987. The amounts for 1991-92 were announced on 3 November 1988—accompanied by a declaration that the three-year funding strategy had been a success with arts organisations: ". . . they are planning ahead on firm three-year figures and are actively seeking to increase their other sources of income". See also the text of Parliamentary answer to Chris Butler, MP, 3 November 1988.

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ernment's objective is "to reduce the role of the State and expand the scope for private initiative, choice and enterprise".[5]

More specifically, the arts world has been reminded of the virtues of accountability and of efficient management—virtues which are linked to that of accessibility and to the possible implications of greater efficiency and accountability.

Mr Luce has urged that arts bodies need "to improve their management if they are to rise to the challenge of incentive funding". Marketing techniques should be perfected, and proper procedures of accountability should accompany devolution to the regions. Meanwhile, it should not be forgotten that the majority of the British public tends to be "highly sceptical about the use of taxpayers' money for the arts"; they believe that "if it is any good, people will be prepared to pay for it". With better management, more efficient marketing, and consciousness of accountability goes the prospect of "increasing the number of people" who will enjoy the arts.[6]

WHAT MR LUCE REFERS TO as "the arts world" seems, at first sight, to have taken to heart his strictures. The Arts Council's recent *Three-Year Plan* (published in October 1988) opens with the proposition that only through greater wealth will the arts be able to achieve their goal: "to bring the best to the most." But while public subsidy will remain essential, it will not bring prosperity. There must, in accordance with Mr Luce's desires, be new emphasis on business planning and marketing. The Council's role has to change from simply allocating funds, to being more of an "advocate . . . adviser and . . . policy maker".

This new Three-Year Plan sets out the Council's four overriding general objectives: to enable as many people as possible to enjoy the arts; to demand the highest creative standards; to expand the arts economy; to speak for the arts. During the lifetime of the Plan, the Council will "spend much of its energies on the provision of advice and information; the exchange of ideas and examples of good management practice amongst arts organisations; the training of art managers; and the mobilisation of increased support for the arts. . . ."

This is the most recent detailed expression of the Arts Council's aims and purposes, but its language is not unique. Throughout the length and breadth of the arts world, increased accessibility and improved marketing and management have become the favoured aims of the future. On the one hand, therefore, the Arts Establishment has used the Government's language of the market place to support its wish to measure the arts, not by individual excellence, standards and tradition, but by mass consumption. On the other hand, plurality of funding has led the arts bureaucrats to seek an enhanced role for themselves as advocates, advisers, and policy makers—analogous to, and reminiscent of, that sought by the bureaucracy in "the education service" and "the health service".

If successful in their aim, they are likely to prove not a source of strength to the arts, but a danger to them. The examples of health and education have shown how a "service" can thwart the wishes of the public, and separate them from the professionals, whose standards it undermines. What the public—and the Government—has to fear from an arts service becomes even clearer in the light of certain ideas which have already found their place in the world of arts.

A SERIES OF new arts orthodoxies complements that of regionalisation. They have parallels in many of the establishments which grew along with the welfare state—a mentality which Mr Luce is attempting to eliminate from the arts world. Yet there is every indication that they will flourish, encouraged by the Minister himself. For they too derive status from the idea of increasing accessibility to the arts. The more money that is found, the more secure will their position be, enhanced not only by rhetoric but by the development of a "service". These orthodoxies include:

Contextualisation. Exhibitions (whether of 12th-century artefacts, of Vikings, or of "Chivalry") are invariably placed "in context". Not only is each object very often accompanied by an extended description, but the civilisation as a whole tends to be set "in context". The context selected often illustrates the quaintness, peculiarity, or sheer badness of these earlier times, and how much they have changed for the better in terms of the ordinary people, liberty, intellectual scepticism, and religious tolerance and practice.

As an introduction to history, such contextualisation is anachronistic and misleading; and displays a standard of cliché one would hope not to meet even in a first-year undergraduate essay. The object of those who write the pieces (they are not necessarily historians) is to make the exhibition *relevant* to the masses. Visitors would be better off (and certainly not misled) were they given brief descriptions of objects and of the period in terms of date and principal characteristics and events.

Why, for example, at the "Chivalry" exhibition in London's Royal Academy—where most of the descriptions were particularly scholarly—did they choose to impress on us the view that "women were clearly subordinate"; that "mediaeval Catholicism was responsible for the fundamental polarisation of attitudes to women"; that "the clergy . . . were susceptible to what we would now regard as pure superstition"?[7] Granted that descriptions must necessarily be short and uncomplicated; but, rather than mislead, it would be better to restrict them to the accepted technical characteristics and dates, as is done in most galleries outside of exhibition time. A woolly and uncritical mix of Whig and Marxist lore should not be given to the public as if it were the truth.

Conservation. Sir Roy Strong, the art historian who has recently retired as Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has argued against what he calls "museum imperialism"—the urge to collect. He favours putting a stop to the expansion of museums which has been particularly strong since World War

[5] Richard Luce, speech to the Conference of Regional Arts Associations, Newcastle upon Tyne, 8 July 1987.

[6] Richard Luce, speeches at Cambridge (20 July 1988) and Newcastle upon Tyne (8 July 1987).

[7] See *The Age of Chivalry: Art in Plantagenet England 1200-1400* (ed. Alexander and Binski, 1987), pp.26-27, 41, 246.

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II. In place of the State as collector, he would encourage private collections, applying also to museums the principle of "rolling back the frontiers of the State".

Such statements may seem admirably conservative in spirit. But one of the implications of his view is more conservation.[8] The need to spend money on conservation has become an orthodoxy for all in the arts world, and is shared by the Minister for the Arts. Conservation, it is thought, will help accessibility now and in the future. But "conservation" nowadays has a new, extended meaning. No longer does it simply mean arresting decay in order to preserve; it can also mean making palatable. It seeks not only to repair the physical damage which time has caused, but also to close the gap beween the world of the object and the world of today's mass audience to whom the artefact must seem relevant. For example, documents from the past can be "conserved" by an elaborate laminating process, and then inserted leaf by leaf into elaborately bound volumes with gold lettering.

PICTURE RESTORERS too have extended the idea of "conservation". Restoration is now not only a matter of physically saving the canvas where cracked or torn, and possibly cleaning off the surface grime, but has come to include the kind of thorough cleaning, retouching, brightening-up which will make paintings palatable to today's market. This also allows for the build-up of a "service".

Sarah Walden has considered the fate of paintings, put in the hands of the restorer, when they reach a gallery:

> "The lucky ones escape with a mere 'surface cleaning'. But most are likely to fall victim to more radical attentions. The unconscious philosophy behind these operations will be simple: the painting must be made as attractive as possible to the twentieth-century mass audience. The gallery employs permanent staff to do this. They are financed by the state, so time and expense are no object. Like school or street cleaners, they clean because they are there to clean, even though the work was done the previous day. The didactic popularism of some state-owned galleries will influence the way the painting is handled in a number of ways. But the overall result will be to bring out its highlights, to clarify, to sharpen—in short to make it more 'acceptable' and more 'photogenic'. The underlying aim will be to attract and startle the public, and to teach it that even old art can be fun."[9]

So also in architecture—one example being the fashion for cleaning old buildings so as to make them instantly new and recognisable caricatures of themselves.

"Conservation", then, has come to be, or to involve, not conservation alone but restoration and the making of an object appetising to mass tastes.

Engagement and participation. The arts, it is now held, are to be "fully understood" by as many people as wish to enjoy them. This will not merely involve a seat at a concert, a visit to a museum, taking the children to the ballet, or a night at the opera. The nature of "the arts" is to be extended, to allow for "active participation".

The Arts Council's work includes "areas such as the production of documentary films, the support of artistic film and video, community arts, education, photography, support for literature and training in the arts". According to the Council, the Regional Arts Associations have rightly placed emphasis upon "experiencing art in the context of the local community . . . they have been in the forefront of schemes which exploit the skill of professional artists in encouraging people to engage in the arts".

Education. The Arts Council is keen to emphasise the importance of educational work "in broadening knowledge and understanding of the arts". Education has a "vital part to play in ensuring that the arts are enjoyed and fully understood by a wider public".

"Arts education" may mean anything—from paying education officers to persuade people that they must attend arts events to specific proposals that children should learn creative arts at school. Richard Luce, sensing that the arts constituency might have fears about the newly-decreed National Curriculum's possible emphasis on traditional subjects, has promised that the curriculum team for English will "not only [consider] drama in the context of the great dramatic works of literature, but also as a medium for the development of a range of oral skills, which are relevant to all subjects". Media studies would be considered; and the National Curriculum will "not mean that other creative arts subjects are squeezed out".

IN VIEW OF their concern about bringing art to the masses, it is at first surprising to find prominent members of the Arts Establishment describing the arts as a minority interest. Lord Goodman told the Arts Council Conference in 1987 that the arts would remain a minority interest until education and promotion made them more attractive to a wider number of people. The same conference was told by Augustin Girard that "there is a well-known enmity between the arts and democracy since minority tastes have to be financed by a majority of non-practitioners".

Why are the arts a minority interest? Because appreciation of art requires education, a cultivated mind, or leisure, or special abilities? Not according to Sir Peter Hall, former Director of the National Theatre. The people and politicians dislike art and artists, he believes, because art challenges and changes views of the world.[10]

Perhaps Sir Peter's statement gives the clue as to why those of the Arts Establishment who wish to "popularise" art so often promote forms of art (pseudo-arts?) which are markedly unpopular. Although the Establishment will use the language of the market place when it suits its purposes, it

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[8] Sir Roy writes (*The Listener*, 24 July 1988) of the view held today that museums have a fourfold function: "to collect, conserve, exhibit and elucidate".

[9] Sarah Walden. *The Ravished Image* (1985), p.13.

[10] See *The Arts: Politics, Power and the Purse,* the report of an international conference on the structure of arts funding held by the Arts Council of Great Britain (March 1987); pp.6-12, pp.49-52.

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does not wish to bring people what *they* want, but what "the experts" think they should have.

A Conservative Government should be willing to advocate a policy for the arts which reflects the underlying aims of conservatism. It would see excellence in the arts as a matter of national pride. It would not pretend that the aim of public funding was to spread indiscriminate art as widely as possible, irrespective of popular demand. Rather, it would seek to reinforce the position of the national institutions—the Royal Opera House, the Royal Ballet, the National Theatre, the Royal Shakespeare Company, the great art galleries, and other institutions of international standing throughout the country. All of these not only uphold national culture, but continue to attract crowds. (How hard it is to find a seat at Covent Garden, or an empty room in the National Gallery!) Such national institutions should be funded direct, and the French experience shows that there would be no consequent loss of liberty.[11]

Beyond this, the Government should be willing to do what it already declares it does: trust in the people. Local activities should be left to local government, and decided by the people—who will hold the local authority to account once they start paying their community charge. If it is a matter of policy, the Government can top up the arts budget at local level. (The precedent already exists, with support from the rates for local leisure services.)

In this way, the Arts Establishment—which now threatens to grow into an "arts service"—would be all but eliminated. And the differences between "people" and "experts" would become as apparent on matters of the arts as they have at last become on architecture. It has taken the Prince of Wales to express the views so long held by so many, and so insistently denied by the professionals who claim to know best.

[11] In France the national institutions are funded directly by government. Brigitte Manger told the Arts Council international conference that she thought that artists in France preferred to work with the government rather than with boards. Government support was a guarantee of liberty.

AUTHORS

Joseph Kelleher is a post-graduate student at the University of Oxford. He is also a playwright and poet.

Jonathan Clark is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. His books include *English Society 1688-1832* (1985) and *Revolution and Rebellion* (Cambridge University Press, 1986).

William Oxley is Assistant Editor of the British magazine *Acumen*. His poems have been widely published in magazines and journals as diverse as the *New York Times, The Critical Quarterly, Interim* and *The Scotsman*. His most recent prose works are *The Cauldron of Inspiration* and *The Inner Tapestry*, both published by the University of Salzburg.

George Watson is a Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge. His previous articles for Encounter include "The Conservative Contradiction" (November 1987), "The War Against the Whigs" (January 1985), and "Was Hitler a Marxist?" (December 1984).

Jean-François Revel, the French philosopher and critic, writes a regular column for *Le Point* in Paris. His most recently translated work, *How Democracies Perish*, was published in 1985 by Weidenfeld (London) and Doubleday (New York).

Roy Kerridge is the author of *Druid Madonna* (1983); his non-fiction work about West Indians in England, *Real Wicked Guy*, was followed by *Bizarre Britain: A Calendar of Eccentricity* (1983, 1985), a volume of autobiography, *Lone Conformist* (1984), and *The People of Britain* (Robert Hale, 1987). His latest book, *In the Deep South*, will be published by Michael Joseph next year.

Eric Sams writes on music—his books include *The Songs of Hugo Wolf* and *The Songs of Robert Schumann* (2nd rev. eds., Eulenburg, 1983, 1975)—and on historical cipher and shorthand, as well as on Shakespeare. *Shakespeare's Lost Play: Edmund Ironside* was published in 1986 by Junction Books and Wildwood House; *Edward III* is in preparation.

Dinah M. Mendes took a BA in English literature at Columbia University and a Ph.D. in clinical psychology at the Ferkauf Graduate School of Yeshiva University. She is now in private practice in New York City.

Isabel Butterfield is a regular book reviewer for *The Times*. She has contributed to *Architectural Forum* in New York and to *History Today*, and has edited a book of family letters *The Making of a Neurologist* (1981). In 1976 she won two awards for her play about D. H. Lawrence, *The Young Fox*.

Bohdan Nahaylo is a British-born writer on Soviet affairs whose articles appear regularly in the British and American press. After post-graduate study at the London School of Economics, he was Amnesty International's Researcher on the Soviet Union from 1978 to 1982. Since 1984 he has worked for Radio Liberty in Munich where he is currently a senior research analyst. He is the author of a number of scholarly articles and reports.

Sheila Lawlor is Deputy Director of Studies at the Centre for Policy Studies. She has held Fellowships at Sidney Sussex College and Churchill College, Cambridge and has served on the Education Desk at the Conservative Research Department. She is the author of *Britain & Ireland 1914-1923* (1983).

Daniel Leab, editor of the US journal *Labor History* and of *The Labor History Reader* (University of Illinois Press, 1985), is co-author—with his wife—of *The Auction Companion* (Harper & Row and Macmillan, 1981) and (for second-hand books) of *American Book Prices Current*; he is known throughout the saleroom world. His books include *A Union of Individuals: The Formation of the American Newspaper Guild 1933-36* (Columbia University Press, 1970) and *From Sambo to Superspade: The Black Motion Picture Experience* (Houghton Mifflin and Secker & Warburg, 1975). His essays on film and history have appeared in many magazines, including *Political Science Quarterly* and the *Journal of Contemporary History*.

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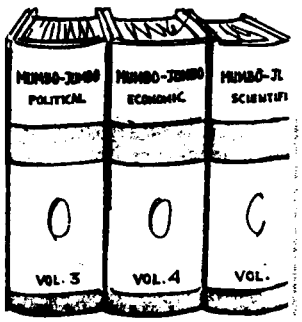
DOCUMENT

Brezhnev's Words

By Fyodor Burlatsky



How did it come about that in such a difficult period in the history of our Motherland, and indeed in world history, the man at the helm of our country's government was the weakest of all the leaders who had held that position in Soviet times, and perhaps even in pre-Revolutionary times? This man set up with almost childlike simplicity the accessories of his own cult: four times Hero of the Soviet Union, Hero of Socialist Labour, Marshal of the Soviet Union, International Lenin Prize, a bronze bust in his birthplace, the Lenin Prize for Literature, the Karl Marx gold medal—all that was lacking was the title of Generalissimo.

It was Klyuchevsky, I think, who observed: each new Russian Czar began his career by repudiating his predecessor. There is a saying in the West: speak no ill of the dead. With us, it is the other way round. Of all the leaders of the Soviet period, the only exception was Lenin. And how far was he an exception, given that Stalin repudiated Lenin's testament in all his activities, while preserving the hypocritical ritual of reverence toward Lenin personally? As for criticism of Stalin himself, only now is it developing into serious analysis of the political and ideological régime he established.

Power was thrust upon Brezhnev as a gift of fate. Stalin, in order to turn the post of Party Central Committee General Secretary, at that time a modest post, into the office of "Master" of our country, "had to" eliminate virtually every member of Lenin's Politburo (except, naturally, himself), as well as a huge proportion of the Party *aktiv*. After Stalin's death Khrushchev came second, and not first, as many people think, because Malenkov was regarded as first at the time. Khrushchev won the struggle against mighty and influential rivals, including people like Molotov who had formed the basis of the state practically since Lenin's time.

Nothing of the kind happened with Brezhnev. He obtained power smoothly. This crown fitted him so well that he wore it for eighteen years without fear, cataclysm, or conflicts of any kind. And the people closest to him longed for only one thing: for this man to live forever.

Brezhnev was the exact opposite of Khrushchev with his boldness, willingness to take risks, even to be adventurous, with his hunger for novelty and change. As an authoritarian personality not inclined to share power and influence with other people, Khrushchev surrounded himself mainly with the kind of leaders who hung on his every word, said yes to everything, and willingly fulfilled his every instruction. He did not need comrades-in-arms, still less chiefs (*vozhdi*). He had had enough of them after Stalin's death, when Malenkov, Molotov, and Kaganovich tried to expel him from the political Olympus. People like Brezhnev, Podgorny, Kirichenko, and Shelest were obedient performers of his will—"underlings", as Khrushchev, not without sarcastic humour, used to call representatives of the press. True, when the sacred question "Who is boss?" arose, it was these "underlings" who quickly went over to the other side. . . . In politics there is no such thing as love—the interests of power prevail.

However, in one respect Brezhnev's accession to the leadership recalls the Stalin and Khrushchev models. No one took him seriously as a contender for the role of leader, and he himself did everything possible to emphasise his total lack of any such ambition. I remember how, when his speeches were being prepared (when he was Chairman of the USSR Supreme Soviet Praesidium) on the occasion of a foreign trip, the client's main desire was conveyed to the speech-writers: "More modest, more modest. I am not a leader, not a *vozhd*. . . ."

Probably not everyone knows that Khrushchev's overthrow was not planned by Brezhnev. Many people think M. A. Suslov did it: in fact it was the work of a group headed by A. N. Shelepin. They used to meet in the most unlikely places, usually at a stadium during a soccer match. And there they plotted. A special role was assigned to Semichastny, leader of the *KGB* (he was recommended to that post by Shelepin). His task was to replace Khrushchev's bodyguard. And indeed, when Khrushchev was summoned to the CPSU Central Committee Praesidium session from Pitsunda, where he was on vacation with Mikoyan at the time, on boarding the plane he saw a new bodyguard, not his own. Khrushchev apparently realised at once what was afoot, and unsuccessfully tried to persuade the pilot to land the plane in Kiev.

It is not clear to this day when Shelepin entered into this risky compact with Suslov and Brezhnev. All that is known is that he did it in that order: first with the former, then with the latter. The immediate pretext for the Central Committee Praesidium session was a speech by Khrushchev's son-in-law, Adzhubey, in West Berlin where he said flippantly that it would cost us nothing to accept the unification of the two Germanies. The *GDR* leaders immediately expressed their

Fyodor Burlatsky *was a speech-writer for Khrushchev and is a close associate of Mikhail Gorbachov. The essay from which these extracts are taken was published in "Literaturnaya Gazeta". His previous study of Khrushchev and the reasons for his failure appeared in the May number of* Encounter.

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indignation to their Soviet colleagues, and that was the spark that started the conflagration.

The change of leadership was a rare event in our political history. Usually this method proved effective only when the former ruler was killed. The "peaceful plot" against Khrushchev was successful for two reasons. First, he himself, in the last years of his rule, had cut off one by one all the branches of the tree on which his power was based. The other reason was Shelepin.

It seems that Khrushchev had more trust in this man than in anyone else and advanced him more rapidly than anyone else on the Party and State ladder. In a short space of time Shelepin rose from being an ordinary Central Committee member to being member of the Praesidium, Chairman of the Party and State Control Committee, Central Committee Secretary. . . .

However, Shelepin had a poor knowledge of our history, although he was a graduate of the Institute of Philosophy, Literature and History. He was convinced that Brezhnev was an interim, temporary figure and it would cost him nothing, after felling a giant like Khrushchev, to deal with a man who was only Khrushchev's feeble shadow.

Brezhnev did indeed owe his entire career to Khrushchev. In May 1937 (!) Brezhnev became Deputy Chairman of Dneprodzerzhinsk *Gorispolkom*, and a year later he was on the Party *Obkom* in Dnepropetrovsk. It is hard to say whether Khrushchev assisted Brezhnev in these first steps, but his entire subsequent career had the most active support. The stronger Khrushchev grew, the higher Brezhnev rose. By the October 1964 Plenum he was Second Secretary of the Central Committee. Thus Khrushchev built his successor's pedestal with his own hands.

But Brezhnev did not deal harshly with his former patron. Khrushchev set a precedent at the CPSU Central Committee June 1957 Plenum. It is said that after the ignominious defeat of the Stalinist "guard", Kaganovich, who had been Khrushchev's patron for many years, called him and asked: "Nikita, what will happen to us?" Khrushchev answered his question with another: "What would you have done if you had won the day? Left me to rot in prison, shot me?" To this Kaganovich could only mutter something indistinct. Then Khrushchev said: "But I will say to you simply: go, all of you . . . you know where. . . ."

Thus the great transition was made from the period of shooting defeated political rivals to the period of sending them into exile. Brezhnev made use of that precedent. He did not deal harshly with Khrushchev, he simply dispatched him in disfavour—as people used to be dispatched 200 years ago—to live out his life in a *dacha* near Moscow under kindly supervision.

In October 1964 I was at an out-of-town *dacha* as one of a group of staff from the Central Committee's two international departments. On Khrushchev's personal instructions, we were drawing up an important foreign policy document. Central Committee Secretaries inquired several times a day how things were going. Pumping ourselves full of coffee and other "medicines", we were painfully giving birth to the latest "paper". Suddenly the telephone fell silent. Nobody called any more. A day passed. Another began—still not a sound. Then an old friend of mine said to me: "Why don't you go off to Moscow and find out what's happening there? This silence is suspicious."

I arrived at Central Committee headquarters. The corridors were as empty as if someone had swept them out with a broom. I looked into the offices—two or three people were sitting in each, whispering. Then I met someone who was, as I remember it, Chief of the Czechoslovakia section. A fussy sort of man, a former Komsomol worker. He said to me: "Sitting and writing! You writers! When people are out there seizing power!" Finally I found out what was happening. The Central Committee Praesidium session was in its second day. . . . All the members of the leadership were speaking. Criticising Khrushchev. True, there was a rumour that some people wanted to let him stay on as Chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers. But whether that option was dropped, or whether the rumour was untrue, at the 1964 Plenum it was decided to adopt a statement on his resignation "at his own request". . . .

Soon after that Plenum I had my first and basically my only detailed conversation with Brezhnev. In the spring of 1965 a large group of consultants, from our department and others, was instructed to draft the Central Committee First Secretary's report for the 20th anniversary of victory in the Great Patriotic War. We were in a room on the fifth floor, not far from Brezhnev's office. I was instructed to lead the group, which was why Brezhnev's aide conveyed to me his request for analysis and evaluation of a parallel text that Shelepin had sent him. Later Brezhnev himself came out, shook everyone by the hand, and asked me: "Well, what kind of dissertation has he submitted?"

The "dissertation" was nothing less than a request for a total revision of the entire Party policy of the Khrushchev period in a spirit of open neo-Stalinism. We counted seventeen points involving an abrupt change in political direction, back to the old times: restoration of Stalin's "good name" after the decisions of the 20th and 22nd Congresses; repudiation of the approved Party programme and certain guarantees it contained against recurrences of the personality cult, in particular cadre rotation; abolition of the regional economic councils and a return to the departmental principle of leadership, insistence on tough labour discipline at the expense of democracy; a return to the policy of World Revolution, and abandonment of the principle of peaceful coexistence (and also of the formula of peaceful transition to socialism in capitalist countries); restoration of friendship with Mao Zedong at the cost of giving way totally to him with regard to criticism of the personality cult and the common strategy of the Communist Movement; revival of the old descriptions of the League of Communist Youth as a "hotbed of revisionism and reformism" . . . and much more in the same vein.

I started expounding our views to Brezhnev point by point, and the more I explained, the more his face changed. It grew tense and long, and then we realised, to our horror, that

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Leonid Ilyich had hardly grasped a single word. I halted my torrent of eloquence, and he said with disarming sincerity:

> "I find it hard to grasp all this. In general, to be frank, it is not my speciality. My strong point is organisation and psychology."

And he made a kind of vague movement with his hand, the fingers spread wide.

The most dramatic problem—and this very soon became clear—was that Brezhnev was entirely unprepared for the role that unexpectedly fell to his lot. He became First Secretary of the Party Central Committee as a result of a complex, multi-faceted, and even bizarre symbiosis of forces. It involved a little of everything: dissatisfaction with Khrushchev's scornful attitude to his colleagues; fear arising from the unrestrained extremes of his policy and the adventurist actions that played a part in the escalation of the Caribbean crisis; illusions about the "personality" basis of the conflict with China; and, in particular, the annoyance felt by the conservative section of the government apparatus with the constant instability, jolts, changes, and reforms that were impossible to foresee. Not the least important part was that played by the struggle between different generations of leaders: the 1937 generation, to which Brezhnev, Suslov, and Kosygin belonged, and the post-War generation, including Shelepin, Voronov, Polyansky, and Andropov. Brezhnev was in the centre, at the intersection of all these roads. So in the initial stage he suited nearly everyone. Or at any rate no one protested. His very incompetence was a blessing: it offered the apparatus workers plenty of opportunities.

What happened was something we often observe in primary Party organisations, when they elect to the post of Party Committee Secretary not the most active, bold, and competent person, but the safest, who will not let anyone down personally and will not do any harm unless it is absolutely necessary. But if anyone had said then that Brezhnev would remain in power for eighteen years, people would have laughed in his face. It looked highly improbable.

A FIERCE STRUGGLE broke out over the choice of the country's path of development. Shelepin unequivocally proposed a return to Stalinist methods. Another path was proposed to the leadership by Andropov, who submitted a detailed programme based more consistently than in Khrushchev's time on the decisions of the anti-Stalinist 20th Congress.

Andropov expounded this programme to Brezhnev and Kosygin during a joint trip to Poland in 1965. Some elements of it found support, but as a whole it did not meet with sympathy from either, though for different reasons. Kosygin supported economic transformations, but insisted on the restoration of relations with China at the cost of conceding to it and renouncing the "extremes" of the 20th CPSU Congress.

As for Brezhnev, he was in no hurry to define his position, because he was keeping an eye on the correlation of forces inside the CPSU Central Committee Praesidium and in the Party Central Committee.

Andropov's bold step probably played not the least important part in his move from the post of Central Committee Secretary to the office of Chairman of the USSR *KGB*. Here various forces came together. First there was Suslov, who had disliked Andropov for a long time, suspecting that he was after his own job. Then there was Kosygin, who nurtured illusions of the possibility of rapid restoration of relations with China and therefore wanted to remove a participant in the Soviet-Chinese conflict from the leadership of the department. Thirdly, there was Brezhnev's desire to appoint a loyal man to the *KGB* and thereby safeguard himself against the same "trick" that Semichastny played on Khrushchev. Ultimately Brezhnev showed himself to be a great master of compromise: he accommodated the wishes of Suslov and Kosygin, but at the same time recommended the election of Andropov as candidate member of the CPSU Central Committee Politburo, and later member of the Politburo.

Thus Brezhnev's main feature as a political leader was immediately revealed. Being an extremely cautious man who had not taken a single rash step during his rise to power, being what is known as a "weathercock leader", Brezhnev adopted a centrist position from the outset. He did not accept one extreme or the other—neither the programme of reform in the spirit of the 20th Congress, nor neo-Stalinism. Here he was following a tradition that became established after Lenin (probably not everyone knows that Stalin also came to power as a centrist).

Brezhnev by his very nature, his type of education, and his career, was a typical *oblast*-level *apparatchik*. Not a bad executor of orders, but no leader, no leader. . . . And he therefore took a good deal from Stalin, but a little from Khrushchev too.

IN DRAFTING the report for the 20th anniversary of victory, the historical choice was defined that was to determine the character of the Brezhnevian era. Shelepin's "dissertation" was rejected, and by joint efforts a version of the report was drawn up that developed, albeit not very consistently, the principles, ideas, and tenets of the Khrushchev period. Brezhnev invited us into his office, sat the representatives of the different departments on either side of a long table, and asked us to read the text aloud.

Here we learned for the first time another important detail of the Brezhnev style: he greatly disliked reading, and absolutely could not bear writing. He usually took in all the information, as well as his speeches and reports, by ear, unlike Khrushchev, who often dictated some fundamental ideas beforehand, prior to the drafting of particular speeches. Brezhnev never did that.

The reading of the draft report went relatively well. But the main battle was still to come. When it was distributed, as was usual, to the Praesidium members and CPSU Central Committee Secretaries, I was instructed to summarise the proposals submitted and draw up a short check-list. The vast majority of members of the leadership advocated strengthening the positive characterisation of Stalin, some even submitted lengthy interpolations with their text, saying that Stalin had

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secured the routing of the opposition, the victory of socialism, and the implementation of Lenin's plan for the industrialisation and collectivisation and the Cultural Revolution, which created the pre-conditions for victory in the Great Patriotic War and the formation of the Socialist camp.

Supporters of this view insisted that the term "personality cult", and still more "period of the personality cult", be excluded from the text of the report. This was particularly insisted on by Suslov, Mzhavanadze, and certain younger leaders, including Shelepin. Others, like Mikoyan and Ponomarev, proposed the inclusion of formulas borrowed directly from the famous resolution "On Overcoming the Personality Cult and Its Consequences" of 30 June 1956.

Andropov proposed entirely sidestepping the question of Stalin in the report—simply not mentioning his name, in view of the diversity of opinions and the existing correlation of forces among the leadership. Yuri Vladimirovich believed there was no problem more likely to split the leadership, the government apparatus, and indeed the entire Party and people at that time than the Stalin problem. Brezhnev eventually decided on a version close to that proposed by Andropov. In the report of the 20th anniversary of victory, Stalin's name was mentioned only once.

Soon Shelepin's supporters began to proclaim loudly their leader's ambitions and plans. Shelepin, who was smarter than his minions, deliberately delivered a speech in which he pointedly emphasised Brezhnev's role. But it was too late. He was "exposed", and everyone understood his intentions. The long, devious, difficult, hidden struggle had begun between the two leaders, and Brezhnev had the advantage. Only then did I appreciate his phrase: "My strong point is organisation and psychology." In politics, unhurried persistence always prevails over brute force.

In the initial period after coming to power Brezhnev used to begin his working day in an unconventional way—he devoted a minimum of two hours to telephone calls to other members of the top leadership and many authoritative Secretaries of Union Republic Central Committees and *Obkoms*. As a rule he always talked in the same way. Look Ivan Ivanovich, we are studying this matter. I wanted to consult you, hear your opinion. . . . That is how Brezhnev's prestige grew stronger. He created the impression of an equable, calm, tactful leader who would not take a single step without consulting with other comrades and receiving the full approval of his colleagues.

When questions were discussed at sessions of the Central Committee Secretariat or the Praesidium he almost never spoke first. He allowed everyone to have their say, listened attentively, and, if there was no consensus, preferred to postpone the matter, do some more work, agree it with everyone, and submit it for examination again. It was under him that the practice of very complicated agreements flourished so abundantly, requiring dozens of signatures on documents, which brought the decisions adopted to a standstill or entirely distorted their meaning.

Brezhnev acted in exactly the opposite way in deciding cadre questions. When he was interested in someone, he was the first to sign, and he got his own way. He had thoroughly grasped Stalin's formula: cadres decide everything. Gradually, quietly and almost imperceptibly, he managed to replace more than half the *Obkom* Secretaries, a significant proportion of Ministers, and many leaders of central scientific institutions. He had the last word in awarding Lenin and State Prizes. Brezhnev generally preferred to be involved not so much in production as in distribution, in handouts. He understood this work well and was not slow to telephone a person who had been presented with an award, still more the title of Hero of Socialist Labour, to congratulate him and thereby show that the decision was his personally.

As for the Brezhnevian style, this was perhaps precisely what it consisted of. People with that style are not very competent at resolving substantive questions of the economy, culture, or policy. But they do understand very well whom to appoint to what post, whom to reward, when, and how. Leonid Ilyich worked hard to install in leadership posts—in the Party organisations and in the economy, science, and culture —exponents of this style, "little Brezhnevs", who were not hasty, not incisive, not outstanding, and not particularly concerned about the job, but well able to handle assets.

The people of the 20th Congress or those who were simply bold innovators were not shot, as in the 1930s. They were quietly pushed aside, pushed out, hampered, suppressed. More and more "mediocrities" triumphed everywhere—people who were not exactly stupid or entirely incompetent, but who were patently untalented, lacking in fighting qualities and principles. They gradually filled the posts in the Party and State apparatus and the leadership of the economy and even science and culture. Everything grew dull and went into a decline. The underlings grew to resemble the boss. . . .

I really cannot agree with the concept of "two Brezhnevs"—before and after the mid-1970s—the assertion that at the beginning of his time in office he was a supporter of economic and other reforms. People cite a lengthy quotation from Brezhnev's speech at the September 1965 Plenum, which is supposedly particularly characteristic of his position. But even then it was known for sure that Brezhnev was an active opponent of the reform proposed by Kosygin, and that it was first and foremost his fault that it failed.

It was under Brezhnev that appalling verbosity became the tradition—there was hardly room for it all in the nine volumes of "his" Collected Works. Speeches were pronounced—often they were perfectly good, correct speeches—but there was nothing behind them. His speech-writers had an exceptional talent for distorting any useful idea by means of a scarcely perceptible twist. Thus, for instance, the article "On the Building of the Developed Socialist Society" was published in *Pravda* in 1966. It contained, basically, a rejection of the slogan of the "Full-Scale Building of Communism", the recognition that we had as yet created only backward forms of Socialism, and the orientation towards scientific and technical modernisation, the reconstruction of management, and democratic development. What did the people from the

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"ideological beauty parlour" make of this? They put into Brezhnev's mouth the tenet that the developed Socialist society had already been built in our country. The same thing was said in the preamble to the USSR Constitution. And so it was all turned into empty propaganda. This happened under "early" Brezhnev, and still more under "late" Brezhnev.

Politics ceased to be politics. Because politics means practical decisions, not long-winded speeches about decisions. It is not declarations about the food programme, but food in the stores; not the promise of Communism, but *real* progress toward well-being for everyone.

It is true that the word "problem" was a favourite in Brezhnev's early speeches. He spoke of "the problems of the scientific and technical revolution and labour productivity", "the food problem", "the housing problem", and so forth. And all the time he called for decisions to be taken. But for some reason, the decisions were not taken. Or, if they were, they were not fulfilled. The USSR Academy of Sciences Sociological Research Institute carried out a study of the effectiveness of decisions taken by the USSR Council of Ministers. The results were shocking: no more than one in ten decisions was actually carried out.

It is true that Brezhnev liked banquets, hunting, fast driving. It was he who started the fashion for rushing around "the Communist city" at 140 k.p.h. And the faster the bosses drove in their new *Zil* limousines, the more slowly the country crawled along. Instead, there were words, words, words. And how did the people pay? How many billions of public money and how much of the people's enthusiasm went on building the Baykal-Amur railroad, for which the back-up and the economic justification did not exist? What did the "majestic" projects for reversing the Siberian rivers cost? And the uncontrolled military spending? Meanwhile, the people's living standard declined to one of the lowest among the industrially developed states.

One of the princelings of the Brezhnev dynasty recounted a conversation that took place at the Zavidovo *dacha*, where the latest speech was in preparation. Someone told Brezhnev how hard life is for low-paid people. He replied: "You don't know life. Nobody lives on their wages. I remember in my youth, when I was at the Technical School, we earned a bit of money by unloading freight-cars. And what did we do? Three sacks or boxes for them, one for yourself. That's how everyone in the country lives." Brezhnev regarded the black economy, extortion in the service sphere, and the bribery of officials as normal. It became practically the universal norm of life. Remember the words of Saint-Simon, who observed long ago that nations, like individuals, can live in two ways: by stealing or by producing.

Who is to blame? Brezhnev? That is easily said now. Are the minions to blame, for self-interestedly inflating this empty rubber balloon? More than he is. Because they knew what they were doing. But the main culprit that should be brought before the court of history is the Brezhnev régime—which preserved poverty and twisted the minds of vast numbers of people.

Poet as Sisyphus

Face glassy with sweat,
this human dung-beetle
rolls his useless burden
up a slope not far from horizontal.

Yet it takes every ounce of craft
to trundle it right to the top,
where, pausing to wipe his brow,
he sees it start to move
to move back down the slope,
so slowly, but with a force
as inert as its own weight—
inexorable gravity.

He lets it go. He knows too well
it's no use trying to restrain it,
to halt its earthbound flight
down the day's lengthening incline
into evening's lost dreams of rest.
In a way, this is his best moment,
when he sees all his effort,
his whole life's labour of love, of art,
dwindling into nothingness and night.

For it is the only moment of the day
when he is not pushing that intolerable thing.

James Kirkup

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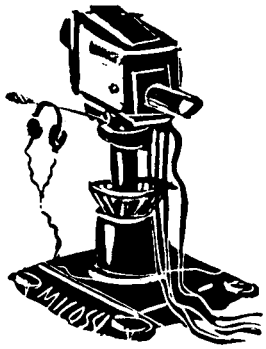
FILM

Images, Mirages, & the Media

History & the Cinema—By DANIEL J. LEAB



"HISTORY IS but a bag of tricks we play on the dead." Voltaire passed an extremely harsh judgment on 18th-century historians and their predecessors. Whether his judgment was valid remains debatable. What is not open to question is that historians using movies and TV for the purposes of researching, writing, and teaching history must pay heed to the aphorism. The mechanics of the media leave no other choice, and it makes no difference whether the historian moves from compilation films to features, from TV shows to docu-dramas.

"Film-making is a group activity", Roger Manvell—one of the doyens of film history—pointed out over twenty years ago. Any film—or its TV counterpart—is produced as a joint undertaking of various talents, no matter who or what the source of the initiative. As Dore Schary, a one-time writer, producer, director, and studio executive, forthrightly declared: the movies are "the most collaborative of the arts". Certainly enforced collaboration was *the* mode of production in the American film industry during Schary's heyday, the era of studio ascendancy which lasted into the 1950s. And the industry's assembly-line techniques dominate contemporary television production and have done so for some time. As long ago as 1964, the media critic Harriet Van Horne disparagingly complained of television shows "falling off . . . the assembly lines . . . as alike as sausages". Even the independent film or TV producer can rarely impose his or her will absolutely.[1]

A very different premise lies at the heart of the *auteur* theory of film history. Although continually challenged, it has held sway for almost a generation, and has also been applied to TV production. The film scholar Gerald Mast has summed up the *auteur* theory quite succinctly: "Just as there is only one poet per pen, one painter per canvas, there can be only one creator of a movie." For *auteur* theorists, creativity lies almost exclusively with the director. It seems to me, however, that this emphasis is misplaced. Creative teams (they include producers, writers, technicians and actors, as well as directors) are responsible for the end product. And certainly not to be overlooked are the self-censorship bodies such as the various bureaux of standards and practices at each TV network, or the Production Code which governed American movie production from the early 1930s to the later 1950s. Given such diverse influences, the final result must be seen as a consensus. It is almost inevitable that a movie or a TV show dealing with historical reality can only approximate to the truth. The final product may not be "a bag of tricks", but it is certainly a truth mutually agreed upon.[2]

Historians interested in the use of film or TV as source material have not had much regard in the profession until quite recently. In the Anglo-American academic world (and elsewhere), professionals generally scorned such materials as trivial; they disdained those who used them as less than savoury popularisers, journalists, and fans. There were admittedly mavericks, such as Charles Beard—and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who in the early 1960s wrote a telling essay on "when the movies really counted" and served for a while as *Vogue*'s film critic. But in the main, cinema and television were discounted and generally ignored by the professional historian, so much so that in 1955 Sir Arthur Elton—a pioneer in the collection of moving images for source material—declared: "Of the scholars, nothing is to be expected, I am afraid." Discussing a well-meaning but inept committee report on the preservation of such sources, Elton in despair maintained that "the framed text hanging on the walls of the heart of each [committee] member was: if you hear the word imagination, reach for your umbrella".[3]

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[1] Roger Manvell, *What Is A Film?* (1965), p. 28. Dore Schary, quoted in Leslie Halliwell, *The Filmgoer's Book of Quotes* (1973), p. 28; Harriet Van Horne, "The Ten Year Decline of Television", *Show* (August 1964), p. 34.

[2] Gerald Mast, *A Short Story of the Movies* (1971), p. 12. Although Mast declares himself in favour of the *auteur* theory here, he also maintains that "the difficulty with movies . . . is their very massiveness and complexity work against their having such an *auteur*". A useful updating of the *auteur* theory is to be found in J. Dudley Andrew, *Concepts in Film Theory* (1984), pp. 119-25. Christopher Wicking and Tuse Vahimagi, *The American Vein: Directors and Directions in Television* (1979) is a good example of what its authors (p. xiii) call the "auteurist principle" applied to American television.

[3] Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., "When the Movies Really Counted", *Show* (April 1963), in Gerald Mast, ed., *The Movies in Our Midst* (1982), pp. 419-426; Sir Arthur Elton, "The Film As Source Material for History", *Aslib Proceedings* (November 1955), pp. 230-31.

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But the world of history has changed dramatically. Subjects once considered unusual or inappropriate for the historian (such as the study of working-class culture) have captured the interest of many in the profession. And the historian's relationship to the moving image has undergone an almost total metamorphosis. Historians no longer neglect the screen. They write about the movies and TV, make use of them as evidence in scholarly monographs, advise TV producers and film directors, and even produce or direct films and TV offerings. This change has taken place in a very short time, really since the beginning of the 1970s in the United States (although the interest first manifested itself overseas—in West Germany and also in England, where in 1967 the historian A. J. P. Taylor delivered a series of lectures at London University on how film has interpreted history, and how historians should interpret film). Film has gained academic respectability—there are sessions dealing with the moving image at scholarly meetings; there is a vast outpouring of articles on the moving image and the writing of history.

ALAS, THE QUALITY of these articles varies dramatically. A whole slew of excellent pieces is to be found in the two special issues of the *Journal of Contemporary History* devoted to "Historians and the Movies: The State of the Art". The lead article by the French historian Marc Ferro deals with the moving image as "an agent, product, and source of history". Ferro is no longer a voice crying in the wilderness, unheeded and unheard. Instead, like Christopher Columbus before he fell from grace, Professor Ferro—having divined something before it became common knowledge (he published articles in the *Annales* on history and the moving image in the 1960s)—is now fêted for his prescience and wisdom, as are others who even earlier pioneered this area of intellectual endeavour. The world of history has discovered the moving image. "Historians are infatuated with films", to use the words of Daniel Walkowitz, whose monograph on 19th-century working people has, under his supervision, been turned into a docu-drama. Historians have embraced the moving image willingly, almost lustfully.[4]

The past, especially the American past, has never been absent from movies or television in the USA. It has always been a staple for those in charge of the media, and like some Golconda they have ceaselessly mined it. The mother lode has yet to run out. A recent book[5] details over 220 productions made for television and motion picture features "based on events from our nation's past". The author touches on several hundred additional efforts but still admits to "leaving out others". He does not quite run the gamut from A to Z but the entries range from *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* (a static, commercially unsuccessful 1939 rendering of Robert Sherwood's play) to *The Younger Brothers* (another swiftly paced, fanciful, Technicolor whitewash, released in 1949, of a family of outlaws active in the post-Civil War West). The book's listings also include such network TV fare as *Bridger*, a failed pilot and an obviously exaggerated rehash of the frontiersman Jim Bridger's activities in the 1830s West, and *Tail Gunner Joe*, a stirring but biased recapitulation of Senator Joseph McCarthy's chequered political career in the 1940s and 1950s.

Almost all the efforts touched on by this book, as well as those unmentioned, may have been grounded in the past, but none can be termed proper history. Two *New York Times* correspondents recognised this failing half a century ago.[6] In 1938, discussing Hollywood's feature films, they charged that the American people were "being libelled". These newsmen claimed (and the charge holds true today, not only for the movies but also for TV) that the portrait the "movies are painting . . . for posterity . . . won't be too accurate". Even if what the movies and TV have presented is not a bag of tricks, the *Times* men's judgment remains valid.

In 1938 movies were *the* mass medium in the United States. They had been since World War I and remained so until the 1950s, when they were supplanted by TV. The movies differed most obviously from TV in requiring their audience to come to them. "Cinema-going", as Martin Esslin points out, was accompanied by "a sense of occasion". But already, a generation ago, social scientists found viewers "relaxing with television". As a network executive put it: the "set in the house is almost like another member of the family . . . in many ways it's a *closer* member of the family. . . ."[7]

Just as the way the media are viewed has changed and developed over the years, so too has the moving image they present. And each medium, although it feeds on the other, has its own idiosyncrasies. Television may, like the movies, depend on persistence of vision, but the smallness of the TV screen necessitates what has been described as "shooting for the box"—creating moving images specifically designed for television on the basis of a different aesthetic. One result of that aesthetic has been that television pays less attention to detail, to the *mise-en-scène*, that seemingly authentic recreation in which the movies once gloried. Whatever the bag of tricks produced by the studios in their prime, the filmmakers prided themselves on some degree of pictorial accuracy. A 1932 *Fortune* profile of MGM highlighted a studio research department that was "responsible for the accuracy of scenery, costumes, speech . . . ", that could provide "expert information on any conceivable topic", and "answer posers" such as "how do women dress in French prisons . . . what kind of bag was an English doctor liable to carry in the '90s."[8]

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[4] Marc Ferro, "Film as an Agent, Product, and Source of History", *Journal of Contemporary History* (July 1983), p. 357. The other issue of the journal dealing with the subject is that of January 1984. The 1960s *Annales* articles include "Société du XXe siècle et histoire cinématographique" (1968), pp. 581-85. Daniel Walkowitz's comment appears in Barbara Abrash and Janet Sternburg (eds), *Historians and Filmmakers: Toward Collaboration* (1983), p. 3.

[5] Michael Pitts, *Hollywood and American Reality: A Filmography of Over 250 Motion Pictures Depicting U.S. History* (1984).

[6] Frank Nugent and Douglas Churchill, "Graustark", in Hanson Baldwin and Shepard Stone (eds), *We Saw It Happen: The News Behind the News That's Fit to Print* (1938), p. 102.

[7] Martin Esslin, *Meditations: Essays on Brecht, Beckett, and the Media* (1980), p. 202; "The Steiner Report: The People Look at Television, Dr. Gary Steiner Interviewed by Roger Youman", in Barry Cole (ed.), *Television* (1970), pp. 412-13; Perry Wolff, quoted in Martin Mayer, *About Television* (1972), pp. 8-9.

[8] The TV cameraman Jim McMillan, quoted in Horace Newcomb, *TV—The Most Popular Art* (1974), p. 246; "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer", *Fortune* (December 1932), p. 63

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Historians may take issue with the answers provided, but they should not ignore the effort involved.

Feature films such as those produced by MGM are but one source of the moving image that interests the historians. Another is their TV counterpart, which includes the endless hours of entertainment programming that ranges from "sitcoms" to "cop shows", the movies made especially for TV at the behest of the networks and cable companies, and the docu-dramas marked by "their easy slipping between fact and fiction" (to use the words of the media critic Michael Arlen). Then there is that aspect of film and television which the astute film researcher Lisa Pontecorvo has aptly dubbed "fabricated reality", and which includes presentation of the news as well as the myriad number of compilation films and documentaries dealing with a seemingly endless variety of topics.[9]

THE MOVING IMAGES distilled from this vast array of materials combine to form the *lingua franca* of our time. It is, however, a language with a very special vocabulary, one which is based on concepts rather than forms. This *lingua franca* helps to create patterns of culture, of popular thought, and for the historian can serve as a key to these patterns. A well-known pioneering work that undertook to do just that was Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler*, which was "not concerned with German films merely for their own sake" but aimed "at increasing our knowledge of pre-Hitler Germany in a specific way".

For Kracauer, "the films of a nation reflect its mentality in a more direct way than any other artistic medium . . .": reels of film had a direct relationship to developments in real life. The subtitle of his book, *A Psychological History of German Film* indicates the emphasis of his argument. In later works on the theory of film and the philosophy of history, Kracauer struck out in new directions, but he continued to deal with the necessity to uncover hidden layers of knowledge and to maintain (as David Rodowick has pointed out) that "film is akin to psychoanalysis insofar as both reveal underlying truths not otherwise acceptable".

I single out Kracauer not because I endorse his particular vision of the relationship between the moving image and history, but because he stressed that relationship, and because of his lasting impact. Today it may well be true, as critics have argued, that *From Caligari to Hitler* "must be used . . . with a large grain of salt". It may well also be true, as the film historians Robert Allen and Douglas Gomery cogently argue, that Kracauer's influence "has been more inspirational than methodological". But as Pierre Sorlin, the French historian, convincingly asserts, the "inadequacies" of Kracauer's work notwithstanding, "we are still compelled to quote from them". Indeed, Kracauer's arguments have been applied to American television programming. The columnist Ben Stein, after "watching a lot of television" in 1978, concluded that "the messages' broadcast were so clear and interesting that they would have made Kracauer pass out with joy".[10]

Kracauer would certainly have jumped for joy if he could have screened all or even a significant portion of the films described in his book. He was able to undertake this study mainly because he had seen most of the films discussed while he was living in Weimar Germany, before emigrating to the United States. In the 1940s, when he was writing, there was not a great deal of moving-image material available to historians. Despite the efforts of those concerned with preservation of films, the amount of material saved or accessible was quite limited. Studio executives, once they had finished distribution of a feature, a "selected short subject", or a newsreel, felt the commercial possibilities had been exhausted and lost interest in their product. With a few notable exceptions, the material simply disappeared from view after initial exhibition, and not unreasonably was presumed lost. The archivist Sam Kula estimated in 1968 that "more than half the films produced in the United States prior to 1950 were no longer known to exist in any form".[11]

THERE ARE STILL problems with the access, storage, and availability of such source material. For example, most 1940s and 1950s American television programmes, because they were broadcast live, have been lost—except for some generally poor quality kineoscopes (movies of TV shows taken off the television screen). Even after television in the latter part of the 1950s went over exclusively to film and tape, much of the programming has also been lost. As the archivist Robert Rosen points out, ". . . once having been aired, a show was often discarded as a perishable commodity hardly worth the cost of storage space".[12] These problems notwithstanding, it seems to me that for the historian, since the 1950s, the difficulty is not with the scarcity of moving-image source material but its abundance.

Thanks to TV's voracious demand for programmes, feature films once buried in studio vaults are now broadcast regularly. Indeed, the vaults have been systematically mined ever since the American film industry began selling its backlog to television in the 1950s, and now videotape has made this material even more accessible. Increasingly widespread

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[9] An unusual view of made-for-TV movies is to be found in Douglas Gomery, "Television, Hollywood, and the Development of Movies-Made-For-Television", in E. Ann Kaplan (ed.), *Regarding Television* (1983), pp. 120-29. See also Michael Arlen, *The Camera Eye: Essays on Television* (1981), p. 283; Lisa Pontecorvo, "Film Resources", in Paul Smith (ed.), *The Historian and Film* (1976), p. 26.

[10] Siegfried Kracauer, *From Caligari to Hitler; A Psychological History of German Film* (1947), p. v. An interesting discussion of Kracauer's philosophy appears in Robert Allen and Douglas Gomery, *Film History: Theory and Practice* (1985), pp. 159-164. David Rodowick, "Kracauer's Philosophy of History", a paper presented at the University Seminar on Film and Interdisciplinary Interpretation, Museum of Modern Art, New York City (25 October 1984), Minutes, pp. 1-2. David Stewart Hull, *Film in The Third Reich* (1969), p. 3; Allen and Gomery, *Film History . . .* , p. 163; Pierre Sorlin, *The Film in History: Managing the Past* (1980), p. 24; Ben Stein, *The View From Sunset Blvd.: America As Brought To You By The People Who Make Television* (1979), p. x.

[11] Sam Kula, "Moving Image/American Image", in *The American Film Heritage: Impressions from the American Film Institute Archives* (1972), p. 10.

[12] Robert Rosen, *ATAS/UCLA Television Archives Catalog: Holdings in the Study Collection of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences/University of California, Los Angeles, Television Archive* (1981), p. 1.

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use of the VCR allows historians, at little cost, either to tape off the air or buy and rent tapes. What's easily available is stunning: "sudden accessibility to thousands of heretofore vaulted reels . . . in their most complete form", as one happy user put it. A recent catalogue distributed by Video Shack, one of the larger retail operations, lists for purchase or rental nearly 5,000 titles (this compares not unfavourably with the holdings of the Museum of Modern Art Film Collection, which numbers over 8,000 titles).[13] It is now possible with a minimum outlay to create your own *cinemathèque*, a personal library of moving images. However, the very ease of doing so presents problems: you can't interpret what you can't assimilate and organise, and that in itself becomes more difficult as more examples of the moving image become available.

Moreover, archival sources constantly increase. A few years ago, *A Scholar's Guide to Washington, D.C.: Film and Video Collections* listed over 100 such and estimated their holdings at millions of feet. It is fair to assume these collections must by now have amassed over a billion feet of film and videotape. In Richard Fauss's four-volume *Bibliography of Labor History in New Films* there are over 2,000 pages of listings—and he limited himself to the "major film collections of this country". Television programmes generate enormous amounts of material. Dealing with that material, as the sociologist Arthur Asa Berger has recognised, is "Sisyphussian—there is no end to it, for new programmes are being born all the time, and just when you have pushed your stone to the top of the mountain, you find another one taller than Everest, staring you in the face." To handle this constantly increasing material new archives have been organised: the ATAS/UCLA Television Archive (established in 1965 on the UCLA campus) and the Museum of Broadcasting (opened in 1976 at a midtown New York City location).[14]

The moving image may not be a traditional documentary source, but those historians who use it must do so with all the traditional skills and insights that mark the handling of any document. As the historian William Hughes argued over a decade ago, "If . . . we ignore some important problems of evidence . . . we limit unnecessarily the range of information we might extract from film sources."[15] The moving image, like its written counterpart, encompasses different kinds of records. And just as there are substantial differences between the various kinds of print media (a novel, a newspaper story, a magazine report, eye-witness testimony), so too are there significant distinctions among the various forms which make up the moving image. The road to understanding how film and television interpret history is dotted with many warning signals. We must recognise that the moving image is a portmanteau term and not just a single "thing".

NOTWITHSTANDING the tricks played by the moving image as well as those played on it, all aspects of the moving image can be of use to historians. J. A. S. Grenville, a British medievalist once much concerned with film evidence, is right to maintain that such evidence "will not enable the historian to present the past as it really was". But would *any* kind of evidence allow historians to present an interpretation that does so? I think not. Ranke's goal of history, "*wie es eigentlich gewesen*" (as it actually happened), is not viable—the interpretation of his work and the many published disagreements with it forcefully demonstrate the fact. How, then, can we learn from the moving image in our attempts to interpret history? In what ways, as Grenville asks, do the various aspects of the moving image "offer the historian significant evidence peculiar to itself and not already available in literary form?"[16]

In recent years there has been a spate of comment about film and television capturing what has been described as "the surfaces of reality" and providing "unwitting testimony" about everything under the sun. I do not mean to overstate the case, but I feel strongly that such comment is valid no matter what the dangers inherent in aspects of the moving image—for "the untruths as well as the facts may help shape historical analysis". Historians must avail themselves of the moving image; must make use of its interpretation of the past, present, and possible future; must in turn deal with that interpretation, if they are not to be stranded far from the mainstream of thought and deed, reduced to what Paul Valéry called "fortune-tellers of the past".[17]

THE MOVING IMAGE is alive with visual detail, replete with overt and covert attitudes and values, filled with a wealth of factual information. A visual source can be and often is very important. But if its use is not, as the historian Arthur Marwick remarks, "to . . . degenerate into the soft option of smart cocktail chat or high-flown waffle unrelated to any hard analysis", then that use must be complemented by proper documentation. It is necessary to ask of any visual source as one would of any other source how did it come into being, who created it and why, what was or is its impact? As Marwick argues, "visual sources . . . should be critically analyzed in the same way as more conventional sources".[18] Failure to do so can result in badly skewed effort.

Consider, for example, the 1950 RKO film *The Woman on Pier 13*, a piece of Cold War propaganda that began life as *I*

[13] Chris Buchman, "The Television Scene", *Films in Review* (March, 1985), p. 176; *Video Cassette and Disc Catalog: Video Shack* (1986), No. 2.

[14] Bonnie G. Rowan, *A Scholar's Guide to Washington, D.C.: Film and Video Collections*, Washington, D.C. (1980); Richard Fauss, *A Bibliography of Labor History in News Films* (1980), p. 3; Arthur Asa Berger, *The TV Guided American* (1976), p. 179; *ATAS/UCLA Television Archive: Subject Guide to the Radio and Television Collection of the Museum of Broadcasting* (1979).

[15] William Hughes, "The Evaluation of Film as Evidence", in Paul Smith, *The Historian and Film*, p. 50.

[16] J. A. S. Grenville, *Film in History: The Nature of Film Evidence . . .* (1971), pp. 21-22.

[17] William Hughes, "The Evaluation of Film . . . , p. 65; Arthur Marwick, quoted in Anthony Aldgate, *Cinema and History: British Newsreels and the Spanish Civil War* (1979), p. 12; Michael Isenberg, *War on Film: The American Cinema and World War I, 1914-1941* (1981), p. 216.

[18] Arthur Marwick: "Film in University Teaching", in Paul Smith, *The Historian and Film*, p. 151; "History on Television: The Open University Series, Britain and America as Visual Evidence", *Journal of Educational Technology*.

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Married a Communist. The film is a touchstone, not least because various writers have indicated that it served as a "loyalty test". I think it's fair to say that this charge can be traced to the blacklisted director Joseph Losey, who in 1948 gladly turned down a chance to handle it. Losey, whom the critic Joan Mellen described as a man "clearly unemancipated from his own Stalinist past", years later claimed: "You offered *I Married a Communist* to anybody you thought was a Communist, and if they turned it down, they were." Howard Hughes, who controlled RKO at this time, indulged in some vicious Red-baiting, but he did not use *I Married a Communist* as a litmus test for political purity. The use of RKO's production files conclusively proves this, but even a perusal of the public record would demonstrate it. Among the men whom RKO's press department publicly announced as directors of this film were John Cromwell and Nicholas Ray. Both ultimately withdrew from what they considered a humiliating project, and—Losey's contention notwithstanding—both within months directed other films for Hughes. *The Woman on Pier 13* can be a useful visual document for anyone dealing with the Cold War, but only if proper attention is paid to the circumstances surrounding its production.[19]

Pierre Sorlin understands very well the use of the moving image as a document which interprets history and can in turn be interpreted. In *The Film as History* he provocatively treats various movies, and his "reading" of these films, especially *The Birth of a Nation*, D. W. Griffith's 1915 masterpiece, powerfully supports his argument that movies, "by manufacturing a fanciful history, occasionally disclose carefully concealed problems". Movies may well have a hidden agenda, and Sorlin's form of analysis helps to make us aware of what that agenda might be. But I believe that his form of analysis, for all its value, falls short. Sorlin is certainly right in his statement that "historians who tried to list the historical inaccuracies in *The Birth of a Nation* would be ignoring the fact that their job should not involve bestowing marks for accuracy but describing how men living at a certain time understood their own history". Yet the historian, or anyone else writing about films, must surely place them in an historical framework beyond that of the visual document. Sorlin pays close and intelligent attention to the film's treatment of blacks and their role in American society (and there is no gainsaying his argument that while *Birth of a Nation* is set at the time of the Civil War, it is actually commenting on the United States in 1915). But, despite his perceptive reading of the film, Sorlin completely overlooks the black stereotypes which dotted the movies between the 1890s and 1915—racial libels, a "composite of qualities that were the opposite of the values treasured by white American society".[20] These were the stereotypes on which Griffith drew.

Almost a half-century ago, Walter Benjamin asserted that a camera:

> "transformed our way of seeing by redefining the meaning of the picture. The camera can 'make' a picture from a perspective that cannot exist for any human spectator."

Historians are now trying to explain and interpret that phenomenon and to conquer the fragmentation resulting from technology. The moving image is a new tool for historians and, as with any new tool, the carpenter is tempted for a while to over-use it. Gradually it will assume its proper place in the order of things and in the professional life of its owner. The record over the past few years would indicate that historians are able to make use of the image despite the tricks inherent in it and played on it. To use another metaphor, historians are not stage-managing the moving image; rather, they are using it to interpret history.

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[19] Andrew Dowdy, *The Films of the Fifties: The American State of Mind* (1973), ch. 2. Among the works which describe *The Woman on Pier 13* as a "loyalty test" are Robert Ottoson, *A Reference Guide to the American Film Noir* (1981), p. 193; Nora Sayre, *Running Time: Films On the Cold War* (1982), p. 80; Colin Shindler, *Hollywood Goes to War: Film and American Society, 1939-1952* (1979), p. 80; Harry Wasserman, "Ideological Gunfight at the RKO Corral: Notes on Howard Hughes' *I Married a Communist*", *The Velvet Light Trap* (Winter 1974), p. 8; Joan Mellen, "Film and Style: The Fictional Documentary", in E. Bradford Burns (ed.), *Latin American Cinema: Film and History* (1972), p. 89; Tom Milne, *Losey on Losey* (1968), p. 76. The final screenplay has been published in the "RKO Classic Screenplays" series: *The Woman on Pier 13* (1985). See also Daniel J. Leab, "How Red Was My Valley: Hollywood, The Cold War, and *I Married a Communist*", *Journal of Contemporary History* (January 1984), pp. 59-88.

[20] Pierre Sorlin, *The Film in History*, pp. 83, ix, 112; Daniel J. Leab, *From Sambo to Superspade: The Black Motion Picture Experience* (1975), p. 20. Sorlin's concentration on the document, commendable as it may be, has caused him to ignore certain aspects of history and consequently in some instances his interpretation is weakened. For instance, he understands that an important sub-theme of *The Birth of a Nation* was "Keep America Wasp", but while he realises that the film does not denounce foreigners, he overlooks the increasing attempts at immigration restrictions in the decades prior to the release of the film. Because of his over-emphasis on the *auteur* theory, he also assumes (p. 115) that "nobody was the 'author'" . . . of *Gone With the Wind*; but it is generally recognised that though there were various directors and scriptwriters, the "author" was the producer David O. Selznick.

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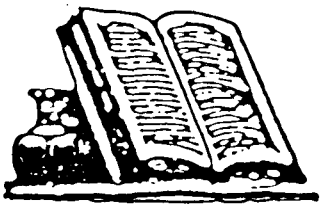
IN THE MARGIN

The Life of Journalism

By Anthony Hartley



ANYONE who has indulged himself with a career in journalism must encounter the loss of youth with more than the usual quotient of melancholy. Even if his position is still secure—if he has not been forced to seek consultancies or poured into a taxi after being made redundant in one of those seismic shifts which newspapers undergo—he must ask himself from time to time whether he has done as well as he might have hoped or lived up to the bright start which earned him a column of his own at the age of thirty.

For it is easy to do rather well in journalism between twenty-five and thirty. Someone with a sharp style, an uninhibited willingness to use it on important people and an innate grasp of his own generation's ideas can give an impression of dash and novelty which will carry him into well-paid employment. Borne up on the wings of a new generation, he will attribute to his own originality what, in reality, is the contribution of the coming *zeitgeist*. Only when, fifteen years later, he finds that there is no longer quite the market for his opinions there once was, will he suspect that true talent consists of being one jump ahead of fashion and that it is hard to find someone agile and stylish enough to remain interesting over a career of forty years.

A writing journalist. . . . Yes, but there are also experts and editors. Can the clever reporter or columnist make the transition? Unfortunately, there are few top jobs in journalism, and many of those are often less than desirable for someone accustomed to the freedom of pen and expense account. Moreover, the qualities that make a brilliant daily writer are not necessarily what is required for administration or the management of other people. The very hilarity of life as a young reporter leaves a lurking nostalgia which makes other occupations unsatisfactory—much as, in the United States, regret for the golden era of adolescence can cast a shadow over adult years. Journalists are fairly long-lived, but they do a good deal of fading away.

These reflections were inspired by reading the lives of two American journalists who "lasted", one as a descriptive writer and columnist, the other as a pundit: H. L. Mencken and Walter Lippmann. Yet, even as their activity continued to the end, the note of melancholy was there: Mencken silencing himself at the outbreak of war and Lippmann destined to a lonely death.

No one has described better than Mencken the joys of a young journalist's life:

> "In the present book my only purpose is to try to recreate for myself and for anyone who may care to follow me, the gaudy life that young newspaper reporters led in the major American cities at the turn of the century. I believed then, and still believe today, that it was the maddest, gladdest, damnedest existence ever enjoyed by mortal youth."

Newspaper Days (1914), from which this passage is taken, is a great book and should be read by anyone with a zest for life and a robust appetite. What times they had on the *Baltimore Herald*! What meals they ate (Chesapeake Bay oysters followed by canvas-back duck)! What bizarre assignments they covered! Finally, in the great Baltimore fire of 1904, when the typewriters became too hot to touch, and flaming brands were coming through the windows of the news-room, the whole staff had to transfer to Washington to produce the paper on the presses of the *Washington Post*. Mencken's desk and souvenirs were burnt, including his collection of pieces of hangmen's ropes (an early job on the *Herald* was to cover the execution of six blacks in a Maryland county). And after such adventures there might be a news-room dinner ending with drinks at a leading Baltimore brothel and a dawn pissing competition in the main street of the city. Those were decidedly the days. Intoxicating and, more often than not, intoxicated.

IT IS NOT easy to imagine Walter Lippmann taking part in any such orgiastic occasion. He started his journalistic career as he ended it: a pundit whose copy was written in sacrosanct seclusion and was treated with reverence by sub-editors. For forty years he wrote authoritative, cogent and often witty comments on American and international politics. A book like *Drift and Mastery* (1914) seems brilliant even today. Perhaps Lippmann was at his best arguing for Theodore Roosevelt's new federalism. Unlike the American "progressives" of the day, he saw that the spread of the huge industrial "trusts" could not be reversed, but might be turned to account to raise standards of living and attack social problems. Already in 1914 he noted the importance of the consumer, described the "managerial revolution" (thirty years before Burnham) and remarked upon "the stupid hostility of the anti-trust laws". He also knew something about his fellow-countrymen:

> "The American temperament leans generally to a kind of mystical anarchism, in which the 'natural' humanity in each man is adored as the saviour of society."

That was not bad going for one book.

In later life Lippmann did not always attain this level of insight. The dignified perambulations around Europe from Prime Minister to Prime Minister were not as productive of new ideas as his earlier contacts with American politics had been. His knowledge of history and his *realpolitik* approach to international affairs were excellent weapons in a con-

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troversy, but, when applied to contemporary tragedy, could appear superficial. "Stalin", he once wrote, "was merely following in the footsteps of Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible." "Merely"? If Lippmann had had more sense of humour, he could hardly have written that. . . . But there was little humour and no fun at all in his writing. It is a hard life being a pundit, and there emerges from Lippmann's later utterances a dour pessimism which may have acquired some of its intensity from the strain of a continual effort to be *right*.

MENCKEN AND LIPPMANN take us into an age when American journalism was dominated by eccentric giants. Perhaps there are giants still, but, on the whole, their fame has not penetrated to this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, it seems that the United States now consumes more journalism than it can produce. Britain has to make up the deficit by shipping to America journalists—a visible export, but hardly a profitable one—whose gladiatorial combats are displayed all over the East Coast press. Oddly enough, these prickly immigrants prefer their own countrymen as sparring partners. Here is Henry Fairlie—an older generation émigré—demolishing the comparatively newly arrived Alexander Cockburn. Here is George Szamuely in *The New Criterion* laying about Christopher Hitchens. The battling Anglo-American journalist has become a familiar, if not always admirable, figure in New York and Washington.

This phenomenon has not escaped the acute perception of the most original of contemporary American journalists. In his novel *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Tom Wolfe gives a distinctly unflattering view of expatriate British journalists. Always on the prowl for a glass of someone else's champagne, constantly cadging invitations from the richer inhabitants of New York, these creatures never hesitate to sink their fangs into the hand of benefactors whom they describe, behind their backs, as crude and uncultured. The appalling Peter Fallow, their archetype, is depicted by Mr Wolfe as a parasite, devoid of any regard for truth or professional honour. Of course, he is a cut-out figure—an example of satire rather than characterisation—yet, even in a book swarming with odious types, he stands out as particularly foul.

Is the community of British expatriate journalists in New York quite as bad as that? Are they all snobbish imbibers of free American liquor? It seems unlikely. But a serious point arises out of Mr Wolfe's satire. For what lurks behind all this free-loading and malicious ingratitude is the ambivalence towards the United States and its inhabitants, of parasites who both live off them and condescend to them at the same time. This is also the very point around which Mr Fairlie's and Mr Szamuely's polemics against Messrs Cockburn and Hitchens centre. The problem is succinctly defined by Mr Szamuely:

> "It doesn't seem to matter whether the Englishman in question is a polemicist, a *poseur*, a nihilist, a social climber or a left-wing snob; so long as he remains persuasively anti-American, the anti-Establishment in America will see to it that he is given lucrative employment and a glowing reputation."

To be as dismissive of the country that furnishes you a living as you are of your original place of birth is a convenient journalistic ploy. People love to hear themselves abused. But this advantage is purchased at the price of a certain mobility of loyalties and lack of discretion which not all of us can, or would wish to, achieve. When someone is a guest in a country, taste—good taste—should tell him how far he can decently go in pouring ridicule upon it, its institutions and its political leaders. A number of British expatriates seem to wish to criticise the United States as though they were Americans, while distancing themselves from the country and its future. Mr Wolfe, one suspects, dislikes this concentration on the deconstruction of America in writing and in conversation.

To be fair, the problem is none too easy to solve. Freedom of speech and opportunity bring competent British expatriates to positions of influence in the American press. Unlike other nationalities, they are not expected to become citizens. It is hard for them to identify with American values or pieties or, for that matter, to realise that fashionable New York is not America. Nevertheless, they can be asked to perceive that a problem of taste and tact exists. That is the least they can do for a country whose habit of freedom has increased their value and prolonged their life-span as journalists.

CURIOUSLY, an inverse problem has existed with American correspondents in London. They, of course, are entitled to send back what opinions they like to their newspapers. But it is strange that it is precisely the Anglophils among them that give offence. How cultured and civilised these liberal-minded men find us from their homes in Chester Square! How pleasant they feel it to be in a city where one is out of "the rat race", where people are courteous and the theatre is good! They love us so much, these Anglophil correspondents, from our country cottages to our "traditional" London pubs. What might be called the Bernard Nossiter picture of Britain is of an effete museum, whose two thousand years of history exists to titillate the aesthetic sensibilities of visitors. One wonders if they ever go south of the river or east of Aldgate.

Do these lovers of Britain's inertia not realise that it is the worst of insults to adore a country's past and be totally uninterested in its future? What a pity that Mrs Thatcher has come to make Englishmen more competitive and, yes, possibly less polite! No wonder that connoisseurs of gracious living find her and her government distasteful. No wonder too that, in the '70s, they failed to detect or report the tide of resentment against stagnation that was building up in Britain. To neglect the living forces in a society carries its own penalty of false analysis and skewed prediction.

The errors that intelligent men make when they cease to meet new people, read new books or be on their guard against preconceptions is also part of the burden of journalism. It, too, reflects a loss of originality and the substitution of stereotypes for reality. The remedy is self-knowledge and self-criticism. *Nosce teipsum*. These reflections began with the melancholy and uncertainty that afflict journalists. Let them cherish every moment of self-doubt.

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LETTERS

"Modern" or Antiquarian?

WALTER LAQUEUR (ENCOUNTER, September-October 1988) misses the point when he writes of *Moskva*'s publishing of Karamzin's *History of the Russian State* that "there is obviously a great thirst for history written in the mode and manner of Sir Walter Scott". Contemporary interest in Karamzin is far from antiquarian.

Karamzin began to write his *History of the Russian State* when Russia was at war with Napoleonic France, and seemed threatened by subversive ideas from the West. He wrote it as a warning to Czar Alexander I who, in Karamzin's eyes, appeared dangerously open to Western ideas of reform. The argument of the book is that Russian civilisation can only survive and prosper when the state is strong, and had always collapsed when the state was weak, as it was before the Mongol invasion of the 13th century and the Polish invasion of the early 17th century; to which we could add Nicholas II's reign (and now Gorbachov's?).

Perhaps Alexander took the hint, for he abandoned his reforms. Certainly *Moskva*'s editors will be republishing it in the hope that Gorbachov will take the hint, or, if he doesn't, that the message will give heart to the supporters of Ligachev and Co.

None of this will be lost on the Russian readership who have long experience in deciphering Aesopian messages.

DAVID LONGLEY

King's College
University of Aberdeen

Woodhouse & Waldheim

IN HIS ARTICLE discussing the case of Captain David Warren, who was apprehended by the Germans on 25 March 1944 in a Greek-crewed caique off the island of Cephalonia while attempting to evacuate a group of escaped prisoners of war, C. M. Woodhouse (ENCOUNTER, September-October 1988) makes the point that all such military operations against the Germans in Greece were carried out by British soldiers in "organised units, however small, and always in recognisable uniform". That being so, they were entitled under the Geneva Convention to be treated as prisoners of war, and it would be murder if they were shot after being captured. And documentary evidence has now been found to show that *Oberleutnant* Waldheim drafted and initialled a report on Captain Warren's interrogation in which the fatal word *Sabotagetrupp* was used, effectively condemning him to death under the notorious "Commando Order" of 18 October 1942 for the execution of captured commandos ("*Sabotagetruppen*"), which would certainly constitute murder for any captured in uniform.

The crucial point here is that, to claim protection under the Geneva Convention, soldiers engaged in active operations (not merely runaway prisoners of war, who are in a different category) must be wearing a recognisable military uniform when captured, and bearing arms openly. So a statement in *The Times* on 11 March 1988, attributed to David Warren's brother Charles, that "the boat ran out of petrol, and when they found him he was wearing the clothes of a Greek Orthodox priest" is plainly relevant here. If the case is now to be re-opened and there is no truth in this Orthodox priest disguise story, it is important that it should be traced to its source and positively refuted.

C. B. GOODHART

Cambridge

The Case of Captain Warren

A Postscript—By C. M. WOODHOUSE

MY ARTICLE "The Case of Captain Warren" in the September-October issue of ENCOUNTER has led to a number of comments and reactions, some published and some private. The following seem particularly to call for some comment in reply:

1. Dr Goodhart has drawn my attention to a statement by Captain Warren's elder brother, Mr Charles Warren, reported in *The Times* on 11 March 1988. He said that he had been told that his brother, when captured, was wearing "the clothes of a Greek Orthodox priest".

If true, this story was extremely damaging, because it implied that the Germans were justified in treating Captain Warren as a spy, irrespective of Hitler's "Commando Order". It cannot therefore simply be dismissed as too absurd to be taken seriously.

My first inclination was that as a matter of common sense no British officer, unless he were bilingual, could conceivably pass himself off as a Greek priest. It would be insane to try; and Bunny Warren was neither bilingual nor insane. Fortunately, in any case, there is both negative and positive evidence that the story cannot be true.

First, the negative evidence. Neither the Russian who escaped when Warren's party was captured, nor the one who escaped later in transit, said anything about Warren having attempted a disguise. This, of course, is inconclusive; so is the absence of any such story from the German records of the incident. Waldheim would naturally have welcomed such a justification for the inevitable treatment of Warren, but the story does not appear in the report of May 1944, which he drafted on Warren's interrogation. Again this is inconclusive, because the story might lie concealed in one of the heavily deleted passages of that report. There is also, however, the brief original report of the capture of Warren's party, dated 27 March 1944. This text, which is unmutilated, gives the nationalities of the prisoners and details of their weapons, but says nothing about anyone being in disguise.

The positive evidence that Charles Warren was misinformed is more decisive. I have been in correspondence with three surviving members of my force who actually witnessed the departure of Warren's ill-fated party: Major Geoffrey Gordon-Creed, Sgt (later Captain) J. E. Lawson, and Sgt (later RSM) A. W. G. Weatherley. All three confirm that Warren was in uniform when he set out, and that he was carrying no baggage which could possibly have contained the dress of an Orthodox priest. Each of them adds pertinent details. Gordon-Creed lists the contents of Warren's knapsack, which he himself helped to pack. He and Lawson both state that Warren was wearing his badges of rank, and Weatherley describes him as wearing on his head a khaki woollen cap of the type known as a "comforter", against the cold weather. Most significantly of all, both Lawson and Weatherley agree that Warren was clean-shaven, apart from his moustache, having recently cut off his beard. That detail alone completely excludes any possibility that he could have masqueraded as a Greek priest.

2. IN HIS LETTER in the December issue of ENCOUNTER, the Austrian Minister Friedrich Hamburger makes one factual correction to my article. I accept that the date-stamp on the report, giving the date of receipt as 14 May 1944, is that of XXII Mountain Corps at Ioannina, not that of the High Command: i.e. a subordinate and not a superior HQ to Army Group E. This explains something which puzzled me—that the surviving document is a carbon copy. Evidently it was sent to Ioannina for in-

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formation, since the prisoners had been captured in the XXII Corps area; and the top copy was either retained at Army Group E or forwarded to a higher authority. That only affects the question—which of the latter two issued the order for Warren's execution? It does not affect my argument, since the date of his death is independently placed on, or soon after, 15 May—a week or a little more after Waldheim's report was completed and signed.

THE MINISTER makes much of the fact that the document was examined by many historians, who came to different conclusions from mine. There was, however, much that they did not know and could not consider. I am not aware that any of them mentioned Warren's name. They did not know what became of him, or when. They could not appreciate that he would never have called our operations "sabotage"; nor would he have grasped the significance of that word in relation to the "Commando Order". They could not know that the supposed *Agentennetz* was fictitious. The Minister's letter contains no reference to these matters, which formed the core of my article.

In effect, the Minister is seeking to transfer all responsibility from Waldheim to the interrogators. Are we then to suppose that they were complete strangers to each other? Did they never meet or exchange views? Did Waldheim have no idea how their minds worked? Did he know nothing of their techniques? Even Waldheim himself hesitated, if only briefly, before denying that he had ever been present at an interrogation.

The Minister says that "it would have been completely contrary to all standard practice for the drafter of the summary report. . . to introduce personal speculations." What else were Waldheim's paragraphs about the supposed *Agentennetz* and the supposed purposes for which the British Mission wanted to employ the escaped prisoners? More importantly, did Waldheim even believe in these speculations himself?

The interrogators' report had told him that the Russians and Poles had stated "with one accord" that they had been brought out into the mountains by "contacts" of the British Mission. Of course, any Greek could claim to be acting on our behalf, and perhaps not a few did so. In this case, however, not only was the story untrue, but the Russians and Poles had no possible grounds for believing it, after the months they spent with us in the mountains. It was quite obvious that we had no serious use for them, and that we wanted to be relieved of their embarrassing presence.

It is not credible that they should "with one accord" (some twenty of them) have told the same false story to their interrogators, on their own initiative. But it is not hard to guess how the interrogators might have extracted such a story (based, perhaps, on a single hint) from all of them, by leading questions and less sophisticated techniques.

The crucial question is whether Waldheim believed it. He purported to deduce that we were operating a "network of secret agents" in communication with the Russian and Polish prison-camps, and that we were seeking to extricate the so-called "volunteer workers" in order to use them later in Greece for some kind of special mission. It might have seemed odd that we should even contemplate using these low-grade ex-prisoners for "special missions" in a country where they could not possibly pass as natives. But if the story were true, the matter was clearly of some importance. What would a competent Intelligence Officer do about it, if he believed it?

THE ONE MAN who could have given the Germans authentic information about the *Agentennetz*, if it existed, was Warren, who was still alive in custody when Waldheim drafted his report. His obvious course was to insist on a further interrogation of Warren. Had Warren been questioned specifically about the supposed *Agentennetz*, he would hardly have maintained silence, as he did about his military operations (misnamed "sabotage"). Knowing, in this case, that his life was in danger for certain, he would surely have made it clear, quite truthfully and legitimately, that no such *Agentennetz* existed and that the British Mission had done nothing to incite the Russians and Poles to escape. It might not have saved his life, but at least it would have been on the record.

There is no indication in Waldheim's report, however, that any such re-interrogation was even considered. The fiction of an *Agentennetz* served simply to provide the semblance of an excuse for the crime that was about to be committed.

3. TWO RELIABLE sources have recorded their understanding that the Russians and Poles captured with Warren were also executed. This is probable enough in general, but there were one or two exceptions who survived. One Russian after his liberation gave an account of Warren's last days in prison. It is impossible to be certain about the fate of the majority, but death is more probable than survival.

A statement was recently issued on Waldheim's behalf by the Austrian Embassy in Switzerland which suggested that Warren himself may not have been a victim of Hitler's "Commando Order" after all. "Based on the factual position", it went on, "it cannot be excluded that an attempt to escape which became known when Warren was a prisoner may have led to his tragic end." That is to replace one war crime with another. But does the same strange argument apply to the Russian and Polish victims? Were they alone, and not their leader, executed under the "Commando Order"? Or were they also caught planning to escape?—which in civilised countries is considered not merely the right but the duty of prisoners of war.

It must be emphasised, finally, that there is no question of Warren being shot in the act of escaping, which would not, on the face of it, be a criminal act by his captors. The Russian survivor, who reported that he was taken out one night and never seen again, added that "this was after a tunnel which he had been digging under the wall of his cell had been detected".

If the statement from the Embassy in Switzerland carries, as presumably it does, the personal authority of Waldheim, one would expect at least a condemnation of the practice of murdering prisoners of war who unsuccessfully planned to escape.

C. M. WOODHOUSE

Latimer
Buckinghamshire

Urban & Djilas

IN HIS CONVERSATION with Milovan Djilas (ENCOUNTER, September-October and November 1988), George Urban justly remarks that "the Soviet leaders have always had the heretic's traditional advantage of being able to worship both at their own altars and at ours". Mikhail Gorbachov's political technique is to do just this: to proclaim allegiance to Lenin's Utopia while purporting to restructure the Soviet reality that Leninism/Stalinism has created. But this surely cannot be done.

As we all know, the purpose of Soviet communist ideology is to urge a captive population to substitute the future for the present. Little has changed. The citizens, still dragooned and admonished without respite, are simply instructed to swallow another dose of ideo, if anything more mendacious than the classical Leninist doctrine. The new proposition on offer is to believe in a vastly improved collectivist system under the aegis of stale men who contradict either themselves or each other every time they open their mouths.

No doubt confusion must beset the early stages of Sovietism's collapse. But what is important is that the West should take heed of Milovan Djilas's concluding words. "The Kremlin", he remarks,

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". . . wants the West to take the pressure off the Soviet system. It is for the West to say *Yes* or *No* to that request. We should, in my considered opinion, not accede to it unless the Soviet state and the Communist Party provide a whole string of political guarantees, of the most tangible and enforceable kind, that international civil war, which they declared on the rest of the world in 1917, has ceased to be their objective."

In other words, the West's role is now to make the Kremlin sane. Alexander Zinoviev expresses this objective differently while discussing the current withdrawal of vodka: "A sober society is an excellent thing. But you won't create it without sobriety of intellect. It's better to have a sober government ruling boozy people than a government drunk with reformism ruling sober people". (*Gorbachevism*, 1988). Anyone who reads, for instance, *Literaturnaya Gazeta* regularly can hardly avoid the conclusion that the ideologues of *perestroika* are "under the influence" of the new hybrid ideo. The population, it seems, is not. Let us not be either.

CHARLES JANSON

London

"Cities in the Air"

THERE ARE so many sentiments in common—neither of us liking the ugly, sham or inhumane—between Nicholas Stacey's letter (November) and my originating article ("Brown Bread & Glass Fibre", ENCOUNTER, July-August 1988), that it is difficult to understand why he has offered not a thoughtful endorsement, but an adverse critique.

Paradoxically, it may usefully serve to illustrate both why members of the architectural profession so often feel wary about "going public", and building those bridges to communication urged on them. And why, on the other hand, it is clearly just as necessary that they nevertheless continue to try.

While, therefore, one might commend Mr Stacey for responding to an article directed towards response, and acknowledge the strength of feeling that moves him to commitment in print, he somehow appears to have substantially missed the main thrust of my arguments. Mr Stacey really must be prepared to re-examine the material that so provokes his ire.

For example, nowhere did I praise—indeed *could* not—high-rise flats, clean or dirty: derived, as they were, from an emasculated version of Corbusier's far richer proposals for "cities in the air". Rather, I poured scorn upon "those arrogantly massive geometric grids of public housing schemes, concrete dregs of latter-day *cult* Modernism", and on "rawly inept and inhospitable examples of *amateur* Modernism". A pretty clearly expressed view, one would have thought, even without my newly added italics.

But a whole third of Stacey's letter is devoted—I think—to the case for large windows, in the belief that I was constructing arguments about window size, and that large areas of window were some sort of problem. My article includes neither argument.

The broader discussions on technological relevance have been completely bypassed, or misunderstood: possibly through over-response to my temerity in using Modernism as a still important idea. But to *appear* to quote me, and in so doing conveniently to ignore the specific case by omission of a key phrase (after, "only rarely . . . *as in minor examples of revived Classicism*"), not only suggests a misreading of the immediate text (that of the close relationship between visual style and its material constituents); but also a technique of selectivity in debate that is, at the least, unconvincing.

EVENTUALLY, however, it becomes obvious that we may not be talking of the same thing. Although confusingly distinguishing "Georgian" from "18th-century Palladian" (so why not Neo-Classicism, as well?), Mr Stacey nevertheless seems to know exactly what Modern Architecture always is: the ugly and unsuccessful. Except in the sense of all modern building being, of course, contemporary in time, I am less certain: real Modernism has also to do with underlying qualitative choices and values rather than with explicit, transitory forms such as those of Internationalism. It is part of a developing line of thought articulated by Ruskin and Pugin, and exemplified by designers including the neo-medievalist Voysey and the Classicist Holden, as well as by the more recent "organic" Aalto and others whom I cited.

I am aware, of course, that this is not a view recognised today by some who seek an easy critical victory by confining the definition of Modernism to the negative evidence of recent, wrongly conceived, and badly designed and constructed, high concrete buildings; at the same time ascribing the very worst of society's ills directly to the material effects of architects (no crime or vice in *old* terrace houses?). The rigid insistence on this limited view may sometimes be perceived as revealing a brand-new version of authoritarianism as doctrinaire and restrictive as any previous form, which, by anodyne lip-service to the otherwise worthy and challenging notions of personal choice, self-respect, cultural heritage, and community membership, would attempt to persuade that whatever it is they do or recommend is automatically better.

This situation, curiously, is the reason why it remains so essential to press the counter-argument: that architecture is not, unfortunately, a simple affair of socially-obviously-right pattern-book decisions, but a live art which is complex and difficult to practise well, embodying an extraordinary range of differing or radically opposing views within a private, continuing, and largely internal dialogue.

It is, surely, that last activity that makes for at least one convincing reason why interested parties (and especially those who know what people actually want) should enter into this dialogue at the same informed level as they now happily achieve in other arts, such as music and literature. This will not be done, I suggest, by yielding to the sort of tired, quasi-political rhetoric with which Mr Stacey closes his letter, quite unrelated to what my article, in all its imperfections, actually said.

I will gladly give just one example of an architectural problem that Mr Stacey may like to ponder. Twenty-five years ago, the open, rectangular "Nightingale" hospital ward was dubbed by users and staff alike as undignified and truly authoritarian in "treating people like machines". In partnership with those who professed to know, architects designed the intimate, six-bed group to remedy all that. Today, we hear *identical* criticisms of the newer, once ideal layout. What was formerly, in the "Nightingale Ward", an invasion of privacy is now seen as a situation of social richness that facilitates effective nursing, with the "new" model a form of deprivation and frustration.

FAIR ENOUGH: that's progress through shared experience. If we were together able to resolve more certainly the very central problem of how the sick should be regarded by us, as a *modern* society, we would, presumably, be even happier with the eventual architectural expression of that decision. But we are unlikely to achieve success by pretending that self-evident stylistic "answers" already exist, and that some previous historical architecture—even the admirable medieval hospice—already adequately contains them.

Back to my article.

DAVID ANSTIS

Chichester
Sussex

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Life & Letters Today

London

TRANSATLANTICA: **May I add to the British English-American English controversy? On a lower plane perhaps? Some imported expressions that must jar on British ears, and are used by some British politicians: A quarter *of* twelve (American) instead of a quarter *to* twelve (British); outside *of* the limits instead of outside the limits; meet *with* instead of meet; that is *for* real instead of that is real; he *burglarised* the flat instead of he *burgled* the flat; haven't seen him *in* 12 years instead of haven't seen him *for* 12 years; take the book *off of* the shelf instead of take the book *off* the shelf.**

But then there are equally jarring expressions (to my ears and eyes) that have become part of our spoken and written language these past two decades, for instance superfluous phrases involving time:

60 miles *per* hour instead of 60 miles *an* hour; *super* performance instead of *superb* performance; in *actual* fact instead of in fact; *the majority of* people instead of *most* people; *a larger number of* people instead of *many* people.

SUNDAY TIMES

London

HEGEL BAGEL: *Basically, the gift of English is to make important issues sound commonplace. Elegant American derives from the contrary.*

For example, I heard [writes Irma Kurtz] an American radio reporter tell his listeners that Patty Hearst was not a wicked woman because **"her heinousness was not prevalent"**. *Another reporter described the chief of the Federal Reserve as a man who* **"prioritised predominant issues"**.

"I'm sorry", *the woman in our local bakery told me,* **"due to lack of demand we've abeyanced the bagels"**.

As languages go, I'm afraid my native tongue is sic, sic, sic!

LONDON EVENING STANDARD

Bucharest

SONS OF DRACULA: **Since spring, Rumanian newspapers have been forbidden to use Hungarian or German place names. Both cultures fear oblivion [writes Peter Millar].**

The dispute over names is both symptom and root of the Transylvanian crisis. The area was conquered by Roman legions, abandoned to the Tartars and Turks, then assimilated into Austro-Hungary. The population is the multicultural stock that gave birth to the Dracula legend and free rein to Hollywood's colourful imagination.

The Germans were there already in the 15th century, called in by Hungary to help defend against the Ottoman Empire. They, too, are still there. A journey from Cluj via Sighisoara to Sibiu is also a journey from Klausenburg via Schaessburg to Hermannstadt, depending on who you talk to.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Frankfurt-am-Main

DANKE SCHÖN: *Would you think that anybody in England would be caught saying,* **"I thank myself"**? *There are simple, direct, and grammatical forms of expressing gratitude, and nobody in France would substitute* **"Je me remercie"** *for* **"Je vous remercie."**

How is it that in the last ten years we in Germany have increasingly been saying **"Ich bedanke mich"**? *In the old days we used to thank somebody else—***"Ich danke Ihnen, Herr Meyer, für das schöne Geschenk."** *It is high time we began to change over again to the proper unegotistical ways of saying thanks.*

FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG

London

MATRON/PATRON: **The post of matron, abolished by the National Health Service 20 years ago, is being reintroduced. It will be used for both men and women holding senior posts in some State hospitals. Gwent Health Authority, South Wales, is among the first to bring back the title which has remained in common use at private hospitals.**

Some senior male nurses are not pleased by the decision. "There is no way they are going to call me matron because I am not someone who pops around the hospital with a frilly hat on", said Mr David Meates, 60. He wants colleagues at the County Hospital, Pontypool, to refer to him by his former title of Senior Nurse Manager.

Mr William McNulty, head of nursing services at Pen-y-Fal Hospital, said: "I am the same grade as a matron . . . but I do not use the term and I don't encourage its use because I am a man and not a woman, as the name suggests."

Mrs Anne Pegington, secretary of the Welsh Royal College of Nursing and a former senior nursing officer, said: "It is the men who seem to object to the name matron. I have never known men be called it before."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Washington, D.C.

BREAKING THE CODE: *Secret Service minders have been accused of a "racist slur" over the code-name they use for Jesse Jackson. The agents usually nickname candidates they are assigned to protect for easy reference on their radios.*

Jackson's tag, **"Pontiac"** *has infuriated his political director Frank Watkins, who discovered from a folklore expert that it stands for "Poor Old Negro Thinks It's A Cadillac".*

But the Secret Service spokesman said Jesse Jackson had been asked if he would prefer another code-name and replied: "Absolutely not".

President Reagan's cowboy-style code was **"Rawhide"** *and born-again Christian Jimmy Carter's was* **"Deacon"**.

DAILY MAIL

London

L'ART POUR L'ART: **An American artist who specialises in drawing paper money elected for jury trial when he appeared at Horseferry Road Magistrates' Court, central London, accused of "reproducing" English banknotes.**

He faces four summonses under the 1981 Forgery & Counterfeiting Act of reproducing a £10 note, a £5 note, and two £1 notes, without the written consent of the Bank of England.

After the hearing he held an impromptu exhibition of his work.

Earlier, he told the Magistrate that he elected for Crown Court trial, "in view of the threat to the freedom of artistic expression".

THE TIMES

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